Liberty

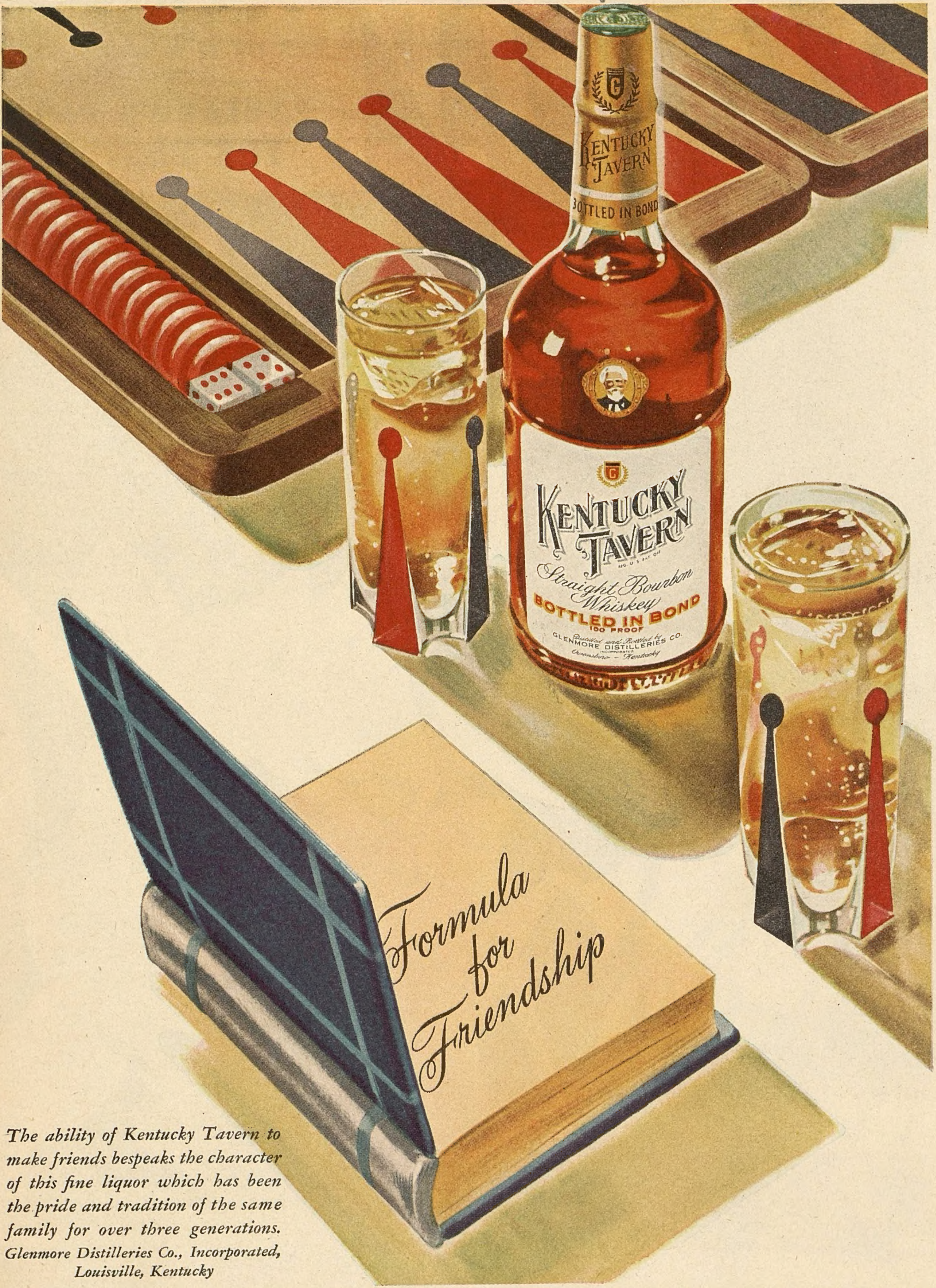
AUG. 26, 1944
10c

Book: THE NIGHT IS ENDING

Story of a Gallant Lady

ENGLAND'S PLANS FOR POSTWAR

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS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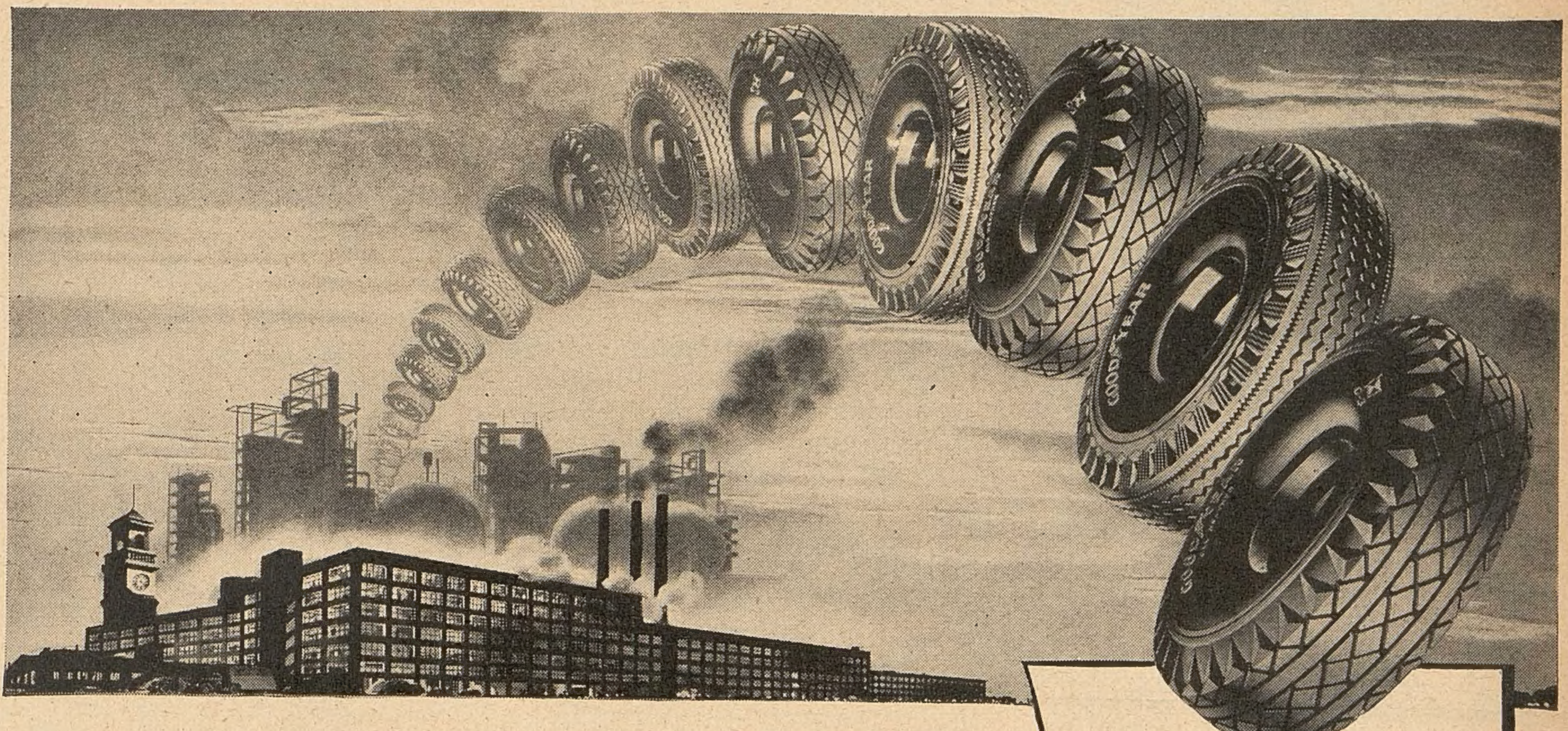

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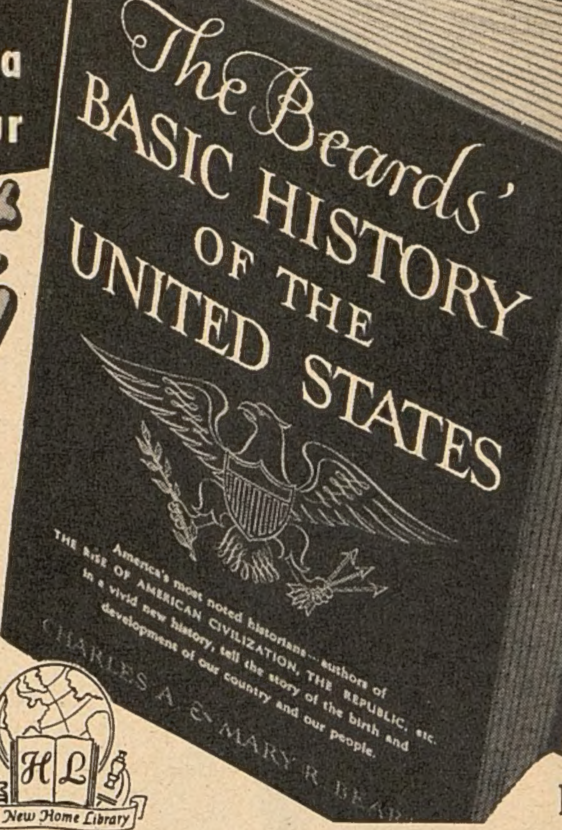
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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

R. F. WILLIAMS VS. F. D. R.

R. F. Williams' letter (July 8 Vox Pop) fathered many, many letters. It is interesting to note that to date, not one Republican rose to commend Williams, but that many Democrats howled verbally. Here are excerpts from a few letters.—Vox Pop Editor.

Fort Worth, Tex.—President Roosevelt is the greatest humanitarian that ever sat in the Presidential chair. If Mrs. Blanshine and Mr. Williams do not like the government as it is now, they are free to go elsewhere.—*Harold Cluck.*

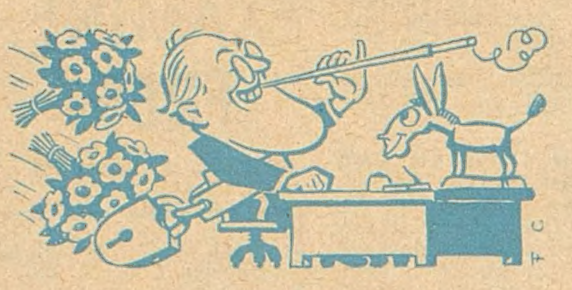
Columbus, Ga.—Replying to R. F. Williams, I feel that Mr. Roosevelt understands all the arrangements that have been made between the United Nations for the winning of this war. So why break it all up and cause the United Nations to lose?

If you must, bring on your Republican and put him in the White House to starve us to death. But for God's sake wait until we win the war.—*Mrs. W. L. Robinson.*

Princeton, Ind.—Roosevelt is the greatest President in the world's history, and I would argue with the Lord on this subject.—*Pfc. W. W. J.*

San Francisco, Calif.— If Roosevelt is *not* elected, the infamous Mr. Williams will soon find out the real meaning of dictatorship. There has never been a better man than Roosevelt in the White House and there never will be. I'm a war worker and so is my husband. I have two boys overseas now, and they think the same as I do. —*Mrs. D. La May.*

Govan, Wash.—It really burns me up to have people like Mrs. A. Blanshine, R. F. Williams, and Frank Randolph (July 8 Vox Pop) say that we are living in a dictatorship. If we were really living in a dictatorship where do they think they would be if they shot off their mouths like that?—*E. A. Price.*



Modesto, Calif.—What in the name of the devil is the matter with you, Williams? If this *were* a dictatorship, do you think your life would last very damn long if you said anything against your so-called "dictator"? You still have the "freedom" of speech, don't you?—*Fred Bench.*

San Marcos, Tex.—Mr. Williams, before you continue your verbose beratings of the "damn dumb" people who disagree with you, I'd suggest you pick up a little document beginning, "We hold these truths to be self evident," etc., and see if other people don't have the same privilege of "word-throwing" that you have.—*Pvt. H. H. Milton.*

Moultrie, Ga.—Replying to R. F. Williams, I agree that the American people are often "too damn dumb to know any different," but they are not too damn dumb to forget the man who pulled them out of the hole in 1933.—*Sgt. H. P.*

Los Angeles, Calif.—Mr. Williams, it is apparent that you believe everything in print. I am referring to your description of the Montgomery-Ward case which was taken to the Supreme Court and was decided in favor of the government. An American court made the final decision and not the C. I. O. or our great President or the New Deal.—*Justin Purchin.*

Buffalo, N. Y.—Any talk about Roosevelt becoming a dictator is a lot of propaganda by a disgruntled opposition.—*W. E. Fullagar.*

. . . AND JUST FOR BALANCE

Pocahontas, Ark.—Since no one has offered a song for the Republican party, I submit this parody:

Keep the New Deal squirming
While the lads are churning.
Though the debts are piled sky high
They dream of home.
We've grown tired of lining
Twelve long years of sighing,
Turn their red tape inside out—
Ere the boys come home.
—*Robert S. Million.*

SLAMA TAKES A SLAMA

Wahoo, Neb.—As a regular reader of your very interesting magazine I have read with considerable apprehension the article Wilson (July 8 Liberty). I find it hard to consider the movie, Wilson, as anything but slick propaganda for the newdealcrat's fourth term. — *Chas. H. Slama.*

APPLAUSE FROM AN AUTHOR

Prospect, Ky.—As the author of This Little Pig Stayed Home, which you ran in condensation form a few weeks ago (June 24 Liberty), I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for your sympathetic and smart selection of the material you carried. Whoever cut it did an excellent job and I was delighted with the results. I felt nothing of importance was left out, and all the highlight chapters of the book were carried. It pleased me tremendously that you carried the chapters almost intact, leaving out whole episodes instead of smatterings of them.

(Continued on page 8)

The paper says "less fuel" this winter
Let's install KIMSUL* Insulation

INSTALLING KIMSUL IS EASY AS A·B·C

KIMSUL
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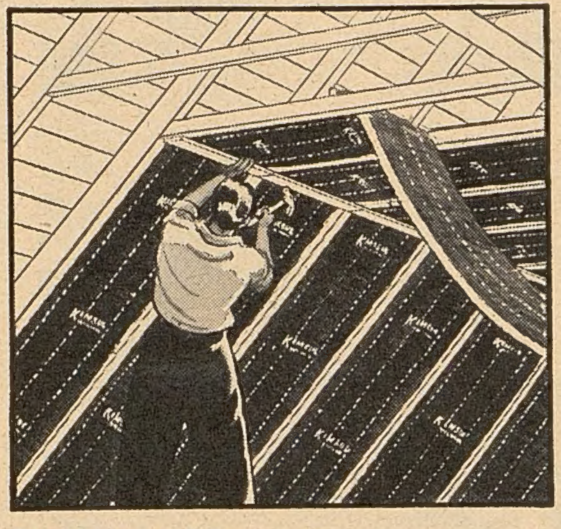
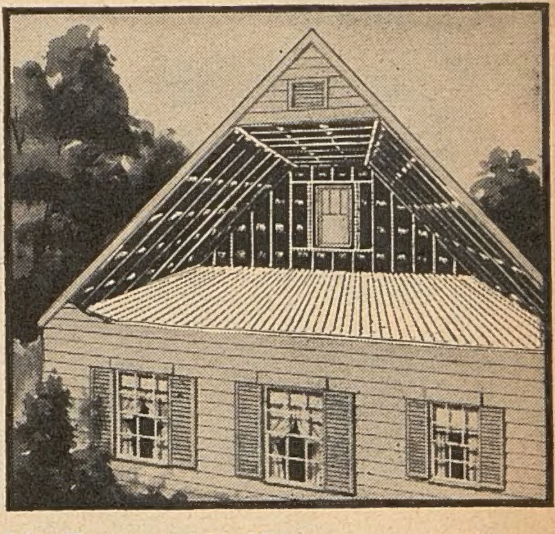
Comes Compressed—Like a closed accordion, KIMSUL comes to you compact and convenient—compressed to 1/5th its installed length. That means 1/5th the bulk, 1/5th the number of rolls needed to insulate your attic. Add to this the advantage of light weight . . . and KIMSUL saves you as many as 32 tiring trips to the attic.



Fits Like a Glove—The KIMSUL blanket effectively insulates your home because it fits snugly between joists of the unfloored attic . . . or between rafters of the sloping roof, if your attic is floored. Anyone who can use a hammer can install KIMSUL. What's more, it is pleasant to handle—contains no harsh, irritating ingredients.



No Fuss . . . No Muss—You don't have a housecleaning job on your hands after KIMSUL is installed. There are no siftings, no dust or dirt. Order KIMSUL today from your lumber or building supply dealer, hardware or department store. Kimsulate your attic and save up to 30% on fuel every winter, make your home up to 15 degrees cooler in summer.

6 More Reasons for Insisting on KIMSUL

Remarkably Efficient—The insulating efficiency of Double-Thick KIMSUL is equal to 6 inches of wood; 37 inches of brickwork; or 89 inches of concrete.

Fire-Resistant—There is no insulation known that will make your home fireproof. But the insulation must not add to the fire hazard of a wood frame structure. KIMSUL meets this requirement because it is chemically treated to resist fire.

Moisture-Resistant—KIMSUL will float indefinitely on water, proving its water-resistant qualities.

Stays Put—Once installed, KIMSUL does not sag, sift or settle.

Lasting Protection—Made of wood fibers impregnated with asphalt, KIMSUL lasts indefinitely. It is a permanent investment in your home.

Economical—Pays for itself in fuel savings; reduced housecleaning expense; added comfort.

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As a "home-front soldier," you should take equal care of your spark plugs. All plugs should be *cleaned* and *adjusted* every 3,000 miles. That assures longer life, maintenance of engine power, better gas economy. Only when *badly worn,* should spark plugs be replaced. When you replace with new AC's, *utmost reliability* is certain.

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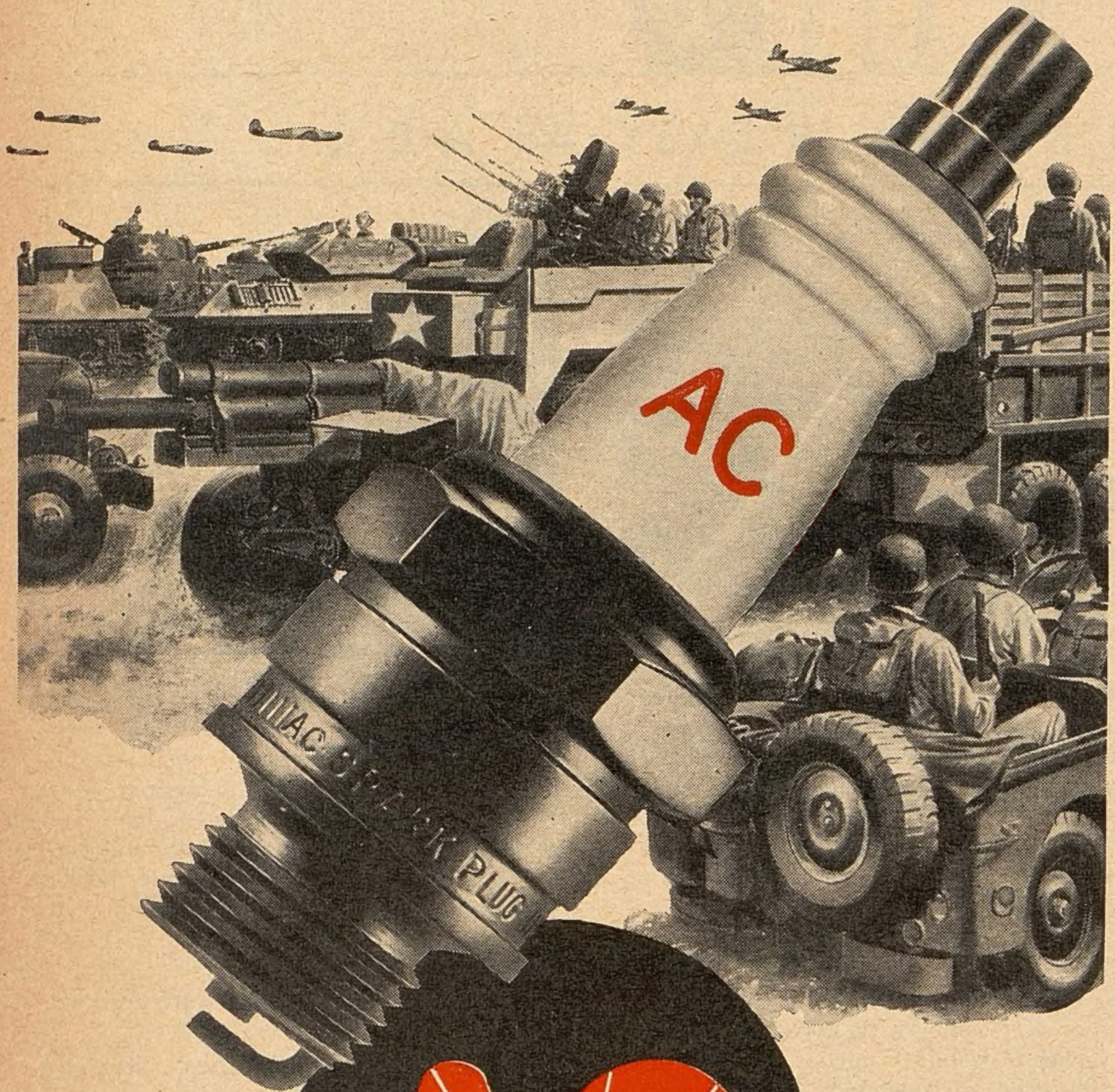


AC

CLEAN PLUGS SAVE UP TO ONE GALLON OF GASOLINE IN TEN

SPARK PLUGS

ARMY E NAVY

BUY THAT *EXTRA* WAR BOND THIS MONTH

(*Continued from page 6*)

You might be interested to know that I have received already a dozen or more letters from people who mentioned seeing the book in Liberty.—*Willie Snow Ethridge.*

EDITOR'S CORNER

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Judging from her short letter, Mrs. A. M. Searson (July 15 Vox Pop) can write. But can she think? Instead of a senseless blast, could she offer some constructive criticism about such a well-written, straightforward editorial? (Where Do We Go From Here? May 6).

Carry on, Liberty, with more such editorials. I'm just one of your readers who would like to know where we are going from here and how we are going to get there.—*Marion Black Williams.*

EL PASO, TEX.—The editorial It's Your Money shows you should have carried that "little news item" in the back of your mind for more weeks than you did before writing the editorial. Specifically, the article discussed the requested appropriation of $250,000 by the President for the Labor Department to collect data on living costs in thirty-four additional small and medium-sized cities.

Such innuendoes and deductions are very unjust to the President because the editorial failed to tell all the facts and left out the very truth that completely exonerates the President. The truth is that an appropriation does not mean it shall *all* be spent, but only *such sum* of the appropriation as *necessary* to procure the data. To leave the impression that appropriating money for a purpose means such appropriation is actually spent is an illustration of unjust propaganda.—*John T. Hill.*

KELLOGG, IDA.—Your straight-from-the shoulder editorial It's Your Money (July 15 Liberty) should hit every American hard enough to make any sane and self-respecting citizen sit up and take notice. —*John A. Hallas.*

FEATHER MERCHANT?

c/o POSTMASTER, NEW YORK, N. Y.—According to Bill White (May 27 Vox Pop) Liberty's cover girl Miss Gaylord cheapened herself by posing for Army and Navy wolves (March 4 cover).

His opinion appears to be typical of the many "essential" feather merchants, so abundant on the West Coast. What's the trouble, brother—envious?

Join up, then, and perhaps you'll be lucky enough to be in on such a deal, before you're shipped across to some hell hole where there are no gorgeous gals.—*Sgt. Kenneth C. Laut, Army Air Forces.*

BOOK SHELF

CAMP WALLACE, TEX.—I believe that Blessed Are the Meek (July 8 Liberty Book Condensation) is destined to become one of the supreme classics in literature.—*Stephen T. D. Kimball, Jr., A/3.*

Liberty
SEPT. 2, 1944 10c
Book: Senator Mead's TELL THE FOLKS BACK HOME
SHALL WE TRAIN OUR YOUTH AS

NEXT WEEK

✓ TELL THE FOLKS BACK HOME

By U. S. Senator James M. Mead
Liberty's Book Condensation

When a senator turns out to be a gifted reporter—that event is news in itself.

And after you've read this keen and breezy account of his tour of the fighting fronts, you'll vote for Senator Mead as one of your favorite war correspondents.

✓ WHO'S GOING TO RAISE OUR BOYS TO BE SOLDIERS?

By Major General James E. Edmonds, N. G. U. S. (Legion of Merit)

If we have compulsory military training in peacetime, who's going to train our sons—the professional Army or the civilian-soldiery? Here are two sides to a vital and provocative question.

✓ AIR BATTLE FOR SAIPAN—Part I

By Morris Markey

Liberty's correspondent with the task force that routed the Jap fleet gives us an eyewitness account of the savage battle.

It's a fast-moving two-part thriller.

✓ RUSSIAN SPORTS—A CHALLENGE?

By Paul Gardner

Pull up a grandstand seat and get an eyeful of a little-known phase of Soviet progress—competitive sports. You'll get more than a run for your money.

✓ THE B-29—FIRST OF OUR BIG BOMBERS

By Peter Bruce MacLennan

Bombing Japan made headlines for the fabulous B-29. But to understand this powerful weapon, you must know its real significance and the story behind it.

✓ THE LEAGUE OF 60,000 WOMEN

By Volta Torrey

Who says that women cut no ice in politics? Whoever says it had better read this before making any more unwise statements!

The League of Women Voters knows what it wants and makes the politicians sit up and take notice!

✓ CAREER CASUALTY

By Marian Castle

The poignant story of a fifteen-year-old—eager for life and understanding—who drifted too close to danger when she became nobody's business.

✓ ETHELRED THE UNSTEADY

By Edwin Rutt

Chlo, the ad genius, gets into complications involving a doting mama, her breakfast food, and her private consumer jury composed of one spoiled brat!

A cold had
your throat in
an awful stew
(Remember?)

So the
Little Woman
dished up a
pack of KOOLS

If they tasted
so good, even
when you
had a cold...

UNION MADE

Here's food
for thought...
Why not smoke
'em all the time?

Chef's suggestion:
Switch from
"Hots" to
KOOLS
—for good!

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
Tipped

FOR BACK TO SCHOOL
A
FOSTER
Jacket

the Victory

★ Fine gabardine, water repellent, fully lined, action back, zipper front, adjustable cuff.
Men's approximately $8.95
Boys' approximately $7.95

the Ringer

★ Highly mercerized, water-repellent twill, zipper front, elastic sides, heavy woolen-plaid lining for warmth, quilted rayon lining in sleeves, knitted wristlets.
Men's approximately $10.95
Boys' approximately $10.50

FOSTER BROS. Sportswear Co.
PHILADELPHIA · NEW YORK

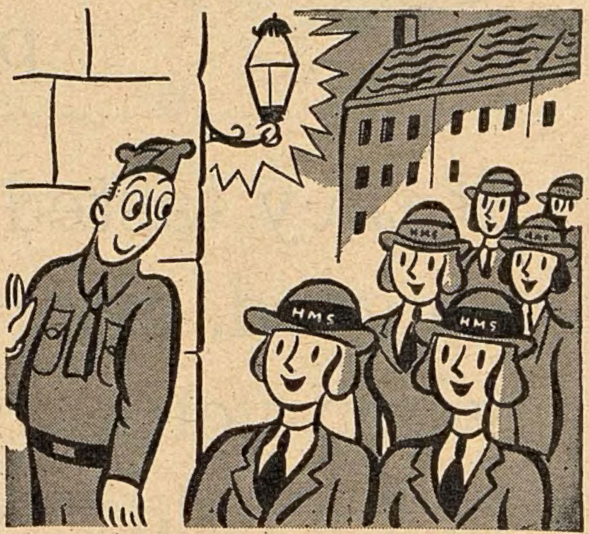
THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

TODAY let's look at three pictures:

In Normandy the guns roar up ahead, and lines of dusty men plod forward. They're infantry Joes and they'd give their right arms for a bath, a bed, a home-cooked meal, and a few sodas or beers—items "us civilians" enjoy daily.

But these Joes have a job to do and they push on. Past wrecked machines of war, some blackened and still smoking. Past a shattered but unburnt tank whose dead crewmen lie mingling their blood with the green and black oil from the dead monster's vitals. Past this mechanical and human wreckage and the rubble of blasted houses, the thin line of Joes moves on—boys from your town and mine pressing toward the curtain of fire from which some will not return.



In England

In England a corporal, ready to embark with his outfit for France, takes time out to sound off about that sorest of sore spots among service men—strikes on the home front. He's read about a wildcat stoppage in an airplane plant. "Our men are giving their lives on fighting fronts all around the world," he writes, "and these men and women are still thinking of grabbing a little more dough behind our backs.

"Of course, they don't look at it the way a man does when he's heading for the front; but, Sarge, couldn't you explain it to them for us? These incidents would be many times fewer if every striker would realize that every piece of material he helps to produce is saving lives and shortening the war, and when he *fails* to produce *it works the other way.*

"To get an idea of how our men in combat feel when they read about a strike, suppose positions were switched. How would those strike participants feel if they opened their papers one day and read: U. S. AIR FORCES STRIKE FOR HIGHER PAY: WAY OPEN FOR GERMANS TO BOMB AMERICA"?

Over here Master Sergeant T. H. G., awaiting a new assignment in the personnel pool, Peterson Field, Colorado Springs, Colorado, also sets down a few bitter thoughts:

"I have asked repeatedly for overseas duty, Sarge, but as yet no luck. If I can't get a wallop at the Japs, I'd be only too glad to trade my stripes for a wallop at the saboteurs who keep interrupting production here while they yell for a few more dollars a day.

"I support three dependents on my pay and allowances and I know damn well these strikers don't have any more expenses than my family. Those materials are needed badly, and we all know it. When I go across, I'd like to know no one is going to hold up the weapons I need, and I want to see the same kind of support given the boys who are dying now. Let 'em make strikes a national pastime if they want to—*after* the war is won."

I think these boys are on the target. Responsible labor leaders have long been concerned over the antagonism strikes have aroused among service men. Even the irresponsibles and the undisciplined should be learning their lesson by now. Let's pull together the rest of the way.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

Please settle a dispute here, Sarge. Which ranks—a corporal or a technician fifth grade?

Pvt. J. P., Camp Blanding, Fla.

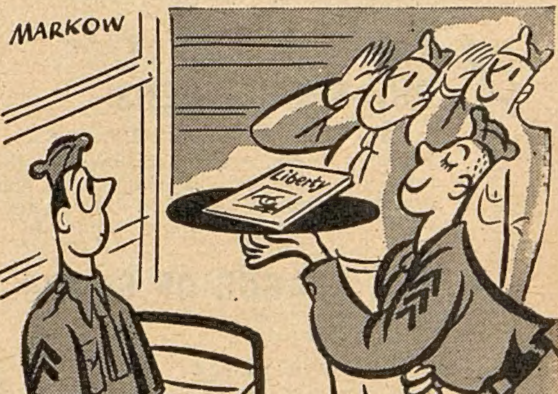
The T/5 gets a corporal's pay and wears a corporal's stripes plus the letter T—but the corporal outranks him.

* * *

What financial assistance will our government give to discharged soldiers wishing to complete their schooling?

B. S., Portland, Ore.

Veterans whose education or training was interrupted or delayed by reason of their entry into military service are eligible for the educational benefits provided by the G. I. "Bill of Rights," providing they served at least ninety days and were discharged or released under conditions other than dishonorable. Men or women with less than ninety days' service also are eligible if discharged because of a service-incurred disability.

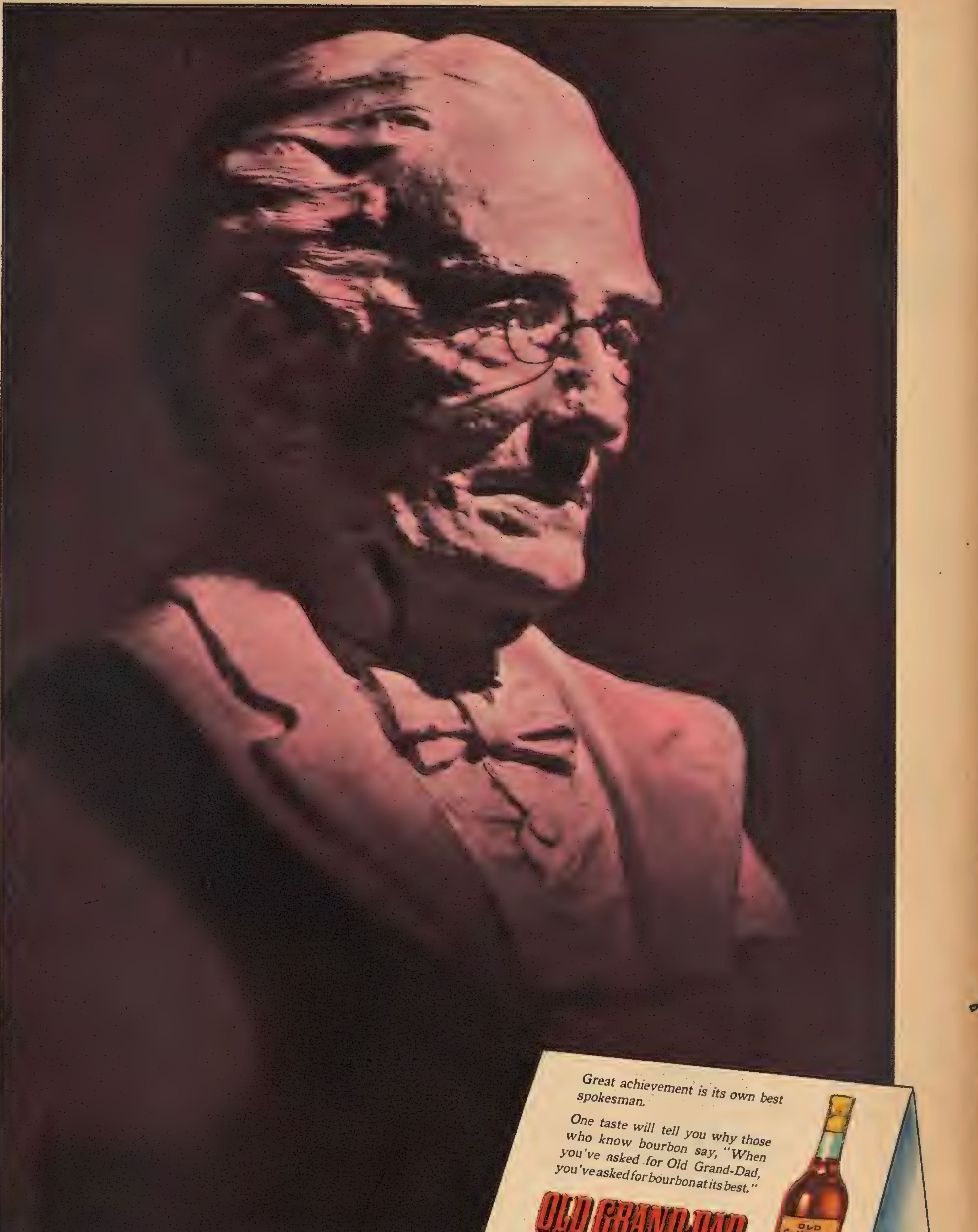


"Colonel"

Such veterans are entitled to one year's education or training, plus an additional period or periods which may equal but not exceed the applicant's time of service between September 16, 1940, and the termination of the war. Total education provided may not exceed four years.

All veterans who were not over the age of

(*Continued on page 73*)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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY

Great achievement is its own best spokesman.

One taste will tell you why those who know bourbon say, "When you've asked for Old Grand-Dad, you've asked for bourbon at its best."

OLD GRAND-DAD

BOTTLED IN BOND AT FULL 100 PROOF
NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION
NEW YORK

"Head of the Bourbon Family"

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "FINGERNAIL TEST?"

1. Scratch your head and see! If you find dryness or loose dandruff, you need Wildroot Cream-Oil! Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2. Keeps hair well combed all day without that greasy look! Grooms without grease! No more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS REFINED LANOLIN!

3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it resembles the oil of the human skin. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long, long way. Get it today from your barber or druggist.

SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING
WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL
FORMULA
for the hair
NON-ALCOHOLIC
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
Pour small amount into palm of hand. Apply to hair and massage.

SPECIAL NOTE TO BARBERS...

Use Wildroot Cream-Oil sparingly. Pour into the palm of your hand just enough to cover a spot the size of a 25¢ piece. Rub hands together, apply to hair and massage scalp with finger tips. Hair may be dampened if desired before combing.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

The streamlined version of the prewar Ercoupe, one of the leading postwar airplanes for the private owner, is built for safety and ease of control.

Here's Your Private Plane

We can now tell you about one of the leading postwar airplanes for the personal owner. It's a streamlined version of the prewar Ercoupe, the first simplified two-control easy-to-fly airplane produced in a limited quantity before war came. A total of 112 were built, and then the production facilities of the manufacturer, Engineering and Research Corporation, of Riverdale, Maryland, were turned to war work.

There are two distinct schools of thought among manufacturers of personal airplanes. One school insists that the private flier will want a sporty job that will spin and maneuver and provide enjoyment for the more adventuresome. This would be the conventional prewar small plane. The other school insists that the average prospect for a postwar plane will want something that doesn't take much skill to operate, a plane that cannot spin and cannot stall—a fool-resistant vehicle that just goes places without aerobatic features.

The Ercoupe is the latter type. It will have a tricycle landing gear, will carry pilot and one passenger, will be powered with a 65-horsepower Continental engine (75-horsepower later), will cruise at 105 miles an hour, and will have a maximum cruising range of 525 miles. It will get 23 miles to the gallon, which is much better than your automobile will do on long trips, and it will land easily at 42 miles an hour.

You operate it as you would an automobile. It is built for safety and ease of control.

Returning pursuit pilots would find the Ercoupe dull indeed. It won't swoop around at high speeds and crazy angles. It just goes ahead smoothly without trouble or excitement. We are inclined to agree with Ercoupe's white-haired jovial sales manager, however, that these so-called fool-resistant airplanes will begin to tap the volume airplane market for the average individual—the individual who wants to use an airplane for recreational and business transportation without having to learn to be a skilled aerobatic pilot.

Two-control operation means that the operation of the ailerons and rudders is synchronized and that rudder pedals are eliminated. The entire operation is accomplished with your control wheel. If you want to go left, you turn the wheel to the left, and vice versa for a right turn. If you want to go down, push ahead on the wheel; if you want to go up, you pull back on the wheel. All control movements are natural and practically automatic from the thought-action factor. In fact, you "drive" the Ercoupe as you would your automobile; there are fewer operations than in motoring.

Other details on the Ercoupe: Length is 20 feet 9 inches; height is 5 feet 11 inches; wing area is 142.6 square inches. Power loading is 19.4 pounds a square foot, and wing loading is 8.8 pounds a square foot. The empty weight is 727 pounds, and the useful load is 535 pounds. The fuel consumption is 4.6 gallons an hour. It will take off in 220 feet (no 5,000-foot runways are needed!), and it will climb to 13,000 feet to clear the highest mountain ranges. Price: About $2,660.

Glass for Bullet-Sealing Tanks

More and more uses for glass fabric in airplanes are being found by the engineers. The latest use is impregnating piles of glass fabric with a resin called Velite for bullet-sealing oil tanks. It is a development of Firestone Tire & Rubber Company, which found that metal shells simply wouldn't hold up.

Gasoline tanks which can be torn by bullets and flak without losing a drop of fuel have been highly effective in combat aircraft. But oil tanks have been more of a problem—and retention of oil is just as important as gasoline. Because oil is heavier than gasoline, and because oil tanks are smaller than those needed for gasoline, the impact of a bullet on the oil tanks causes a very high hydraulic ram or shock. The new glass-fabric composition is a smooth supporting material which neither shatters nor "flowers" nor is distorted when struck by a bullet. Oil leakage is cut to the lowest point yet obtained.

Automatic Pilot

An automatic pilot which keeps an airplane on a true even course is an essential piece of equipment for all large aircraft, but whoever thought the day would come when Army gliders would be equipped with them? But that day is here.

Jack & Heintz, Incorporated, of Cleveland, is producing an adaptation of the conventional automatic pilot for use in the many Army gliders to be used in future combat operations.

By the use of this device the glider can be set to follow the tow plane at a given altitude on a true course. This means that gliders may be flown in bad weather which formerly grounded the gliders, since it was necessary for the glider pilot to be able to see the tow plane.

The Jahco instrument appears in the glider very much like the corresponding instrument for an airplane. In the glider a small air-driven propeller furnishes power for the hydraulic and vacuum pumps which operate the gyro units, and these in turn operate the controls of the motorless plane.

The Twentieth Air Force and B-29s

The commanding general of the Army Air Forces, General H. H. "Hap" Arnold, may have plenty to do to direct his vast organization, but he isn't too busy to assume personal command of the Twentieth Air Force.

The reason is not hard to find. The new Twentieth is operating the big B-29 Superfortresses, and long-range strategic bombing, with all of its global ramifications, is close to Hap Arnold's heart. The Twentieth was created by the Joint Chiefs of Staff "as the application of a new refinement of global warfare," and the man in direct charge, under Arnold, is Brigadier General Haywood S. Hansell, Jr., who serves as chief of staff.

Operating exclusively in the China-Burma-India Theater of Operations, the Twentieth will be in the nature of an aerial battle fleet, able to participate in combined operations, or to be assigned to strike wherever the need is greatest. Just as the naval fleets are available for assignment by the Joint Chiefs of Staff to any vital project, so the Twentieth Air Force can likewise be assigned. It is, in fact, a central aerial battle fleet in whose employment and deployment all the top commanders, including air, land, and sea, will have a voice.

It is a historical and significant development in air power, and you'll be hearing much more from those battleships of the air, the Boeing B-29s.

"Petticoat Engineers"

Women are playing an even greater part in aircraft production. At Hamilton Standard Propeller division of United Aircraft Corporation, East Hartford, Connecticut, there is a contingent known as "petticoat engineers." Some 90-odd girls who had taken engineering courses at Pennsylvania State College have been completing their training at various times during the past year by engaging in such engineering sections as drafting, vibration laboratory, blades test office, hubs, governors, spinners, installation, liaison, aerodynamics, and metallurgy. They have relieved the engineers of a thousand details.

Out in San Diego high schools, girls of sixteen years of age and over have been given special permits to work at Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation to relieve the critical labor shortage in that area. The majority of the girls will work in special departments and receive on-the-job training before taking over jobs to turn out bomber parts. Together with boys of high-school age, the girls are entitled to membership in a Junior Liberators Club—named for the B-24 Liberator bomber which is coming off the assembly lines at Convair in quantity.

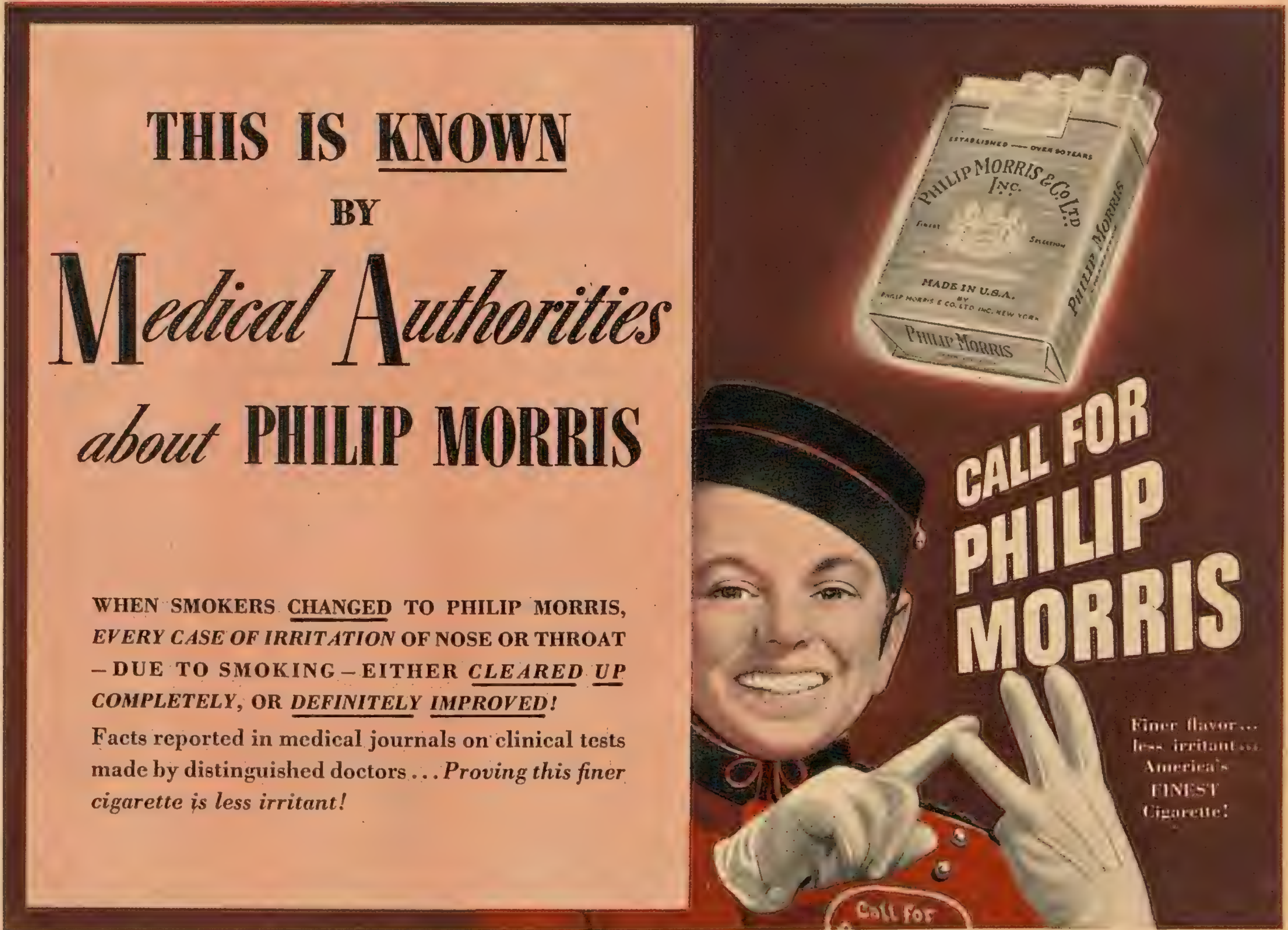
P-61 Black Widow

The A. A. F.'s newest fighter plane, the fast-climbing Northrop P-61 Black Widow, is the first twin-engine fighter to be equipped with four-blade propellers. The twin-boom plane is the largest and is claimed to be the most powerful pursuit plane ever built in this country and was especially designed for night operations. The twin four-bladed automatic constant-speed Curtiss electric propellers are 146 inches in diameter and are mounted on two Pratt & Whitney 2,000-horsepower engines.

Add to List of Heroes

With so many exceptional performances being turned in by Army Air Forces officers, it is often difficult to single out one or two for special mention. But one that would seem to deserve this attention is Colonel Leslie P. Arnold of Englewood, New Jersey, recently awarded the Legion of Merit in Britain for exceptionally meritorious conduct. . . ."

Colonel Arnold is commanding officer of the Ferry and Transport Service of the Air Service Command and it is his job to organize the ferrying of fighter planes and bombers from their trans-Atlantic landing points in England to operational bases everywhere in the United Kingdom. This is no mean task, considering the huge aerial operations from a crowded island and the absolute necessity of a steady flow of operational planes to the bases, regardless of their losses sustained in raids over the Continent. Colonel Arnold has a distinguished record in aviation. He was aboard one of the four Army planes that made the first round-the-world flight in history in 1924, and his plane was the first to land at the end of the journey. He was later associated with Pennsylvania-Central Airlines and until he was recommissioned in 1942 he was assistant to Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, president of Eastern Air Lines.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WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, *EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION* OF NOSE OR THROAT – DUE TO SMOKING – EITHER *CLEARED UP COMPLETELY*, OR *DEFINITELY IMPROVED!*

Facts reported in medical journals on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors . . . *Proving this finer cigarette is less irritant!*

ONE ROUND TRIP TO BERLIN . . . 1100 GALLONS !

ON a round trip from London to Berlin a Fortress may use about 1100 gallons of gasoline. A thousand heavy bombers need a million gallons of aviation gasoline to raid Frankfurt.

You see, to the airmen of this war, distance is measured more truly in gallons than in miles!

When our petroleum industry volunteered to produce *enough* gallons for total air war, we took on a whale of a big job. This is to report that we're seeing it through.

The Texas Company alone has delivered millions, *yes — hundreds of millions* of gallons of 100-octane aviation gasoline.

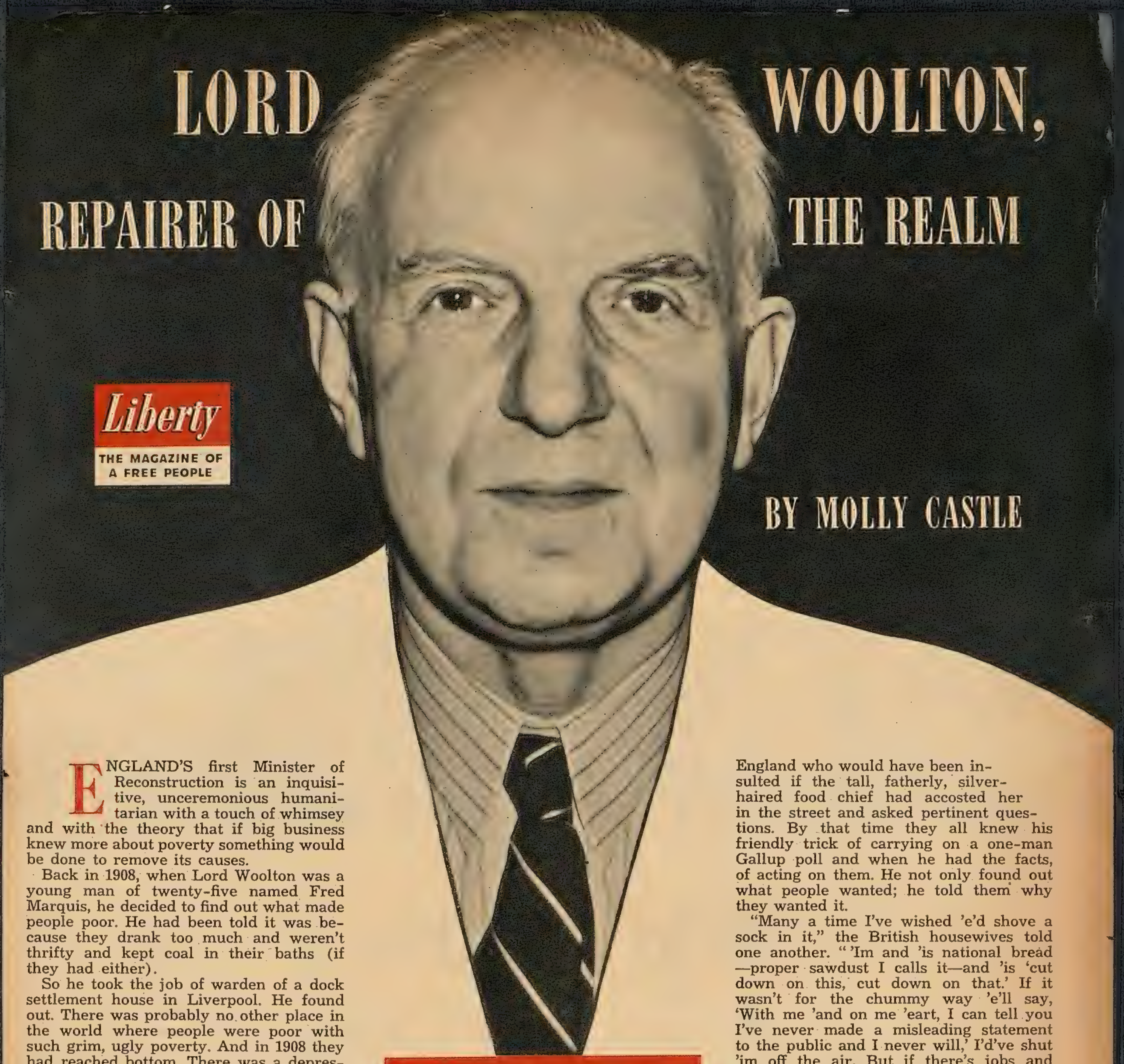
Texaco scientists developed a "liquid-catalyst isomerization" process. This process converts plentiful butane into precious isobutane, a vital material used in the production of aviation gasoline.

You'll benefit from Texaco's wartime research. And you won't have to wait for some future super-engine. Just wait 'til your Texaco Dealer gets his finer, more powerful post-war FIRE-CHIEF and SKY CHIEF gasolines!

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO
REG. T. M.

Coming . . . finer **FIRE-CHIEF** *and Sky Chief gasolines because of Texaco's research in this war*



LORD WOOLTON, REPAIRER OF THE REALM

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

BY MOLLY CASTLE

ENGLAND'S first Minister of Reconstruction is an inquisitive, unceremonious humanitarian with a touch of whimsey and with the theory that if big business knew more about poverty something would be done to remove its causes.

Back in 1908, when Lord Woolton was a young man of twenty-five named Fred Marquis, he decided to find out what made people poor. He had been told it was because they drank too much and weren't thrifty and kept coal in their baths (if they had either).

So he took the job of warden of a dock settlement house in Liverpool. He found out. There was probably no other place in the world where people were poor with such grim, ugly poverty. And in 1908 they had reached bottom. There was a depression in the cotton industry, and no dole.

When he left there, he said years later, with his now famous slow smile, he had come to the conclusion "that people were hungry because they hadn't enough to eat; they were poor because they earned too little."

This knowledge has come in handy in all his varied careers: settlement warden, economist, free-lance journalist, schoolteacher, banker, store chairman, company director, boot chief in the last war, food boss in this. Of his activities as Minister of Food—a task almost as stern and formidable as Churchill's—he says: "We were short of food, true. But, still, a very large number of people in this country are better fed than they were before. We've had fair do's."

It was in 1939 that Chamberlain came through with both a ministry and a barony for him. Mr. Fred Marquis, company director, disappeared, and in his place there was Baron Woolton of Liverpool (Lord Woolton for short), Minister of Food in His Majesty's cabinet. Today there are some who go so far as to say that if Chamberlain hadn't died these acts might have weighed in his favor when the tumbrels started rattling over the cobblestones.

Putting England together again will be a gigantic task, but the British say, "Old Fred will do it." A profile of a peer who is the people's choice

Curiosity about people remained one of the hobbies of the new Lord Woolton. Work was the other, although he *has* been known to sneak a detective story to bed with him after stopping work at night.

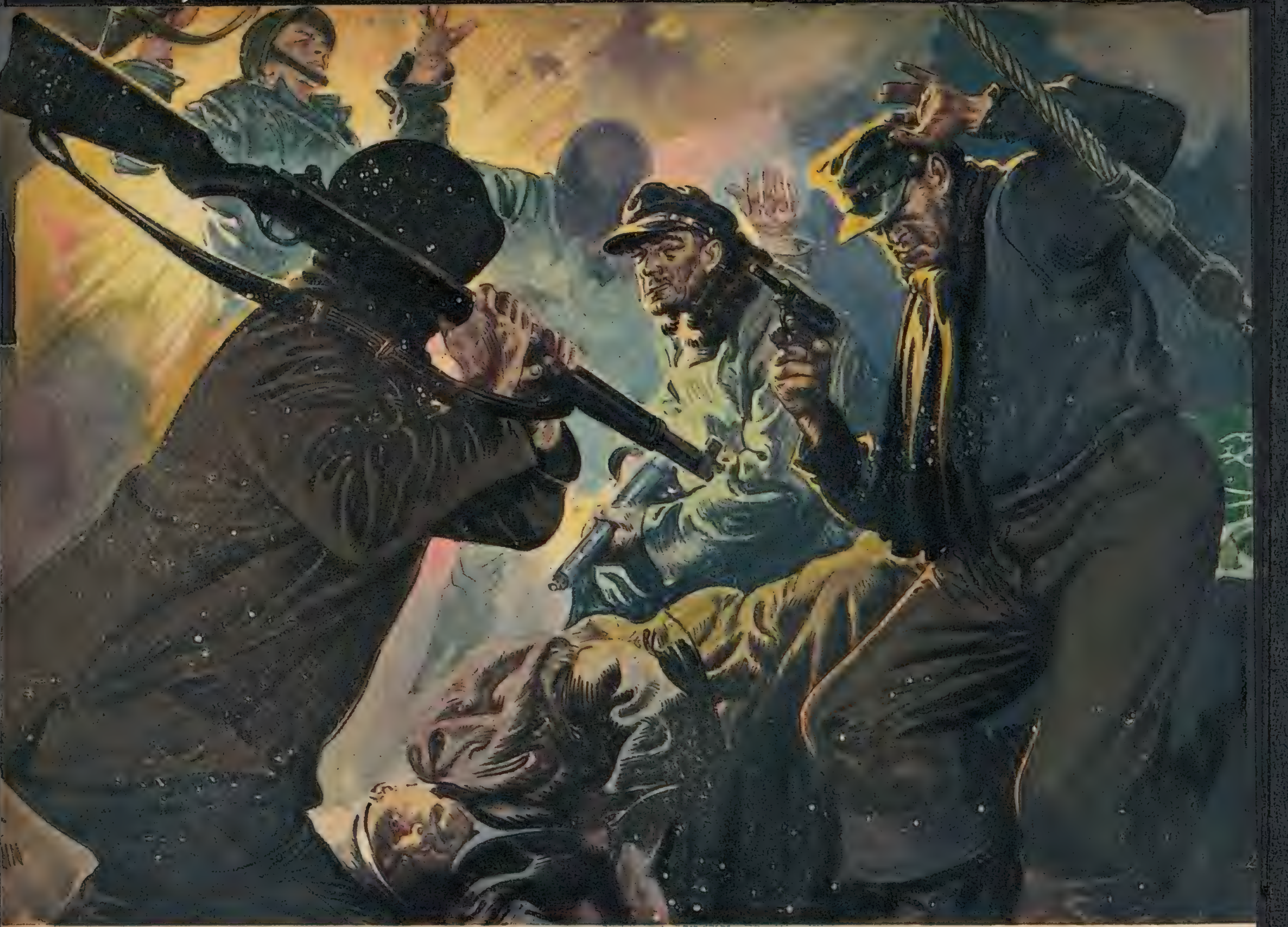
By 1943 there wasn't a housewife in England who would have been insulted if the tall, fatherly, silver-haired food chief had accosted her in the street and asked pertinent questions. By that time they all knew his friendly trick of carrying on a one-man Gallup poll and when he had the facts, of acting on them. He not only found out what people wanted; he told them why they wanted it.

"Many a time I've wished 'e'd shove a sock in it," the British housewives told one another. "'Im and 'is national bread—proper sawdust I calls it—and 'is 'cut down on this, cut down on that.' If it wasn't for the chummy way 'e'll say, 'With me 'and on me 'eart, I can tell you I've never made a misleading statement to the public and I never will,' I'd've shut 'im off the air. But if there's jobs and 'ouses and eggs for all after the war, it'll be old Fred what'll get them for us."

The Prime Minister expressed the same thought in more ornate verbiage when he created the important new job of Minister of Reconstruction and gave it to Fred. Food, work, and homes was the order of *that* day (November 11, 1943, for the record). Since Churchill, too, is a man of his word and certainly fulfilled his promise of blood, sweat, and tears, the populace cheered.

Woolton moved out of the vast rabbit warren where the Food Ministry's thousands of underlings endeavored to placate 46,000,000 rumbling stomachs, and set up shop down the road. Here his hired help consists of a dozen or so trusties (mostly Cabinet ministers in their own right), and his premises are none too roomy. But his responsibilities are large. Churchill knew that, second to his own, there was no job in England as important as feeding the people during war—except preparing the

(*Continued on page 52*)



"Get 'em!" Dan yelled. "Nazis!" A grenade burst in the midst of the massed crewmen farther aft.

WHERE WE AREN'T

BY RICHARD HOWELLS WATKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

"THE science of navigation," said Mr. Gogarty, "provides a ready means of ascertaining your exact position upon the surface of the earth. But ye have yourself to blame for being there. For instance, Dan, look at our two selves this minute."

He wrinkled the corner of his eye and pointed a long gaunt arm at the forward porthole of his cabin on the bridge deck. The daylight outside was dirty gray and round pellets of snow pecked in sudden flurries at the heavy glass.

"Where we aren't is always a better spot," Mr. Gogarty propounded. "There's no cure for that in any science. Well, they call this neighborhood—though I have my own name for it—fifty-two south latitude, seventy-six west longitude. Tell a navigator that an' he'll know that your sins have brought ye off Cape Pillar, where the Strait of Magellan has spewed ye out into the Pacific near the southern end of South America. But I agreed to teach ye navigation only, not geography."

The stricken ship off in the snow squall looked neutral and harmless, but gun captain Dan, suspicious lad, wouldn't fall for Nazi tricks

Dan Smith, gunner's mate, second class, grinned. He wasn't scared of navigation. The chief mate's informal handling of the subject filled him with hope.

When Dan had asked Ensign Wayne to teach him navigation, Mr. Wayne, a ninety-day wonder, had smiled nervously, put his hand against his stomach, and asked him if he thought there was more rust than steel in the afterdeck that supported the four-inch rifle. That was two days before a PBY patrol plane had taken Mr. Wayne off the Nehemiah Higby with an acute case of appendicitis. After that, Dan had forgotten navigation while suppressing a case of jitters at finding himself in temporary command of eleven men, a four-incher, and two twenty-millimeter Oerlikons. The Nehemiah was fast enough to be risked out of convoy now that subs were scarcer, and old enough to be spared for less important Good Neighbor ports. A gunner's mate was top ranker here. By default.

Mr. Gogarty looked out the forward port. "Believe it or not," he said, "a man who wishes to locate himself on this earth must look to the other heavenly bodies to get his address. In fact—"

Mr. Gogarty stopped. His warm blue eyes suddenly went steel blue. He peered into the thinning snow squall ahead of the ship. Turning, he caught up duffel coat and cap, flicked an eye at Dan, and bolted up to the bridge. Dan followed at his heels. That was his station now, the bridge, when she whistled general quarters. And she was whistling even as he hit the ladder.

Not two hundred yards away in the snow squall, a sizable ship lay revealed in the sea. She was down by the head, as if Number One hold was full of water. Dan Smith made out the Swedish flag and "Svenska" on her side.

Already the Nehemiah's deck was slanting to starboard under Dan's feet as she reeled around to port, helm hard over. That had been Captain Buckley's first reaction—to get away. Anything out of line was suspicious to these merchant seamen. The hard eyes of men who had seen other men die fast in the war were fixed on the stranger. Old Buckley had his three mates on the bridge.

The crews of the two twenty-millimeter rapids arrived on the run.

Dan slid on his headset and tried to raise the four-inch-gun crew on the afterdeck. He had to spot for them.

"Yeah, we're here," the voice of Petrovsky, the talker, answered. "What's cookin', admiral?"

"Load and stand by," Dan said. "We got company."

Just to be sure, he worked out range and declination a couple of times as the Nehemiah swung away.

Then he watched Mr. Gogarty. The mate, half a head taller than the Old Man or Mr. Collier, the second, had his legs braced well apart. With blue eyes intent behind leveled binoculars, he was sucking in all details of that vessel from which they were turning.

"A three-island ship. Might have been used in the Swedish timber trade, sir," he said to the Old Man. "Those well decks would hold plenty of lumber. Forward well empty; after well has some cargo covered with tarps."

"A hidden gun?" the Old Man asked.

"Not likely, sir. Ye couldn't swing a gun to command anything but a target a few points forward or aft of abeam."

GOGARTY grunted softly and squinted intently through the swirling snow. "Not a soul in sight on her, sir. Boatfalls dangling overside as if she'd been abandoned. There's a bare look to her forecastlehead. I wouldn't know whether she'd at one time had a gun mounted there. And why she's by the head, I wouldn't say. If she's taken a bomb, shell, or torp through the forecastle the damage has been repaired. That Swede flag painted on her side is a hair fresh-looking for a ship down near Cape Stiff."

"Not a soul in sight on her," Captain Buckley repeated. His voice was stronger, sharper. He glanced into the wheelhouse at his helmsman. "And she doesn't look badly off, Mr. Gogarty. Just by the head, that's all."

His whitish tongue licked across his thin lower lip. "A good-sized ship, Mr. Gogarty. Her cargo can't be much damaged."

He's got the old salvage itch, Dan decided.

Gogarty dropped the glasses onto his chest. "But will ye tell me why the Swedes abandoned her?"

The Old Man's face was pinched up tight. "Nonsense, Mr. Gogarty!" he said. "If she were a Nazi commerce raider, trapping us, she'd have had a fish into us by now—or opened with her concealed guns."

"She's no raider, sir," Gogarty agreed politely. "But Swedes don't abandon easy."

"We'll keep her in sight," Captain Buckley said. He sent Mr. Hansen, the old third mate, inside to stand at the helmsman's elbow and bring her around the Swede in a wide circle.

The Old Man tried out his whistle on her. No results. The ship lay there inert. No life showed.

"You're suspicious, Mr. Gogarty," Captain Buckley said sharply. "Why?"

"Swedes—" Mr. Gogarty stopped. "I see no visible reason for her abandoning, sir," he said. "I like reasons for things."

His eye took in Dan Smith, all knotted up for action, and twinkled. "There's reasons for things even in the study o' navigation," he said.

OLD Buckley kept on looking at the Swede like a cat circling a cream bottle. Greedy.

"The German blockade runners out of Bordeaux go round Africa and across the Indian Ocean to Jap-occupied ports," Buckley said. He frowned. "You have something in your mind, Mr. Gogarty."

"Not much, sir," said the mate. "But round Africa's a hot route now. A skipper who'd been touched up with a bomb or two might decide to try the longer but safer run around Cape Stiff. The Pacific isn't crowded."

"Yes," said the Old Man grudgingly. "And then—?"

"'Tis well ye have a soothsayer for a mate, sir," Gogarty said curtly. "For from here on in it's soothsaying only. This Nazi rounds the Horn against the westerly gales. Maybe she's weakened for'ard by a near miss or the gales pound her open. Anyhow, she burns up her fuel or she breaks down. That puts her here."

The Old Man took a turn across the bridge, never lifting his eyes from the stranger.

"It's a sinful waste of salvage to leave her here," he said sulkily. "Even if I decide to break radio silence, the westerlies will pile her up on the coast before a Navy craft could get within five hundred miles of her."

He glanced at the small gray-capped seas riding atop the enormous round swells of the last gale. "The sea's not high."

Collins, the second mate, popped: "Sir, I ask permission to take a boat to board her. I can't see any danger in it."

Mr. Gogarty hit him on the back. It was a terrific wallop. Under the impact Collins buckled at the knees. He stared goggle-eyed at the mate.

"That's what I like to see in a young man," Mr. Gogarty said benevolently. "Pluck! However, I'll be going myself—with your approval, sir."

The Old Man gave his permission—fast.

Mr. Gogarty picked his boat crew. Six men.

"We'll be standing by, sir," Dan said to him on the boat deck.

Mr. Gogarty laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Back me up, Dan," he said softly. "There's something loose about this. Back me up, but don't go burning shells past me ears without good reason."

A minute later he had three of the men laughing as they lowered away the boat. He was unhooked and clear of the ship in the oil slick alongside before Dan had a chance to let go his breath. There's a knack to getting away in a boat.

From the Nehemiah, which was up to windward, streaming oil from her storm tanks, Mr. Gogarty pursued a leisurely course. It was bitter cold water. Here and there white crests broke through the film of congealing oil. The swells were enormous, but they did the boat no harm. At intervals Mr. Gogarty let his steering oar trail and plied his glasses. He gave the ship a thorough going over.

A thicker snow flurry blotted out the boat as she pulled in around the stranger's stern. The Nehemiah held station to windward, flowing oil. All hands wasted their eyesight on swirling snow.

TOUGH waiting, Dan Smith found it. Aft, the crew of the four-inch beat each other in fierce struggles to keep their blood going. On the bridge the twenty-millimeter men danced grotesquely.

"You freezing up on us, admiral?" Big Mug Peters, the port gunner, asked.

"Hold it," Dan said. "I got a course in navigation tied up in this. And he's a good guy beyond that."

They waited.

Of a sudden, from the bridge of the stranger, the white light of a blinker gun winked. About five words a minute. Dan read it breathlessly:

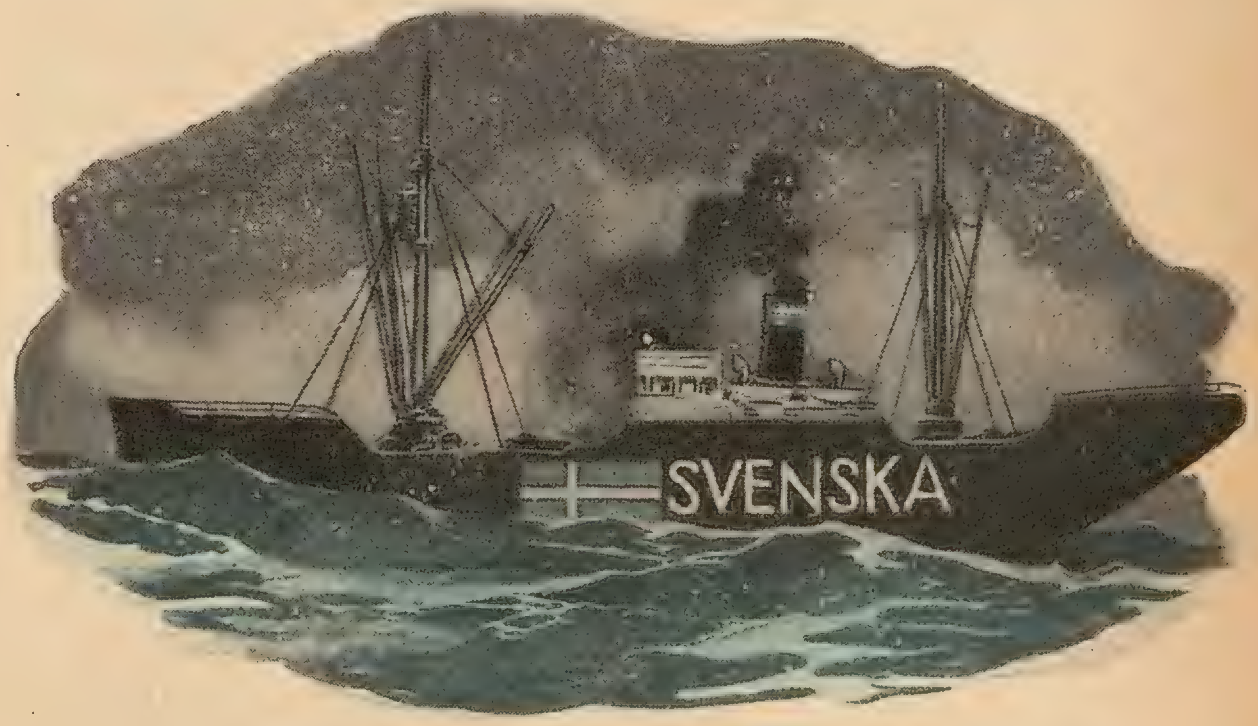
SHIP DESERTED. MAKING WATER FAST. MUST ABANDON AT ONCE. STOVE IN BOAT COMING ALONGSIDE. SEND ANOTHER TO TAKE US OFF.

"Gogarty's got ants in his pants," Big Mug said.

Dan frowned. He did not answer. Mr. Collins was volunteering again. Dan didn't like the look of the Old Man. He seemed about half the size he had been when the chance of salvage had straightened him up and put a rasp in his voice.

The Swede didn't look as if she were

(Continued on page 60)



Not two hundred yards away in the squall a sizable ship lay revealed.

The DENTAL MAGIC OF FLUORINE

BY EDWIN DIEHL

EWING GALLOWAY PHOTO

Trips to the dentist will be fewer and a lot less painful if fluorine's promise for making sound teeth holds good.

AMERICAN dental scientists have begun a concerted attack on one of our most sinister enemies, tooth decay. Researchers have won new knowledge which suggests a practical way to combat this most prevalent of all human diseases, and it holds out hope that our children may lead a happy, cavity-free life.

When the Chinese emperor Hwang-ti, the founder of medicine, had a toothache in 2,700 B. C., dental decay was attributed to worms. Subsequent theories that began to take shape in Hippocrates' time held that cavities were caused by nutritional deficiencies. Science today believes that dental caries is largely caused by bacteria in the saliva.

Whatever the cause—acids due to fermentation of food particles, imperfect calcification, or constitutional disorders—a formidable weapon has been found to combat tooth decay. It is fluorine, a chemical element similar to chlorine, occurring in various combinations in soil and water.

Laboratory workers have known for years that fluorine had something to do with keeping teeth healthy, but they had merely noted it along with calcium and phosphorus and other elements in the body. Reports from all over the world had told of the low percentage of cavities among people living in areas supplied with drinking water containing natural fluorine. In 1916 Drs. G. V. Black and F. S. McKay went to the Rocky Mountain region to investigate reports that mottled enamel was prevalent in the teeth of residents of that section of the country. They also found an amazingly low percentage of tooth decay.

Other researchers, following their lead, attributed the phenomenon of mottled enamel to the high percentage of fluorine in the water. But why was it that people with mottled teeth suffered practically no tooth decay?

To learn the answer, researchers checked other areas where mottled enamel was common, and everywhere found the same conditions. Cautiously they admitted: "There may be some principle in the drinking water which either inhibits the activity of dental caries or protects the teeth from injury."

Aching voids may be banished if scientists are right about this element which, added to the water supply, combats tooth decay

Now it is known that while an abundance of fluorine in drinking water causes tooth enamel to mottle, it also keeps those who drink it comparatively free from toothache. Further, research has established that in areas where the water has a fluorine content that is quite low, it aids in preventing tooth decay without causing the disfiguring mottle.

Dr. H. Trendley Dean, dental surgeon of the U. S. Public Health Service, was one of the first to probe the fluorine mystery. He was the first to correlate the percentages of dental cavities with the fluorine content of drinking water. He piled up evidence that as the ratio of fluorine went up the number of cavities went down.

Co-workers made their way quietly around the country, attempting to learn why one community enjoyed comparative immunity to dental decay while an adjacent community kept the dentists busy day and night. When word came that the citizens of Deaf Smith County, Texas, led a cavity-free life, the work gathered momentum, for there fluorine was present in reasonable amounts in both soil and water.

Previously, constant dental care had been the only known way of fighting tooth decay. But for various reasons—the scarcity of dentists in certain sections of the country, neglect, ignorance of dental hygiene, expense, and even fear—less than 25 per cent of the population gets anything like adequate dental care.

Thus researchers had an added incentive. If they were right about fluorine, they had a weapon against caries that would cost the public practically nothing in money or effort. All people would have to do was to continue drinking water—the right kind.

Next, whole groups of towns were checked. Dr. Dean visited four Illinois cities. Two, Galesburg and Monmouth, were supplied with drinking water containing small amounts of natural fluorine. The other two, Macomb and Quincy, had water free of fluorine, and their residents suffered two and three times more cavities than those of Galesburg and Monmouth.

The results of research in the past decade have afforded a consistent picture. In many cities where the municipal water supply contains fluorine, dental decay is unknown to 25 per cent of the children, and those who do suffer from it show only one third as much decay as children who drink water lacking the magic element. These studies have taken into account such variables as sunlight, food habits, hard water and other minerals, and fluorine has been given credit for good teeth only where credit is due.

In fluorine-free towns like Michigan City, Indiana, not one child escaped dental caries. In the South and Southwest, where fluorine is abundant in drinking water, laboratory workers found the best teeth in the country. In New England, where tested water supplies showed no fluorine content, they found the worst decay. Selective Service reports support these findings. Incidentally, bad teeth account for the rejection of more than 20 per cent of all 4-Fs.

Researchers were sure they had the

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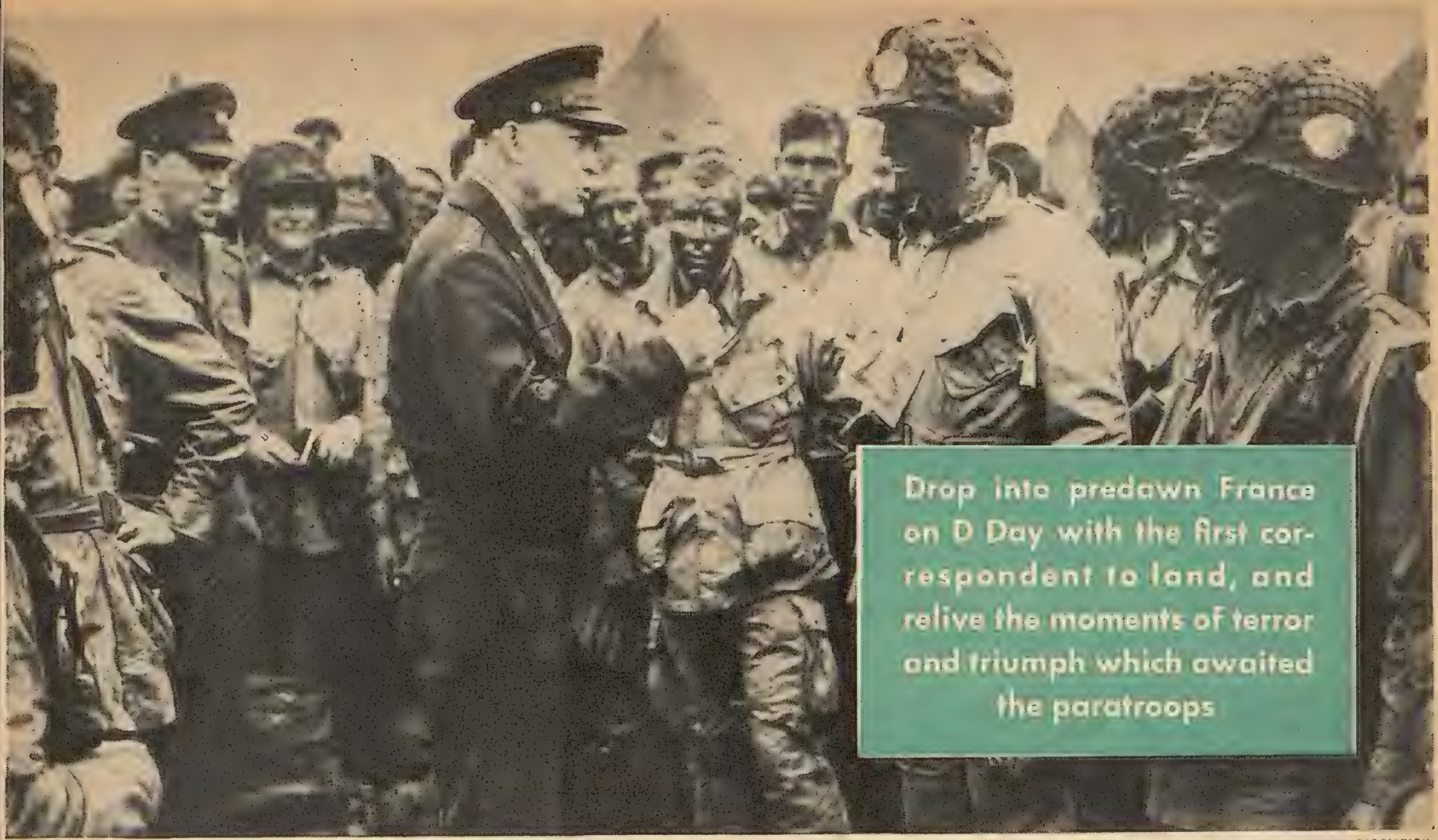


Drop into predawn France on D Day with the first correspondent to land, and relive the moments of terror and triumph which awaited the paratroops

PHOTO FROM PRESS ASSOCIATION

"The boss" says a few last-minute words. Paratroopers, all set to go, get a good-by and good luck from Eisenhower.

"NUMBER SIX O.K.!"

BY ROBERT REUBEN, Correspondent with U. S. Airborne Forces

Normandy, by Press Wireless.

JUMPING into blacked-out Europe through a hail of tracer bullets shortly after midnight is a terrifying experience. Your life hangs precariously by twenty-eight parachute shrouds. You land in strange country, alone, and surrounded by German troops who shoot to kill. You experience a paralyzing panic as you hit the ground and struggle violently with your chute harness while machine-gun bullets rattle through the air.

I parachuted into France with the U. S. 101st Airborne Division five hours before the sea-borne invasion began. I was the first war correspondent and one of the first handful of Americans to land. We left English soil the night before, formed our miles-long convoy in the air, then shot across the water to France almost at wave-top level to spearhead the invasion and drop on the backs of the Germans waiting to meet our sea-borne threat.

The plan for the invasion was unfolded to me the morning of May 29 in the 101st's wardroom in England by a group of energetic young officers and enlisted men who did the staff work for the air-borne operation. There were maps showing enemy dispositions, weather, terrain, and offensive plans. In the middle of the room was a huge plaster model of France and our jump zone.

Here was a story! This was the secret the world was waiting breathlessly to know: France—Cherbourg peninsula. Here was the little field in Normandy where I was supposed to land!

"The success of our mission is absolutely vital to the sea-borne invasion," Major Larry Legere told me. "We have to capture or neutralize these four gun emplacements trained on the beaches. We have to secure the beaches, and we've got to capture the key bridges and roads to prevent the Germans from sending up counterattacks against our sea-borne boys. We've got to raise hell and disorganize the whole damned German resistance."

"What about mines in the fields we're jumping on?" I asked.

I was told about those and about the thousands of poles the Germans had driven into the open fields to hinder paratroops and glider landings. Reconnaissance photos were coming in constantly and a staff of experts continually plotted the poled fields which had to be avoided.

On Saturday night Majors Paul Danahy and Legere and Captain Tom White and I were talking in Danahy's room when Legere suddenly interrupted. "Tomorrow night at this time," he said, looking at his watch, "you will all be on your way to France." We cheered and hooted.

But the weather was bad and we didn't leave Sunday. Monday morning, June 5, I was told to be ready in full equipment to head for the airport. This was it. We left headquarters about 2 P. M., loaded down. We all had too much equipment; we were ready for too many emergencies. Later, racing desperately through the brambles and fields of France surrounded by German soldiers, I was to abandon a good deal of it and lose much more.

We dumped our equipment at a base near the field and then loafed around our room, speculating about the weather, which was bad. Everyone seemed remarkably calm. Still, there were knots in our stomachs.

"My wife let her insurance lapse," drawled a colonel from his bunk. "I'm going to write her what a dumb trick that was."

"As long as she didn't let yours lapse, she's O.K.," came the reply from across the room.

It began to drizzle, and it was cold. Even if the Air Force did get us off, we'd have trouble hitting our group zones and then have nasty landings. We had plenty of other troubles, too. Some one said eating chocolates would take the butterflies out of our stomachs, so we munched on chocolate.

Then out of the tense quiet and cold and drizzle we heard sharp commands and marching feet. The division band was coming to pipe us off! It swung into a march and our spirits picked up immediately. The boys began to laugh and talk. Then came the piece that still gives an embarking army a big thrill—Over There. I was singing inside when it was through. Paper Doll was the next song, and the enlisted men crowded around the band and bellowed at the top of their lungs.

We ate dinner in good spirits, although we were disappointed, too. We had been promised steaks, but the cook, who was not an air-borne soldier, had prepared pork chops. Pork chops cause air nausea and our commander had to cross them off the list; so we had only vegetables and dessert. About 9 P. M. we piled into a truck and headed for the airfield. Dusk was settling, but the field, full of gliders and transports, was an impressive sight.

Our plane—No. 1—was brand-new and looked good to me even through the camouflage netting. I met the men I was going to jump with: Taylor, Hamilton, and Brown, the general's bodyguards; a first-aid soldier, several military police and their sergeant. The general's guards were big, even-tempered boys. I liked the looks of our "stick." I was to jump sixth.

We were jumping from the same plane as the commanding general of our division, General Maxwell G. Taylor, who once slipped into Rome and conferred with Marshal Badoglio before the announcement of the Italian armistice. He was going to jump second and would be the first general in history to jump into combat to lead troops. Suddenly a caravan of limousines drove up to the plane and General Eisenhower stepped out with General Taylor. General Eisenhower talked for some time with the boys, asking them about their home towns and previous occupations.

Soon we started fitting our parachutes. It took three men to get my chute as tight as I wanted it. My idea was to ease the shock that comes when a chute opens and you spin away from a plane going 100 miles an hour.

ABOUT ten thirty Major Legere, our jump master, called us together for a last-minute briefing. He told us how to get rid of our equipment in case of a "ditching"—an emergency landing in the water. He told us we would have no warning but his one shout if we had to make an emergency jump. Then he said we were going to leave shortly and would jump into France about 1 A. M. The weather had taken a turn for the better.

At 11 P. M. we climbed aboard. I must have weighed close to 300 pounds with my equipment, main parachute, and reserve emergency chute, and had to be boosted through the door. Charcoal blackened my face and a camouflage net covered my helmet. Each of us was given three pills to ward off air nausea and "butterflies." Then we waddled into the plane and sat down in the order in which we were to leave it.

We taxied around for a while, then headed down the runway, gathered speed, and with a powerful roar soared into the sky. There would be thousands more in the air that night and it would take almost two hours for us to jockey into position before leaving England. I was asleep before we were in the air ten minutes. Most of the boys slept. I think the pills, which contained a sedative, and the reaction to the intense excitement accounted for it.

The next thing I knew, Larry Legere was shaking me into wakefulness. "We're just passing over France!" he was yelling. I dozed on fitfully until a light flashed on the wall. That was the signal from the pilot that we were only four minutes from the point where we were to leap from the plane. A green light would tell us we were directly over the jump zone and it was time to pile out.

"Stand up and hook up!" Larry shouted.

We lumbered out of our seats and fumbled for the cable crossing the top of the plane. Lord, we were heavily loaded! Everything seemed confused, shuffling, noisy, and dark. I hooked my static line, which would pull out my chute as soon as I was fifteen feet out of the plane, onto the cable.

"Check equipment!" shouted Larry.

We felt one another's chutes in the dark without being able to tell anything, and

(*Continued on page 58*)

COUNT THE MINUTES

All the facts that Johnny gave the jury were the truth, but it took half a lie and an uncanny sense of time to make them believe it

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

BY ROYAL BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN THOMAS

NOTHING was as Penelope had pictured it, but that, she realized, was because she had never before even seen a courtroom outside of the movies. No one could call this courtroom crowded, nor was the atmosphere electric. She herself sat tense, wearing the blue hat that matched her eyes, her handkerchief in a little ball in her moist hands. But the jury looked bored; the judge had just stifled a yawn.

Johnny's lawyer had finished direct examination; now Johnny awaited cross-examination. He had flashed her a reassuring wink. He *would.* But he *shouldn't* have.

How could the jury be expected to believe he had endured weeks and weeks of pain? She could hardly believe it herself, seeing him standing there looking as he always told her she looked—like a million.

Johnny's lawyer had wanted him to limp into court, using a cane. That, he had said, was the way to get the jury's sympathy. "The lawyer for the insurance company will do his best to belittle you, whittle down your claim," Johnny's lawyer had argued. "He's good at it, too. He'll make a monkey out of you unless you make one out of him."

Johnny had just grinned. "O. K. But I'll be damned if I'll limp or use a cane. I worked like hell to get this leg usable again and I'm going to use it as well as I can."

Penelope knew that even now, months after the accident, his knee would give way at times. But he had walked, erectly and alertly, to the stand. That was a matter of pride with him. And on the stand he had assured his lawyer, with the gleam in his eyes she knew so well, that he didn't need a chair.

Johnny was like that. His lawyer had suggested he sue for twenty thousand dollars, saying, "If we're lucky, we may get half."

But Johnny had said, "I'm suing for eleven thousand four hundred and twelve dollars and sixty-seven cents. That's the way I figure it."

Now Penelope quickened. The lawyer for the insurance company was asking Johnny how he had arrived at just that figure. He was a tall gray man whose voice and eyes seemed weary. As if he had tried hundreds of such cases, become fed up with perjury, extravagant claims.

"Are you prepared to submit an itemized account?" he asked.

Penelope knew that Johnny was. Johnny's lawyer had argued against that too, but the account was ready.

The tall gray lawyer scanned the figures, raised his eyebrows. "You seem to have had the best of care—private room, private nurses, a specialist," he observed.

"Exactly," Johnny agreed equably. "I hoped to get back as good a leg as the one I had before the girder struck me."

His inquisitor let that pass. "Your itemized account falls five thousand dollars short of the sum you are suing for. Am I right in assuming you are asking extra compensation for mental or physical suffering?"

His voice disdained any answer Johnny might make to that. How unfair, Penelope thought hotly. If only he and the jury could have seen Johnny as she had seen him during the long weeks when he fought grimly, often white-lipped, to become once again what judge and jury saw now!

Johnny answered, "That, and being denied the right to enlist."

The lawyer's eyebrows went high, expressing skepticism without his saying a word. Johnny's lawyer sat with his eyes closed. Hiding, Penelope supposed, his anguish.

Johnny's lawyer had said, "You don't know juries as I do. The damnedest things will swing them. You can't take chances. They'll think that's just malarkey."

But Penelope knew it wasn't. Johnny's father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather had all volunteered. It was a family tradition. Johnny was the first to stay at home. She knew that hurt. She knew, too, that he *had* been on his way to join the Marines when the girder struck.

Why should the judge and jury look at him that way? She hated them, and the lawyer who had impressed them with his unspoken cynicism. She hated the way his weary eyes measured Johnny. Seeking a vulnerable spot. Trying to make a liar out of Johnny.

"You have testified that the sling holding the girder broke as it was swung from the truck, that it hit you, knocked you down, and that you were pinned by one leg for several minutes. Are you sure it was for several minutes? Couldn't it have been just one minute? Or even less?"

"Absolutely not," said Johnny sweetly.

"Then, *if* more than one minute, how many? Two? Six? Ten?" The weary voice dripped disbelief. "Please estimate as closely as you can."

"I would say four minutes and sixteen seconds—within a second or two," Johnny replied.

The courtroom was still not crowded, but at last it had become electric. Judge and jury stared at Johnny as if they doubted their ears. Johnny's lawyer popped his eyes open.

The cross-examiner's eyes gleamed now. "Ah, you were not suffering so much that you couldn't follow the time on your watch?"

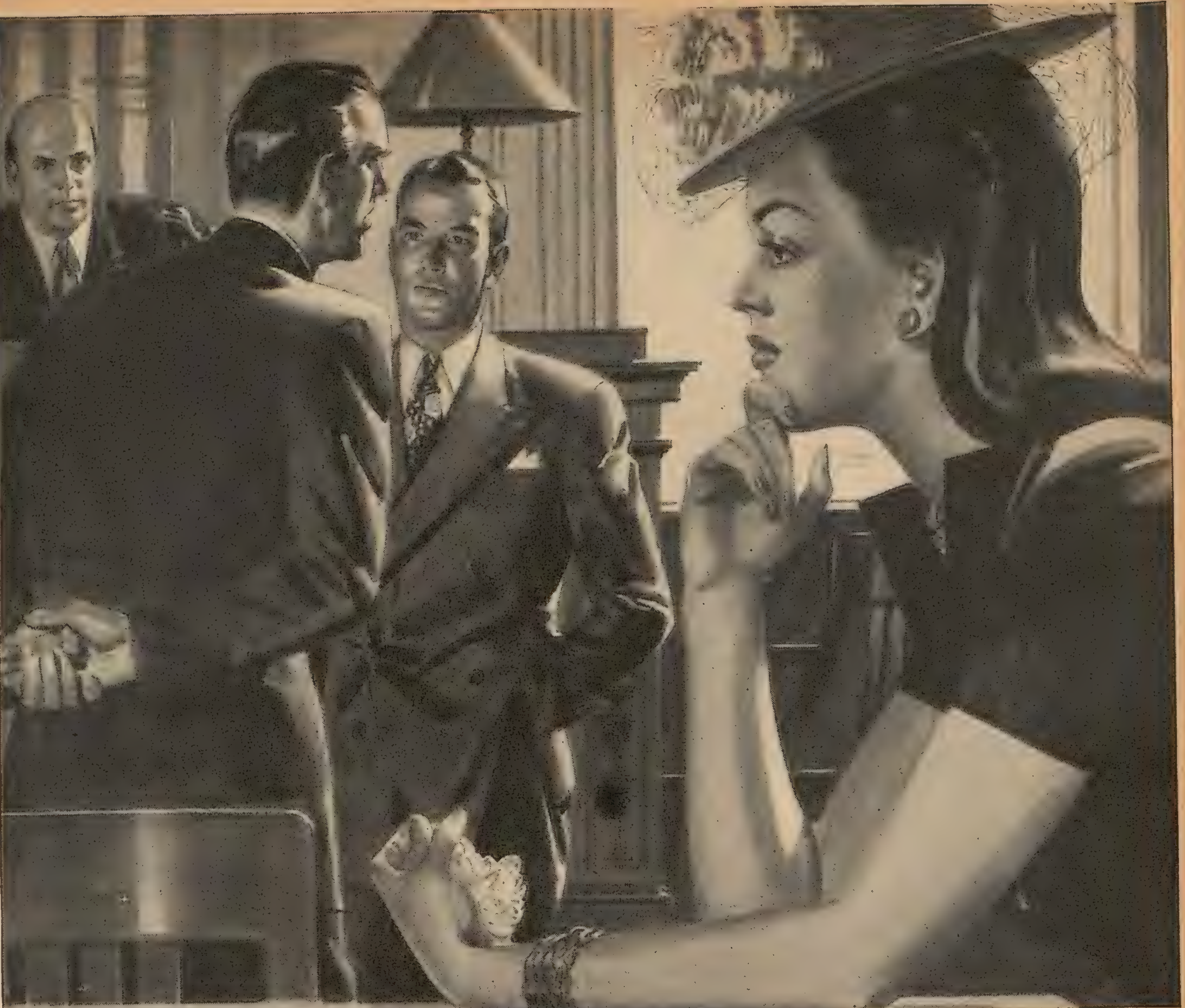
"My left arm was pinned behind me. I couldn't see it."

"Did you count your pulse, perhaps?"

Johnny grinned. "I have never felt time could be so computed; the pulse is rather erratic at times."

"Yet you are willing to swear that you were pinned down for four minutes and sixteen seconds—"

"Within a second or two," Johnny said.



"Are you sure it was for several minutes? Couldn't it have been just one minute? Or even less? "Absolutely not," said Johnny.

The tall gray lawyer addressed the judge and his voice was no longer weary, but quick with triumph. "May I ask the court that an attendant be permitted to stop the wall clock while the plaintiff estimates four minutes and—within a second or two—sixteen seconds?"

Johnny's lawyer looked as if he were about to say something and then decided it was no use. The clock was stopped; the gray lawyer turned back to Johnny.

"Would you object to being blindfolded during the test?"

"Not at all," Johnny assured him.

He was blindfolded and the lawyer drew out his watch, an old-fashioned one. But the judge, the jury, all wore wrist watches, Penelope saw. Their eyes were on them. She glanced at hers, the one she had bought for nurse's aid. It had a sweep hand.

"Now," said the gray lawyer.

Penelope shut her eyes, did not open them until she thought a minute or more must have passed. And discovered, to her anguish, how long a minute can be. The sweep hand had moved just twenty-six seconds.

Penelope looked at the judge, the jury. They, too, had been trying to compute the minutes with their eyes shut, but their eyes were popping open, as hers had. By the time her watch had ticked off thirty-seven seconds all eyes were open, everybody was glancing back and forth from their watches to Johnny.

One minute seemed long that way, two an eternity, three incredible. The courtroom was so still that it seemed to Penelope she could hear the watches tick.

Four minutes. Ten seconds. Twelve seconds. Fifteen—

"Four minutes and sixteen seconds," said Johnny at that point, removing the bandage from his eyes—"within a second or two."

AFTER that the minutes flew. The gray lawyer had shot his bolt, the case swung swiftly to its close. The arguments by counsel were brief. So was the judge's charge. The jury filed out.

Johnny's lawyer picked up his papers, stowed them in his briefcase, and crossed to where Johnny sat beside Penelope, her hand in his. "Boy, how did you do it? You certainly impressed that jury—and scared the daylights out of me. As any lawyer will tell you, estimating time is the hardest trick in the world."

There he was interrupted. The day was drawing toward an end. The jury wanted to get home. They filed in after what must have been the briefest deliberation possible, gave their verdict.

"They just figured I was as good at figuring the exact damages as I was at figuring time," Johnny told his lawyer with a grin. "So they gave me what I asked for."

The lawyer was content, but not Penelope. "How did you do it?" she demanded, as they left the courthouse.

"Remember, when I was in the hospital, how I told you I counted the minutes until you came?"

Penelope nodded.

"Well, I actually did. I used to shut my eyes and say, 'Now it's a minute.' But it wouldn't be. Nearer thirty seconds. But as time went on I got better, until I could hit almost the exact second. So I knew I had him. Everything else I said on the stand was the truth, but it took half a lie—because of course I didn't learn to do that until I was in the hospital—to make the jury believe it."

He glanced down at her. "Now I'm counting the minutes until I— Can you guess?"

Penelope guessed. "There's a taxi! Shall we grab it?"

THE END

G. I. GENERAL STORE

Grass skirts, Italian paintings, half-pound hamburgers—it stocks 'em all. The story of the world's biggest retail-store chain, the Army's post-exchange system

BY DON WHARTON

PHOTOS FROM U. S. ARMY, PRESS ASSOCIATION, INTERNATIONAL

Brigadier General Joseph Byron, head of the Army's far-flung PX system.

THE greatest retail-store chain of them all has 9,000 units circling the globe from which it sells a billion dollars' worth of merchandise a year, more than Woolworth's, Kresge's, Macy's, Marshall Field's, and Walgreen's combined.

This colossus among shopkeepers has just one customer—G. I. Joe, who is pretty colossal himself. Joe, by the way, gets all the stores' profits.

Officially, this is the Army Exchange Service, but nobody ever heard it called that. It's the PX—morale builder No. 3. Only mail and chow mean more to Joe than his combination store and club.

General Eisenhower, inspecting troops in the months before D Day, would call three or four enlisted men aside at each camp and ask a few questions. Other questions might vary, but one he always asked was, "How're your PX supplies?"

To see the familiar homey labels on the shelves is good for Joe's soul. Brigadier General Joseph Byron, big boss of the Army Special Services Division, of which the exchange service is a part, sampled an Australian brand of chocolate bar in a PX Down Under. "Good!" he remarked. "*Very* good!"

"General," said the young lieutenant in charge, "the men want Baby Ruth!"

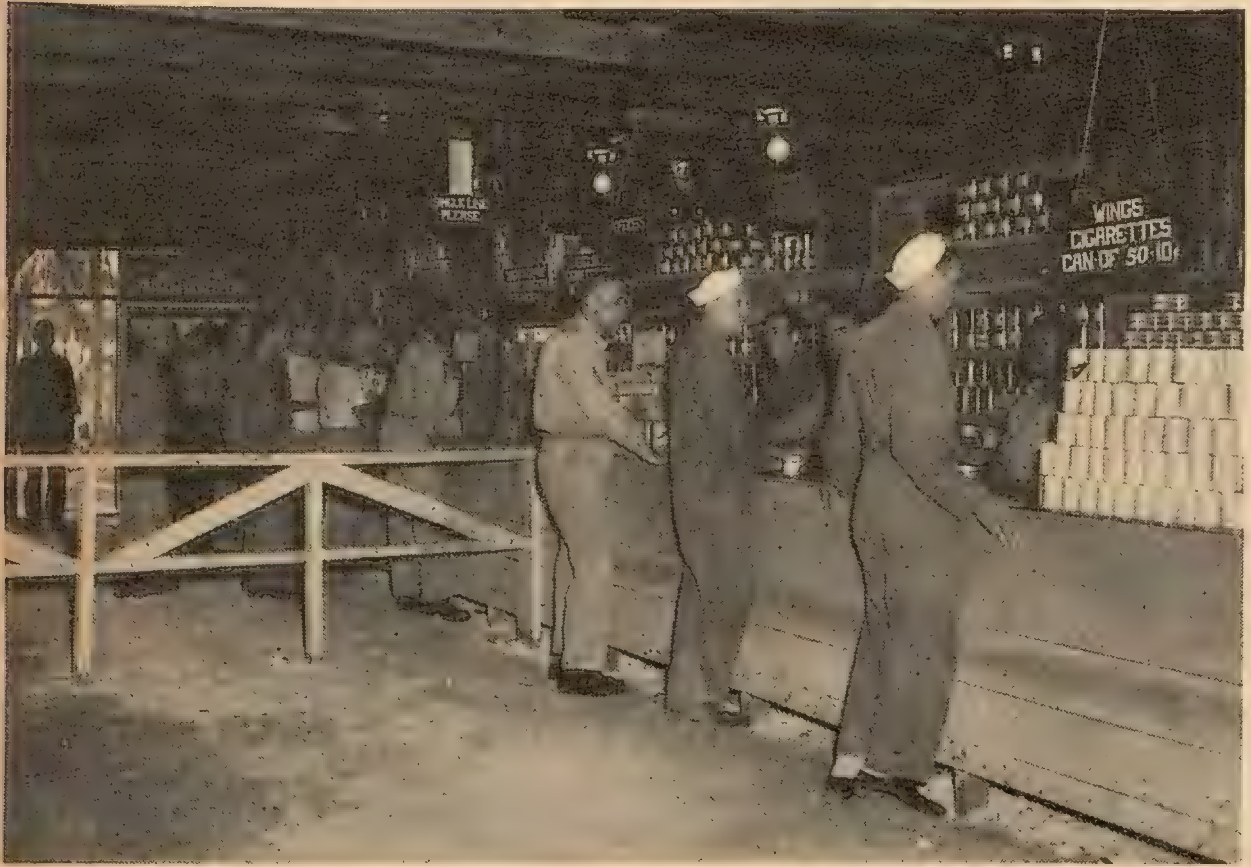
So there they are, in the Solomons, in the Aleutians, in Rome, in Accra, and surely by now in Normandy—the hometown brands. There may be better drinks in Italy, but the boys want those they enjoyed back home. Egypt has famous cigarettes, but the boys want the familiar brands from the U. S. A. PX officers from all over report that soldiers want the advertised brands they know so well. Something just as good or even better, with an unknown name, doesn't satisfy.

The PX system is due to the foresight of General Marshall. The peacetime canteens were hit-or-miss affairs, some fair, some bad; in general, inefficient. In the last war there were no overseas exchanges at all. Six months before Pearl Harbor the general decided the Army should do a bang-up job of supplying the soldiers "at the lowest possible prices, with articles of necessity and convenience not supplied by the government—solely for the benefit of all the military personnel thereof."

He asked Donald Nelson for help. A committee of merchandisers was chosen to draw up a plan. A school was set up which trained thousands of experienced retailers to be PX officers. West Pointers who had left the Army since 1918 and made successful careers in business were called back to take important assignments. General Byron is one of these. Other outstanding business men came in to do big jobs at Army pay.

They have built an organization as colorful and fascinating as it is enormous. There is no typical PX. The one on Kiska is in buildings the Japs built, the doors so low that most soldiers have to stoop to enter. A PX in a boat visits scattered searchlight stations once a week in Panama. A PX in a boxcar serves 650 miles of railroad up from the Persian Gulf. A "train" of two gasoline-powered cars serves the railway troops in Alaska. It makes thirty-five stops in the 400 miles between Seward and Fairbanks. The troops line up, walk in one side, make their purchases, move out the other side, where a swarm of native kids wait, sure of handouts. In the Far North, PX supplies are dropped by parachute to lonely three-man weather stations. In contrast, a PX in Labrador has bowling alleys, a tailor shop, and a barbershop. The one at St. John's, Newfoundland, has a large restaurant and separate departments for various types of goods.

In Iceland, mobile PX units called "hamburger wagons," equipped with driver,



Uncle Sam operates the biggest retail store chain in the world and he caters to but one customer, G. I. Joe. This is a branch in the New Hebrides Islands.

The post exchange follows Joe even if it on rails and is drawn by a motor cooks, and coffee urns, go along with companies on sight-seeing tours. These hamburger wagons are also used to rush hot food and dry clothing to men rescued from the sea. The Iceland PX is the oldest one overseas. Each fall it sponsors a Christmas-card contest with watches and fountain pens as prizes for the best pictures and verses submitted by the soldiers. The Engineers print the winners and the PX sells them to the troops—110,000 in a single season.

Altogether, the PXs have nearly 75,000 employees. Six out of seven of them are civilians — from soldiers' wives at the camps in the United States to Fuzzy-Wuzzies in New Guinea. On the payroll at a Central African PX are Madow N'daye, Sangbienata Gamba, Hrahima Cisse, Olassane Nangavea, and Abdanbaye Diang. In the Fijis, a PX hired half-caste and quarter-caste girls and decked them out in uniforms made from bedsheets procured from the Navy. Icelandic girls working behind PX soda fountains wear white uniforms trimmed in red.

THE first girl hired by the PX at Edmonton, Canada, worked in a tent at 50 degrees below, wearing overshoes and a fur coat. Each morning she warmed her typewriter and adding machine at a stove. With the coming of warm weather in North Africa last year, soldiers flocked to the beaches, creating a tremendous demand for swimming trunks. The PX met it by getting local French seamstresses to make them from G. I. bathtowels. When Naples fell, the PX took over a large five-and-ten on the Via Roma. An eighty-foot soda fountain was set up and most of the sales girls were hired. Noncoms ran half-hour classes each morning to teach them English.

Next to something with a familiar American label for himself, Joe wants something with a foreign label for the folks back home—a souvenir. The PX saves him from local gyppery. Expert buyers lay in stocks of characteristic local products and sell them to Joe at close to wholesale prices. In Oran, for example, the PX sells genuine Moroccan-leather wallets for one sixty-five. The price in the bazaars is five dollars and up. The Naples exchange has

(Continued on page 67)

At almost every PX the G. I. will find souvenirs and native goods he can buy for the home folks. This Yank has just been on a shopping spree in Algiers.

ALASKA RAIL
ROAD
111

has to take to wheels. In Alaska it runs truck to reach scattered units.

The PX is a definite link with home for Joe, for on its counters he finds all those goods he bought back when. The little extras and luxuries boost his morale.

A MOST UNUSUAL SEASON

BY WILLARD H. TEMPLE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

ONE thing about the war, it gives a baseball manager the best alibi in the world. When Sam Hartman, the owner, asks me what we got this year, I tell him it's a dream team and naturally I mean nightmare. We start out last winter with twenty-three players and five of them are down on the farm, and they get billets-doux from the draft board telling them to stay down on the farm or else.

Slip Hennessey, our first baseman, is drafted, and likewise Pete Wilmot and Louis Ferrazi, and Jumbo Rourke is in a shipyard, and when we come up to the line we got a collection of old men and Four-Fs, and when on opening day they march out to the flagpole for ceremonies, I just hope nobody collapses on the way from the exertion.

But we manage to nab Moose Cullen. They don't want the Moose in the Army, and this is largely on account of his feet, because they are the flattest feet in captivity as well as the biggest, and when he takes his physical, the doc asks him will he consider leaving his feet to medical science when he gets thumbed out for the last time. This irritates the Moose very much, because he is not only sensitive about his dogs, but also raring to get in the Army, and in fact the doc is lucky the Moose does not tramp all over him.

But we keep him, and while the Moose is not a guy who could catch an apple in a washtub, he is a great guy with that stick, and on opening day he gets two singles and a double which would have been an inside-the-park home run even for Ernie Lombardi. And while he lets in three runs by waving at balls that go by first, he drives in four, and I figure we are off for the first division at that.

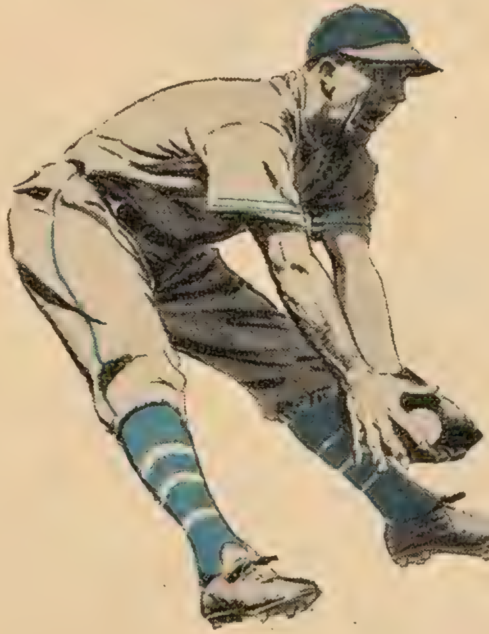
And everything is swell for us until one night when the Moose goes to one of those dance halls where they have hostesses. The Moose is a great lover of dancing, but is somewhat handicapped by the fact that no girls will dance with him, which I got to admit is a problem, because a guy cannot go around dancing by himself without people making remarks about him. It is not that the girls find the Moose objectionable, because he is quite handsome, and not a yes-and-no guy like a lot of ballplayers, but has a pretty fair line of chatter and, they tell me, even read a book one time when he was rained out five days running in Little Rock.

But it seems that the girls in the dance halls are afraid of being stepped on by the Moose's big feet, and they figure it is too much of an occupational hazard to dance with the Moose, because if he ever plants one of his fourteen-and-a-half-D shoes on her foot, the hostess will have to make a living the rest of her life sitting down or maybe dancing on one foot, which is frowned upon in the higher-class dance halls which the Moose frequents, being a guy who insists on everything Grade A.

So when the Moose asks a hostess to dance they all suggest he sit this one out, and it goes to show the Moose is different, because the average ballplayer can sit like the Sphinx, but the Moose loves to dance, particularly the rumba, and is very discouraged when the girls ask him to sit down. And so, of course, he is very delighted when he runs across a girl who is willing to dance with him.

The girl's name is Mabel Sussman and she even seems to enjoy dancing with the Moose, and she tells me one time that it makes dancing more exciting when you know if you make a wrong move it costs you a foot.

And in fact Mabel is not only fast on her feet on a dance floor, but she is the same Mabel Sussman who is once a professional track star and golfer, and who has to retire because after cleaning up on all the women no men will take her on. And before I meet Mabel I figure she will look about as feminine as a General Grant tank, but she is only about five three in her nylons and a neat little trick, if you like them wiry and are not particular about curves.



So it is very natural that the Moose should fall in love with Mabel, and she seems to like him too, but she tells him she couldn't consider marriage until after the war. The reason for this is that Mabel is very patriotic. She figures it is her duty to be nice to soldiers in town on leave, and it seems she has been doing this ever since Pearl Harbor, and comes pretty close to being the sweetheart of the Army, Navy, and Marines, as well as Coast Guard.

"It never happened to anybody else," says the Moose to me. "I got to compete with maybe five million guys or more."

"She ain't in love with any of them," I say. "She's just being patriotic."

"If I had on a uniform instead of this monkey suit," he says, "she'd be Mrs. Moose Cullen. Suppose she does marry me after the war, it ain't like she's marrying a serviceman; it's just like she cheated all those guys. Most likely she'd get to brooding on it."

And it's at this time that my troubles commence. Because the dance hall don't open until night, and every afternoon Mabel is out being patriotic to some serviceman on leave, and what does she do but bring them out to the ball park and sit back of first base in a box. And the first time she does this my worries begin.

In the first inning the Moose hits one off the wall in right, and by hard running manages to get to first ahead of the relay. He steps off the bag and looks toward the stands and sees Mabel in the box with a major and just when he looks the major is holding Mabel's hand and the pitcher lobs the ball and the Moose is caught off by ten feet and don't even hear the coach screaming at him to get back.

The Moose says to me, "If that guy was a civilian I would make him hard to catch, but I can't go around popping no guys in uniform. When you come right down to it," says the Moose, "that guy is fighting so a lug like me can keep on playing ball."

And the very next day Mabel is in the park with a lieutenant and it is a tight game, and in the ninth we got a one-run lead with the other side up. They get two on and two out, and the batter hits a pop fly over by the stands. It's so high that even the Moose can get under it in time.

He plants himself there and Mabel and the lieutenant are in front of him, and I think the game is over, and then wonder if the Moose is crazy, because he just stands there and the ball comes down and hits him on the noggin and bounces fifty feet in the stands. This gives the batter a life and he hits the next pitch over the roof and we lose the game, and in the dressing room I give the Moose fits.

"The guy had lipstick on his ear," says the Moose.

Well, I call up Mabel and tell her the least she can do is be a little more subtle, and she says indignantly that it wasn't lipstick on the lieutenant's ear but blood where he cut himself shaving, but by then the damage is done, and two days later she comes in with a bomber crew and the Moose hits into four double plays.

"Y'know," he says to me, "I ain't never going to marry Mabel. She's had seven hunnert and sixty-three proposals. Now those guys know they can't all win, and they don't mind too much losing, but think how they'll feel if they lost to a civilian Four-F. And because I think a lot of those service guys myself, I wouldn't propose to Mabel until the war is over and those guys get another chance to propose."

"If she loves you," I say, "she'll wait."

The Moose shakes his head. "She loves me," he said, "but she's awful patriotic."

I HOPE it will be better when we hit the road. But Chicago is the first stop and the manager of the Chicago team is Eddie Sykes and the league's worst barber. In our half of the first inning Clayton walks, is sacrificed to second, and after Finney pops to left, the Moose is up. And I know he can hit this Chicago cousin with his eyes closed. But just as he gets set for the first pitch, Eddie Sykes sticks his head out of the dugout and yells, "Where's Mabel?" and the Moose turns around and don't even see the fast pitch that cuts the plate for a strike.

The Moose finally gets set again and the Chicago pitcher tells him where Mabel is, and the Moose throws his bat at him and comes within a quarter of an inch of making the Chicago pitcher a permanent Four-F. And the umpire gives the Moose the old heave-ho.

I look along the bench and old Slag Carter is sitting there with his hands across his stomach, and Slag was a pretty fair pitcher twenty years ago and figured that this year he might as well sleep in a dugout and get paid for it. So I say, "Did you ever play first?" and Slag opens his eyes and looks at me in horror and says he don't feel good and it was probably something he et on the train last night, but he plays first anyway. I don't really mean he plays first, but he goes down to the bag and puts on the glove and stands there the rest of the game anyway.

When we go in the locker room after the game the Moose is on the long-distance telephone and Mabel ain't in, and the Moose puts in a call every twenty minutes, but he can't find Mabel. And everywhere we go on the road, the other teams ask

Dames don't belong on big-league teams, but during the war anything can happen and usually does, and who can say it's not more fun that way?

him where is Mabel, and not only that, but they tell him, and the Moose goes twenty-three times without a hit, and Sam Hartman comes out to see me.

"You told me his hitting would make up for his fielding," says Sam. "You know what he's hitting?"

"I know," I say, "but I wouldn't repeat it out loud.

"It'll be better when we get back home," I say, but I don't even believe this myself, and when we do get back, it is the same story, with the Moose keeping half an eye on the ball game, and the other eye and a half on Mabel and the armed forces.

We give him all sorts of fight talks and tell him how there are boys across the water listening to him stink by short wave and he is letting them down as well as the ball club and is practically acting like a Jappo toward our loyal rooters in the armed services, and it don't do any good.

BUT what finally drives me crazy is when the Moose starts waking me up every night. Now, in these days we do not have many training rules because they are apt to irk a ballplayer and these days we do not want to irk any guy that can climb into a uniform, although what I am going to do to some of these monkeys after the war is nobody's business. But anyway, the training rules are relaxed, and if a player wants to stay out a little late, so long as he stays awake on the ball field, I don't jump him.

But when the Moose wakes me up four nights running at 2.30 A. M., it is the last straw. The Moose wakes me up each night by dropping his shoes, and the first night I think we have finally been bombed and am halfway under the bed before I realize the Moose rooms just above me.

And after he has done this to me four nights, the next day, after he blows another ball game, I corner him in the office, and find out that he is dancing every night and don't get in until two thirty.

"Bawl me out later," he says. "I'm in a rush. I gotta go see Mabel."

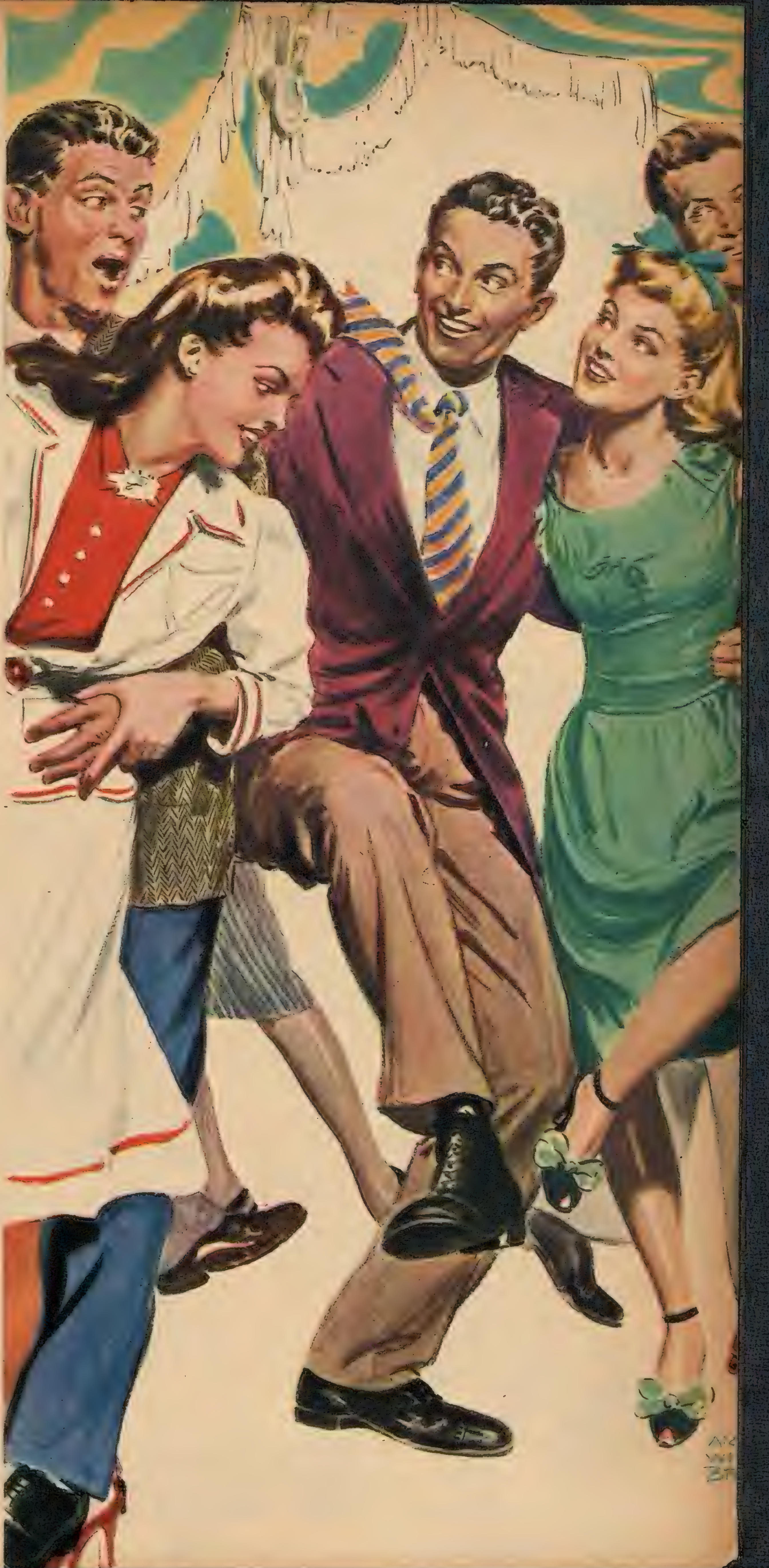
"You can't dance from now until two thirty," I say. "It ain't humanly possible, although I admit you didn't get no exercise at first this afternoon."

"It ain't a dance," he says. "It's a softball game. Mabel's playing in it. It's a benefit, a couple of girls' softball teams. Why don't you come along?"

Well, I go along because I figure I can stand a laugh, and it is funny, at that, but Mabel does all right out on third. I mean she throws like a man and don't let nothing get by her and makes four straight hits. It don't mean anything to me at the time, but when I wake up at two thirty the next night when the Moose drops his shoes, the idea pops right into my noggin.

I tell myself I am nuts, but fate steps in. We have had three third basemen this year and none of them acts like they ever met up with the bag before, and the next afternoon my current ingénu hits a ball past the infield and is so surprised he trips over first base, not being familiar with it, and breaks his ankle.

(*Continued on page 64*)



Mabel seems to enjoy dancing with the Moose, and he is delighted.

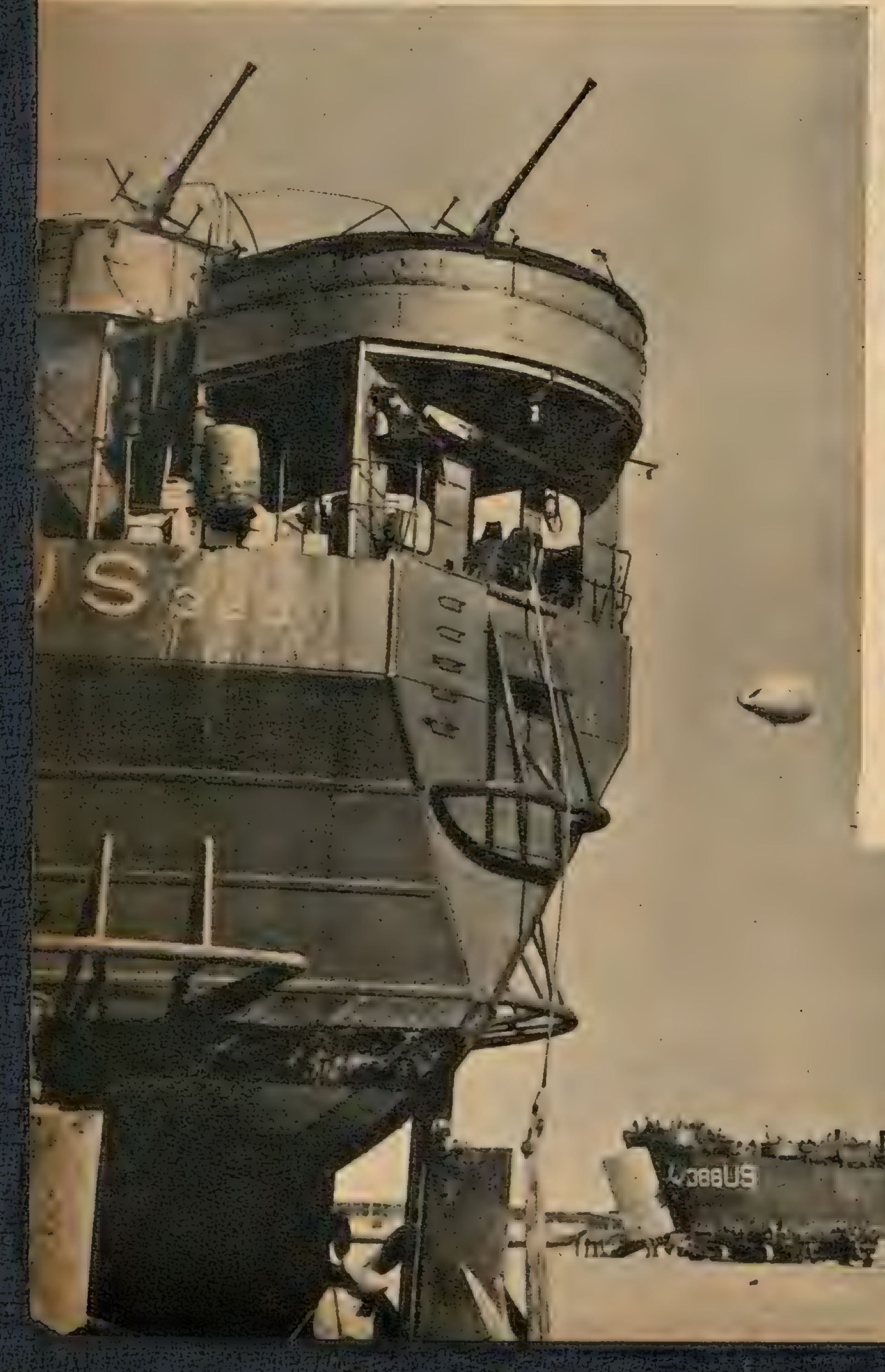
The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

POSTWAR PROBLEM—Some of the boys who have grown beavers may want to keep them. Baby Vorhis and Walli Hackman of Alaskan Stampede, playing in Chicago, demonstrate their newly invented whisker blocker on Pvt. William Mervish and Pfc. Al Sanders, who do not seem to mind being practiced on at all. ↑

MAJOR-LEAGUE MINOR — Seventeen-year-old Leo Righetti, schoolboy shortstop of San Jose, Calif., shows his mom his new contract to play ball for the New York Yankees. He's spending this summer trying out with their farm club, the Newark Bears. ↑

SHIPS ASHORE—LCTs on a Normandy beach continue unloading, come hell or low water. When the tide rolls in they'll float again, but meanwhile we can get a good idea of their size. ↓



DEEP DITCH—German antitank trap outside Cherbourg failed of its purpose, but comes in handy as a rest spot for American infantrymen. One sleeps, barefooted, while another stays awake to ponder the hosiery problem. ↑

WANNA TRADE?—At the Colosseum in Rome an Italian girl takes a peek at the kilt of a Scottish pipe major. No doubt she's thinking how much nicer it would look on her, but the Scot's interest seems to be on other things than skirts—skirts of any kind. ↑

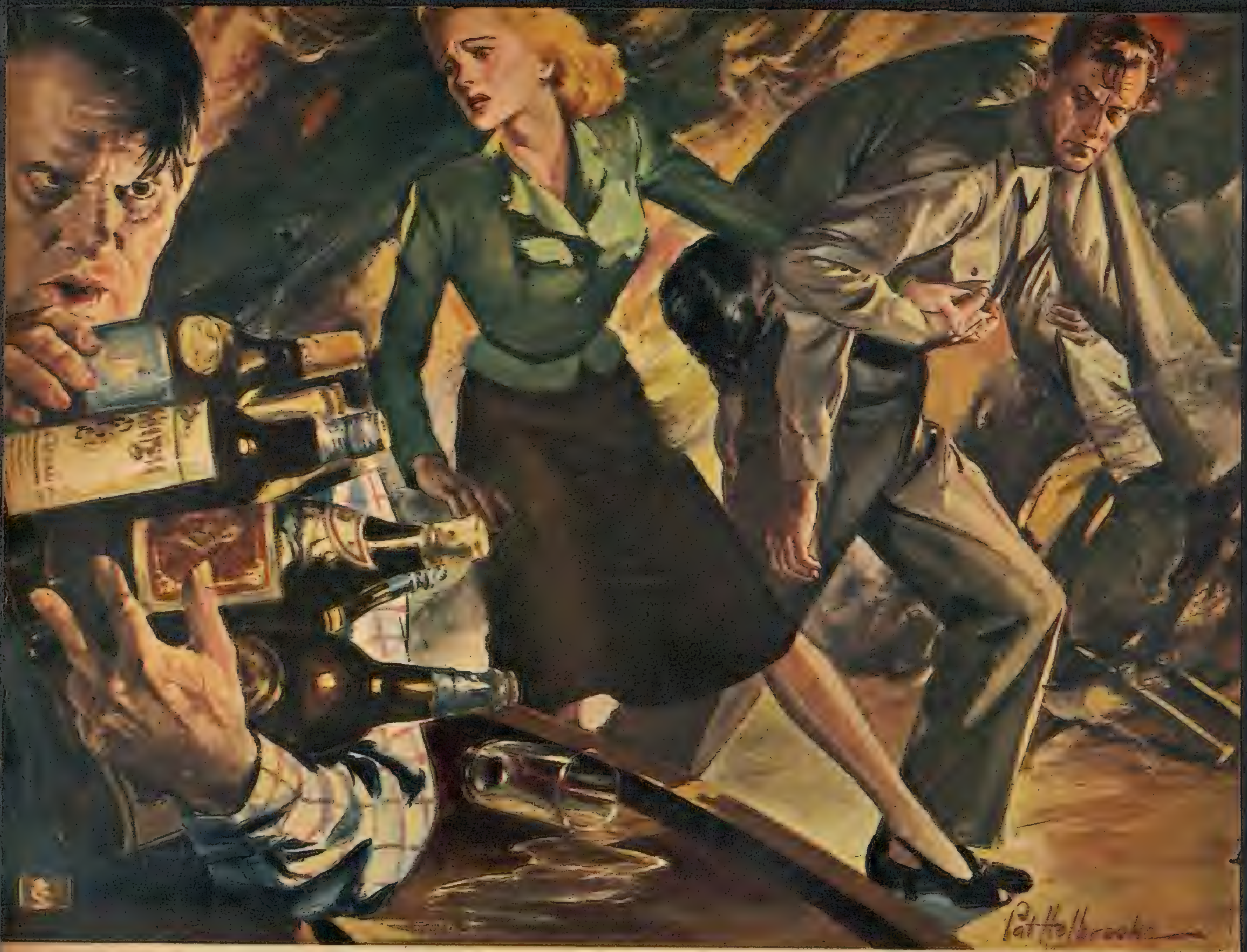
POPE'S BLESSING—A gently smiling Pope Pius XII, relieved and grateful that his city was not made a battleground, delivering his benediction—the eternal peace sign—after American troops had delivered Rome. Pontiff later saw General Clark. ↑

APPLES FOR JERRY—The British crew of a 4.2 mortar go to work on the Nazis from a Normandy orchard. The 4.2, a comparatively new weapon, is a fast-firing baby and, judging from the actions of the boys as they duck the explosion, makes its share of racket. ↑

FATSO GETS THE BAD NEWS—Whatever these German paratroopers are telling Reichsmarshal Hermann Göring, it doesn't seem to cheer him up much. War worries have slimmed the Nazi Big Boy a bit, but he's still got room for improvement. ↑

HOUSE MOTHER—When a congressman splits a seam or pops a button he can get repairs right on the spot. A member of the House, Rep. C. W. Bishop (R., Ill.), is a former tailor and ever ready with a needle. ←

TREAT FOR CAMERA EYE—Jean Lindow, 17-year-old student at Shawnee High School, Louisville, Ky., is picked from 40,000 contestants as Miss Photogenic, America's most photogenic unknown. Any doubts? →



Mary began pulling back, and she kept yelling, "Let go of me! Let me go!" But I jerked her along.

The HERO

It's tough to see a phony hero charm your girl's kid brother, then your girl, and then her whole family; but events always catch up with guys like that and then they're through

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

I DON'T know what I could have done about Mary's kid brother Mickey, except to have been born different. I had a job at Todd Shipbuilding, commuting across San Francisco Bay, and I was an air-raid block warden and a plane spotter. But everybody was doing this sort of thing and there was nothing in it to appeal to the imagination of a kid like Mickey. And at twenty-nine I must have seemed a graybeard to him. For it's natural for a boy to resent the guy who is courting his sister. It wasn't until the day I was inducted into the Army that I realized he was a man. He'd just turned eighteen, and by coincidence we were inducted the same day.

"I'm awfully glad you're going in together," Mary said that night. "Mickey is such a boy. You'll be a steadying influence. He needs somebody to look up to."

Mary's eyes were just a little troubled. She has beautiful eyes. Not that she isn't all right otherwise.

I knew what she meant about Mickey. He's impressionable, and he'd got to chasing around with the wrong friends.

"Mickey will snap out of it," I said. "The Army will do him a world of good."

But I hadn't counted on Bingo O'Brien.

We ran into Bingo O'Brien the first night at Monterey, the replacement center. In a way it was my fault. I suggested to Mickey that we go to the PX and have a beer. Mickey had been fooling around with alcohol, and my idea was to teach him how to nurse one beer and call it an evening. The PX was crowded with rookies, and we were standing, when a soldier at a booth said to Mickey, "Ease your arches, Long Boy," and crowded over against another soldier to make room.

"There's no room here," the other soldier said.

"You've been here too long anyhow," the first soldier said. He had the size and the smaller man left.

A pair of good shoulders, a tanned face, good-looking, though a bit sharp of chin, and triangular eyes. His uniform set on him better than on the other rookies. He'd already caught the trick of tucking in the crown of his service cap, and he'd picked up a set of insignia. There was a certain dash to him.

An easy grin. "Ease your arches, men, and I'll buy you a drink. Call me Bingo. I'm having six more. How many?"

"We'll nurse this one," I said.

"Give me six," Mickey said, being a man, "and I'll match you for 'em."

I hung around a while. Bingo was a good talker. He told how he'd dodged the draft for a year. "But what'd they do when they caught you?" Mickey asked. Bingo grinned. "They give me my choice—

the Army or the Big House. But I stayed out of the damned Army a year, and now I'm no worse off." He laughed.

Mickey was fascinated, and flattered by being noticed by this man of the world. Mickey slipped out with him that night, and I couldn't force Mickey to come to the barracks with me.

He was out with Bingo O'Brien every night while we were at Monterey. I hoped they'd get caught and Mickey would learn a lesson, but that didn't happen. I was glad when we got our shipping orders. Men were being sent all over the country to various units. We might get rid of Bingo. We put everything we owned into our barracks bags, got in formation, and marched to where our group was being formed. I spotted Bingo then.

"Hey, Bingo! Bingo O'Brien!" Mickey yelled.

That cry became familiar at Fort Lewis. We'd landed in Ordnance, all rookies except for the cadre of noncoms. This was a good thing for Mickey. We all came in on an equal footing, as privates. He was a man among men. But now I no longer had any means of commanding his respect; in his eyes I couldn't stack up against Bingo. I couldn't talk about conquests with girls; I hadn't been divorced and married again; I hadn't been around; I couldn't teach Mickey the Greek roll with the dice or how to make use of the bottom card of the deck in stud.

I didn't write anything about the situation to Mary, but she sensed something. In her letters she'd keep asking me about this Bingo Mickey mentioned so much.

We finished basic training and began learning how to run an ordnance depot. Bingo had quickly picked up the old Army game of gold-bricking, and Mickey was his apt pupil. They both landed in the labor platoon, and remained privates when the ratings came out. I thought this would be a lesson to Mickey, and tried to give him advice. He just grinned, a grin patterned closely on Bingo's.

"You guys in the depot get the ratings, but you work nights for that T/5," he quoted. "Hell, I'm off every afternoon after chow, and in town with Bingo every night. You're a sucker, George."

That's how helpless I was. He was giving *me* advice.

WE went to Bend on maneuvers. It was grand country. I kept writing Mary about the scenery and climate. I didn't mention Mickey except to say he was well and happy.

Some silly girl had followed Bingo to Bend. It wasn't his wife. He'd go in to see her every night he wasn't with another girl he'd picked up in town. We were supposed to have one pass a week. Bingo and Mickey went out the front way one night a week and the back way the rest of the time. This was bad. I didn't know what Mickey was doing in town every night; I didn't want to know.

We'd get furloughs after maneuvers. I clung to that. I could tell Mary what I couldn't write her. Mickey thought a lot of her. She could talk to him.

Suddenly the company moved back to Fort Lewis. Maneuvers still had two months to run. There was but one explanation as to why we'd been pulled off early: We were going overseas.

We got furloughs, of course. I didn't see much of Mickey on the train; he was with Bingo, playing poker in the men's room. Bingo had brought along a bottle. Mickey could toss off a paper drinking cup of straight whisky at a gulp, like Bingo. I've nothing against drinking, civilized drinking; but no kid of eighteen should be able to do that.

I was glad when we reached Oakland and ferried across the bay. Bingo was from Los Angeles; he had a ticket on the Lark for that evening. I called Mary. Man! It was good to hear her voice! Then I went home to clean up. She lived on Broderick, and I was puffing as I climbed up the steep hill from the streetcar tracks, half from the climb and half from something tight in my throat at being so close to Mary. There was a fantastic quality about it all—coming back to the familiar things again after the sudden and complete change in mode of existence, climbing this hill again, calling on Mary again. The Army seemed remote, something of another world. This was what I knew. Bingo was far away.

Mary answered the bell. She stood a moment, lips parted, and then said, "Oh, George," in a low voice, and came into my arms. She'd never done that before. My throat was so tight I couldn't speak if I'd wanted to. She was near and she was mine. I knew that if I asked her again tonight, she'd say yes. I felt this in my bones, and pushed away the matter of Bingo. Tonight for tonight. Mary and I together. We'd make plans. Tomorrow I'd talk about Bingo.

We went inside. Mickey was in an overstuffed chair, with a cigarette and a glass of beer, which his proud parents were trying to accept casually. I shook hands with them and said something to Mickey. I didn't see any of them. All I could see was the man in the green uniform with the gold bars of a second lieutenant on his shoulders who'd risen as I came in.

"Of course you know Lieutenant O'Brien," Mary said.

"Sure he knows Bingo!" Mickey said.

"Hello, corporal," Bingo said to me.

I stammered something.

Mary said, "You never told me about Bingo's marvelous—I mean, Lieutenant O'Brien's wonderful—"

"I'll just be Bingo around you folks," Bingo said.

"A surprise," Mickey said.

"A lot of luck," Bingo said modestly. "Happens once in a blue moon. A little crisis on maneuvers, and I happened to be in the right place at the right time."

"Like that soldier on Guadalcanal who was a private one day and a captain the next," Mary's father said. "Tell us more about it, Lieu—er, Bingo."

"Well, it's about as much a surprise to me as to anybody," Bingo said, and casually gave a few high lights of a brilliant tactical maneuver he'd executed against orders. Vaguely I remembered the situation from some movie or magazine story.

I had to admit that Bingo carried it off well. Of course what he was doing has happened often. I suppose it's a temptation for some men to impress the home folks. Bingo, of course, would be court-martialed if caught impersonating an officer; but he took risks every day. I could see Mickey's eyes shining with admiration. Then I noticed Mickey's sleeve just as his mother said, "And our boy a sergeant! I knew Michael would get ahead. The scamp! Never telling us!"

My little T/5 looked pretty sick beside a buck sergeant and a second lieutenant. And I knew now that I couldn't talk the problem of Mickey over with Mary. I couldn't tell her I'd allowed Mickey to drift this far.

THE old folks stayed home, and the four of us went to the Music Box. I couldn't bear seeing Bingo dancing with Mary, watching that easy grin, his lips moving glibly. He was a superb dancer.

"Why do you keep staring at us, George?" Mary asked, when I was dancing with her. "You make us feel uncomfortable. After all, he's such a friend of Mickey's."

"He's missed his train," I said.

"We asked him to stay overnight. Why, George, I think your eyes are green! But I do think he's charming."

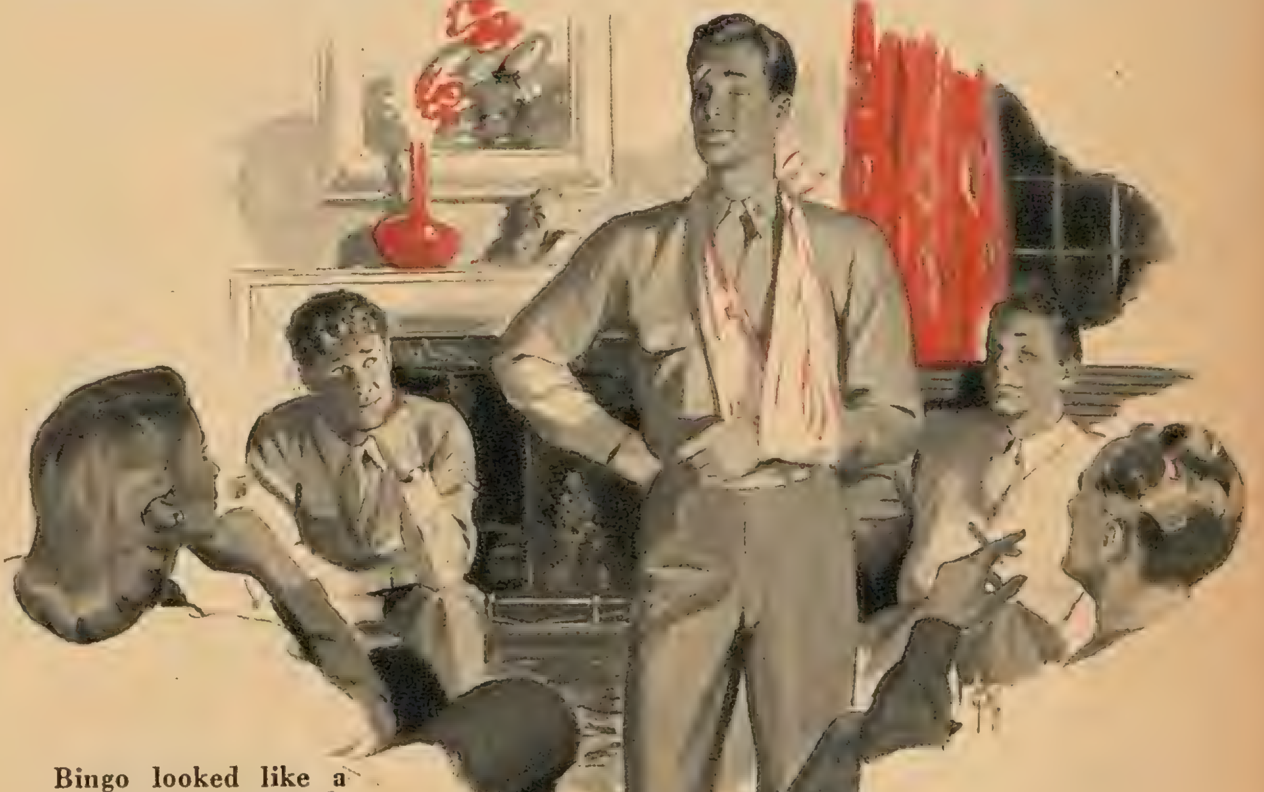
Yes, I wanted to say, and so have plenty of other girls. His first wife used to. And his second. And the poor silly kid who'd followed him to Bend. But I didn't tell her about Bingo. One thing, a man can't run down his rival—and such, I sensed, Bingo had become.

This was Saturday. By Tuesday I knew for sure. I dropped around in the afternoon with the idea of taking Mary to the park conservatory. I found her leaving with Bingo.

"Oh, George, I'm sorry," Mary said, trying not to appear embarrassed. "But you didn't let me know you were coming."

There it was. I hadn't notified her I was coming. I couldn't, any more, just drop around any time. I knew Bingo had taken her away from me, with his captivating grin and easy line and worldly manner and lieutenant's bars. And if I'd

(*Continued on page 48*)



Bingo looked like a movie hero, modestly recounting his heroism.

FUR OR FLEECE?

BY LOWELL BRENTANO

The fur business can be a skin game in more ways than one, but Max Bachrach's science detects the trickiest fakes

A WOMAN carrying a Persian lamb coat strode angrily into a fashionable New York department store. An inch-wide strip of the fur, from collar to waist, had peeled from the coat, and the inner leather was cracked and shriveled. Yet it was a new $700 coat, never worn. The customer claimed the garment was defective and demanded a refund.

"See Max Bachrach," advised the adjustment manager. "If he says you're right, we'll pay his fee and do whatever you want."

"Who's Max Bachrach?"

"He's the man who knows more about furs than anyone else in the world."

A few days later Mr. Bachrach told the woman, "My analysis shows the damage has been caused by sulphuric-acid burns."

"Impossible," she retorted. "I've only had the coat ten days. It's been hanging in my closet. No one goes near there but my maid. She's been with me twenty years."

"Have you any children?"

"Yes—a little boy. Why?"

"Does he play with chemicals?"

"No, of course not! Except—I gave him a toy chemical set for his birthday. But he hasn't any sulphuric."

"Do me a favor," pleaded Mr. Bachrach. "Talk with him."

The next morning the woman apologized. Her science-minded son had confessed. His ten-year-old pal, the son of a druggist, had traded him a bottle of sulphuric acid for some marbles. He had meant to hide it on the top shelf of mama's closet, and in his excitement had dropped the bottle and spilled part of the contents over the coat.

Since 1926 Max Bachrach has "solved" nearly 4,000 bizarre cases, but he winces when he is called a "fur detective." For this plumpish balding gentleman in his early fifties is a combination scientist, naturalist, painter, chemist, executive, and fur dealer. He is regarded as a professional man, a consultant in a highly specialized field.

Bachrach got an early start. His father was impoverished in the panic of 1907, and young Max was forced to leave grammar school and act as a boy of all work for a wholesale furrier. Only three years later he was made a raw-fur buyer. But he was hungry for knowledge—fascinated by the hobby of chemistry. So, he studied evenings, and put himself through high school and three colleges. To do it he had to restrict himself to five hours' sleep a night. He maintains the same schedule even today, and reads from 400 to 500 technical books and pamphlets yearly.

During the last war he enlisted in the Medical Corps, and was overseas from January, 1918, to August, 1919. On his return, he and a wealthy partner set themselves up as dealers in imported and domestic skins. The business prospered and branched into retailing and fur processing. Theirs was one of the first six firms in America to contract with Soviet Russia for pelts. Then came the deflation of the middle '20s. The young partners lost all the money they had made—and more.

But now Bachrach's scientific training and knowledge of every phase of the fur trade stood him in good stead. He saw possibilities in the consultant field. The industry was operating on a haphazard basis. There were no established trade practices, no uniform techniques, no standard tests for quality. In 1926 he opened an office under the modest title: Max Bachrach, Fur Consultant.

At first prospective customers were scattered and skeptical. Then a prominent Boston department store sent him a skunk-dyed opossum jacket. Originally a lustrous black, it had turned a deep red only twenty-four hours after purchase. Bachrach wired: "Ask your customer if she fell down a sewer."

The credit man hesitated, but Bachrach insisted. Finally the store showed the young woman his telegram. She laughed almost hysterically as she explained. She had gone to a football game accompanied by a delegation of "exhilarated" escorts. On the way home in an open car, one of them had snatched the coat from her playfully, and the crowd began tossing it to and fro. Someone threw it at her head. She ducked, and the garment swirled out of the car and down an open sewer!

Sherlock Holmes Bachrach had merely recalled, from earlier experiments in fur dyeing, that methane gas, commonly found in sewers, changes skunk-dyed opossum from black to red.

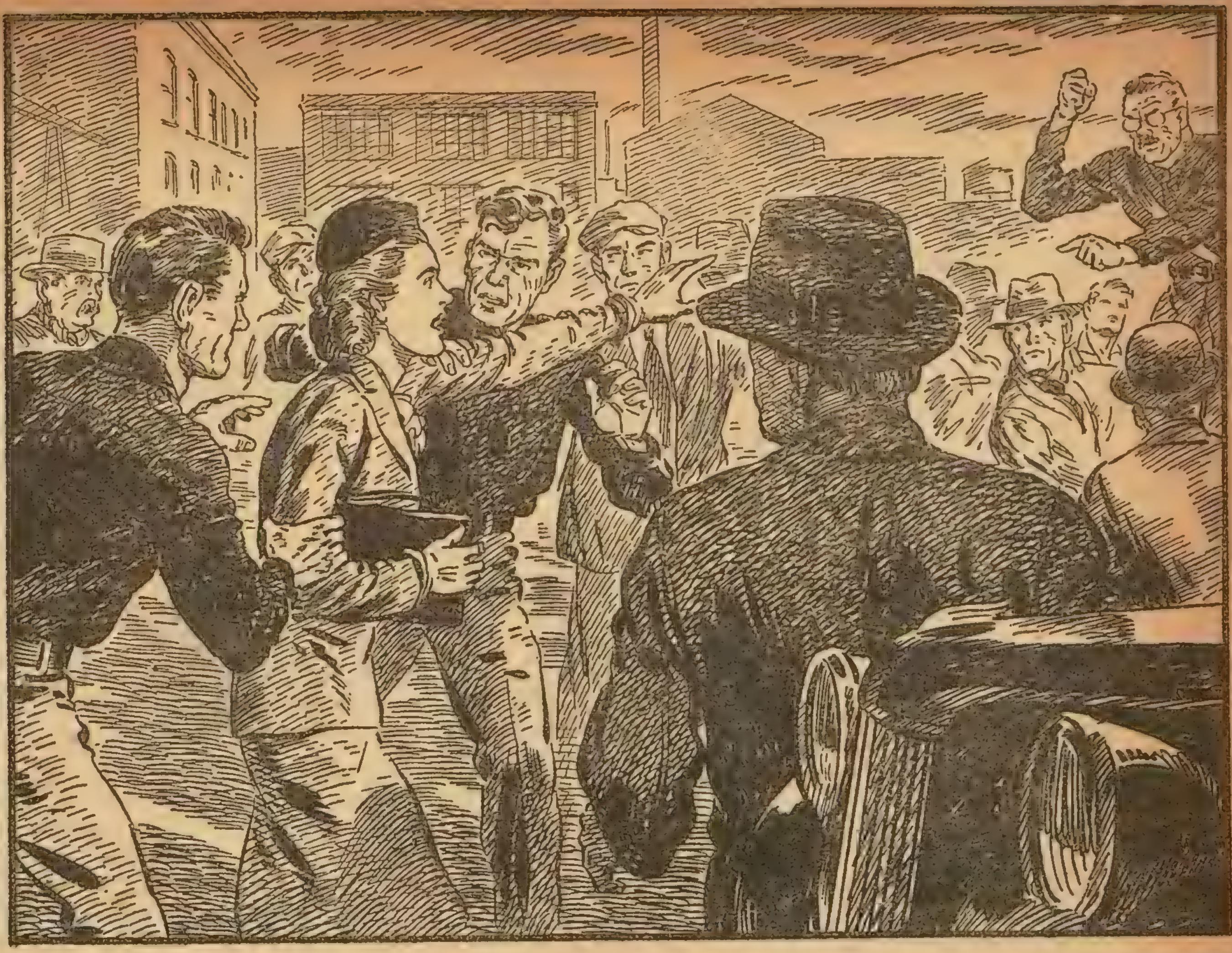
An attorney once summoned Bachrach to meet a client who had purchased a caracul coat. The woman said that wearing the coat had caused a rash across the back of her neck. The rash was so unsightly and painful that she intended to sue the dealer for selling her an infected fur.

At first Bachrach was fearful that something had gone amiss with the dye, but on checking, he found that 100,000 skins had been dyed within the period covered by the lot number of the coat skins, without a single complaint. There was a faint odor of perfume on the lady's collar. He extracted the oil, and analyzed the perfume. To his amazement, he found that this particular perfume, combined with the chemicals in the dye, could produce a rash on people allergic to certain substances.

Most of his cases are not solved so easily. In fact, Bachrach ordinarily uses more than 600 different chemical tests on the ninety-two varieties of fur. He may boil a piece of fur and test the water, or remove oil from the skin with ether, then third-degree the oil. For this work he studied the extraction processes of the rubber industry, consulted the dairy companies, which secure casein from milk, and studied the analysis methods of the huge oil corporations. In other words, he has modified the techniques of other industries to fit the peculiarities of the fur business.

Polarized light, microscopy, color photography, and medicine all contribute to Bachrach's findings. In the late 1920s he devised a quick, simple method for photographing and identifying animal hairs. Previously the police had been able to distinguish between human hair and animal hair, but they could not identify the animal. Now, thanks to Bachrach, they can

(*Continued on page 56*)



The Night Is Ending

BY JAMES RONALD

Ruth Malvern, faced with problems about which she could do nothing, made a gallant battle against frustration by taking on a houseful of another woman's troubles. There's great warmth and insight in this story of how she found happiness the hard way.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

WITH a feeling of release, Ruth came out of the ugly old house, shutting the door quietly behind her. She went down the garden path swiftly, as if afraid someone might follow and bring her back.

It was almost eleven thirty by the small platinum watch on her wrist and the lights of the pier had been turned out, but as Ruth neared the ungainly wooden theater at the far end she could hear a piano. It sounded like Harry's slapdash technique. She entered through the creaking door the performers used, and walked through the wings on to the stage. Harry looked up, acknowledging Ruth with a sullen glance. His face looked ten years older than it did across the footlights. A slack, loose-lipped, self-indulgent face, that of a man who had made endless compromises with his conscience over the years that brought him to forty.

"Listen to this," he said, playing. "Like it?"

Ruth unbuttoned her coat. "Isn't it a trifle gloomy?"

"It's the gloomy songs that get the women."

"I am a woman," she reminded him, "and I'd prefer something a little more cheerful."

"Oh, you," he said. "You're not normal. There was a blonde tonight, in the second row. Every time I came on, she made big eyes at me."

"Next time, I'd make eyes back at her, if I were you."

"If that's the way you feel about it, I will."

"That's the way I feel," replied Ruth placidly.

Looking at her peevishly, Harry wondered, not for the first time, what it was he saw in her. There was about her a quality of aloofness. She was lovely; but it was an impersonal, almost frigid loveliness. She had a mass of lustrous brown hair, but she brushed it back severely and pinioned it at the nape of her neck. He itched to draw out the restraining pins and let it tumble down her back. Curiously sad, her hazel eyes, as if they mirrored an

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unhappiness for which there could never be any release. But how could a girl in her twenties know sorrow as profound as that?

"I don't know why I bother with you," he said petulantly. "It isn't getting me anywhere."

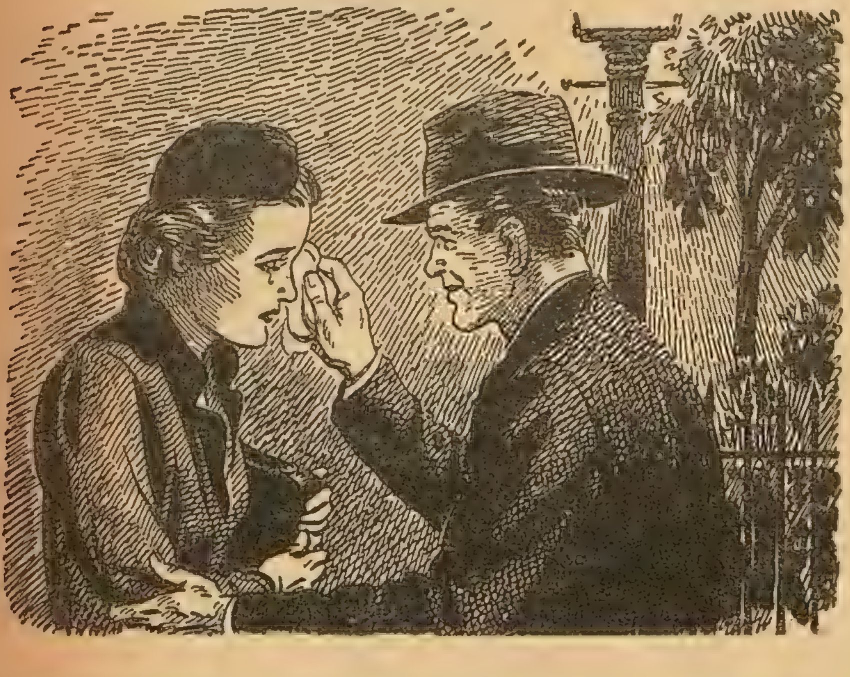
"And I don't know why I bother with you, so we're quits. Yes, I do. You're someone to talk to."

He dropped his eyes to the keys. A melody began to grow from his fingers, faltered, and lost its way.

Ruth leaned across him and played a group of notes. "That's what you're groping for."

"That's it." He squinted up. "You certainly know your ivories."

"When I was a little girl," she said, "I practiced five hours a day for a whole year. I wanted to surprise my father. We had been separated for a long time and when he came I was going to sit down and play a long, difficult piece for him. I imagined how proud he'd be. Instead of coming, he sent for me—and there was no piano where he was living."



"Tell me about your father," he said. "You mention him all the time."

"Little things. The things that matter I keep to myself. I don't want to talk about him."

"Where is he now?"

"That's one of the things that matter."

"I don't know anything about you." He pounded sulkily. "We've been meeting each other on and off for weeks and I don't even know how you earn your living."

"I teach at a boarding school for girls for six pounds a month and board."

Harry gave her a sidewise glance. "You didn't buy that watch on six pounds a month."

"It was a present." She added, "From my father."

"That night we ran into each other on the promenade," Harry said. "You know what I thought?"

"You must have thought me an easy pick-up. Instead of snubbing you I agreed to go for a walk. But I'd almost gone out of my mind sitting in my room alone, worrying about someone of whom I'm very fond. Someone who is in trouble."

"In trouble? You mean in jail?"

With a rueful laugh, Ruth shook her head. "No."

He lit a cigarette. "Look," he said, leaning toward her, "the show is closing tomorrow and my agent has booked me eight weeks on the Northern Circuit, for a starter. I was thinking of a single act—but I don't know. Maybe a girl at the piano would give it something. But you'd have to do something about that hair."

"I could cut it off." Ruth smiled.

"That's it. Down to your shoulders."

"You're not serious. You're just talking."

"Listen," he said. "Don't ask me why, but I've fallen for you. We could have a jolly good time."

Ruth shut the lid of the piano and stood up. "I suppose you're paying me a compliment. It'll be something to look back on when I'm an old-maid teacher."

Harry switched out the light. Later, as they walked along the pier, he said, "I'd even be willing to marry you."

"My first proposal. I can't accept it, but I'll always remember it. What train are you taking tomorrow?"

"I'm staying on for a week or so." He gave her an oblique glance. "You know you hate the school. I'm offering you a chance to get away from it."

"I don't hate it enough to leave it on your terms."

"I said I'd marry you," he retorted savagely.

"But I don't love you; and I'm perfectly sure you don't love me. You'd be bored in a month. And, anyway, how do I know you're not married already?"

"Nice opinion you've got of me. No wonder we don't get anywhere. Meeting late at night for half an hour at a time. I tell you what: tomorrow is Sunday. What do you say we picnic on the downs? It'll give us a chance really to get to know each other."

"I'm sorry, Harry. I have a standing date for the first Sunday of every month."

"You can break it this once for me."

"Not for you. Nor for anyone. Nor for anything."

Looking at her curiously, he was surprised to see how grimly set her white face was in the moonlight.

NIGHT after night Ruth took a book to bed and read until one printed line blurred into another. Even when she could barely hold her head up, she often could not sleep for the agony of thinking and remembering.

Had she loved Johnny less, it would not have been so bad; but even before she could crawl, Johnny—she had never called her father anything else—meant more to her than the rest of the world put together. Johnny with his gay, impudent smile, his infectious laughter. She had never known Johnny to be angry with anyone, although countless people had been angry with Johnny.

In his code, a thing was a pleasure or a nuisance. All responsibilities came under the heading of nuisances, ruthlessly to be shunned. He was a large man with bold handsome features, a magnificent frame, and a jaunty cavalry mustache. His tailor, hatter, bootmaker were the best of their craft in London, and, apart from his bookie, the only tradesmen he ever bothered to pay.

Ruth could not remember her mother at all and she accorded Johnny the breathless adoration a true believer gives to a god. Before she grew up, it was her creed that he could do no wrong. Later, she found it impossible to censure him.

Once, on holiday at Deauville, they were accosted by an angry man who accused Johnny of having swindled him out of a large sum of money. Johnny's smile did not waver, and in the end the man left, shaking his head.

"If the fool can't lose money at cards without squawking, he ought not to play," Johnny remarked.

"Whose deck was it, Johnny?"

"If that's the sort of idea they are putting in your head at school," said Johnny huffily, "I'm glad you're changing schools when the new term starts."

A few years later she was at college when the telegram came saying that Johnny had been taken to an asylum. Lord Wavendon, the distant relation who had sent it, had long since refused to have anything to do with Johnny, but in her desperation Ruth went to him.

The peer was very old and his small blue eyes, disturbingly keen, had a malicious gleam. "Don't run away with the notion that you can presume on our relationship," he said testily. "One Johnny in the family is enough."

Ruth drew herself up proudly. "I only came to find out what happened to him," she said.

"He's lost his wits," piped the old man. "Lived by them all his life and now he's lost 'em. He's no good; never was; never did have the guts to face the music. Some feller he swindled vowed to see him in prison, and Johnny's been frightened to death of prison. Did you know that, hey? So Johnny's mind went round and round like a scared animal in a cage, but there was no way out, no way out at all. Except one. Johnny found it. Broke out of the cage—and out of his mind. Went stark, staring mad."

Ruth buried her face in her hands.

"Don't waste tears on Johnny, girl. He'd borrow your money, cheat you at cards, forge your check, swindle you right and left—always with an ingratiating smile, as if he were doing you a favor. Never had a friend he didn't let down with a thump. If you've half the backbone I see in your face, you'll forget Johnny."

But Ruth could never forget Johnny. Within a few days they let her see him, but he did not recognize her. She resigned from the university and took a post as teacher at Mrs. Burdock's school for girls. She saved every penny she could, for Johnny would need money when he found himself again. After three years he was no nearer coming back to her, but she did not lose hope, she dared not lose hope: Johnny was all she had.

She visited him monthly, each time finding him perceptibly aged and sunk deeper into leaden indifference. One day, however, as they walked about the grounds, she became aware of a stirring of initiative. One of his hands was fumbling with her handbag. His expression was blank, but she knew that he had helped himself to something. Guiding him into the ward, she said good-by with a kiss on the forehead, and the attendant locked the door after her.

On the train she took to the railroad station, she opened her handbag and checked the contents carefully. My nail file, she thought, with a sense of shock; that was what Johnny took—my nail file.

She alighted and went into a telephone booth. But when she got the hospital she held the receiver without speaking for a moment. Then, hanging up, she went weakly out of the booth. For miles she walked hard pavement. An inner voice kept saying, "Johnny. Johnny. Johnny." Halting under a lamp-post, she broke into sobs.

"Don't," a man said, beside her. "Don't cry." His voice was pleasant and cultivated, with the faintest trace of a Scot accent.

"Please leave me alone."

"I can't walk past and leave you like this," he said gently. "Don't be afraid. I'm not trying to pick you up. It's just that you are in such evident distress."

"You're very kind," Ruth choked.

"Now, don't become all stiff and formal and English-to-the-marrow. Maybe you'll let me prescribe treatment? You needn't worry. I'm a bona-fide doctor."

She was looking at him closely, and he added, "My name is Murdoch. Dr. Andrew Murdoch. You'll probably never see me again—my practice is in Brancaster, a hundred miles away—so you needn't be afraid to talk freely to me, if you think it would help."

His face was frank and open, a lean, tanned face, too irregular in feature for good looks, with a disconcertingly large jaw. His eyes were warm and understanding.

At first the words came slowly and then in a rushing torrent. . . . Johnny's unhappiness . . . his taking the nail file. . . . "That can only mean one thing. I want to stop him, and yet I don't. How can I let him go on this way? It isn't human. It isn't decent."

He said quietly, "But if you feel like this after carrying a load on your conscience for a few hours, what would it do to you in a lifetime? What is the telephone number?"

She told him and, when they found a telephone, waited, trembling. When he rejoined her he took one of her hands and held it tightly.

"Don't be afraid any longer. They found the nail file under his mattress."

"I don't know if I'm relieved or not."

He said firmly, "You must go on hoping for his recovery. The doctor told me you'd better stay away for a while; and I agree. Your visits certainly don't help either of you. You must find someone or something you can give your affection to, if it's only a half-starved dog. Don't brood about your father. That won't help him. One day, perhaps, he'll help himself."

Neither of them spoke on the way to the station. Only, as he helped her on the train, his gentle smile came. "The prescription is courage," he said. "Without it, nothing is worth a damn."

WHEN she met Harry on Wednesday afternoon they strolled along the beach and sat on a vacant bench. He said, "I told my agent about this plan of mine for a double act."

"I hoped that you had got that all out of your mind."

"I never shall. I tell you, we'll be partners, no more. I—I—" He broke off suddenly and his mouth fell open. His eyes, staring past her, bulged. "I—I—I'll see you later," he stammered and fled.

A small nondescript woman in shabby black and carrying a black leather handbag and an umbrella bore down on Ruth. "So you're his fancy piece!" she cried furiously. "I know your sort. Steal another woman's husband. I suppose you'll have the impudence to say you didn't know he was married?"

A spasm of coughing shook her and she sank to the bench.

"I didn't know Harry was married," Ruth said after a moment. "In any case, we were only friends, Mrs. Arkwright."

"Arkwright indeed! My name's Harkness." Her eyes narrowed. "So that's why I couldn't ever find him." She glared at Ruth. "Where's his lodgings?"

"I really don't know."

"Of course you wouldn't admit you'd been there."

"Whether you believe it or not, it's true."

"It was no picnic, coming here today," Mrs. Harkness said more calmly. "I came from Brancaster and that's the best part of a hundred and fifty miles. It was one of my neighbors told me I'd find him here. She'd come for a holiday and saw him singing on the stage as bold as you please. Soon as she told me, I got up, ill as I was, and came. It's time he supported me. I'm sick and tired of scraping and pinching to bring up his three children." She saw Ruth's start.

"Opens your eyes, doesn't it? If my dad was alive—but then, he warned me. I can't ever say I went into it with me eyes shut." She coughed again.

"Sit here and rest," Ruth urged her gently. "I'll find out if the gatekeeper at the pier knows where Harry is."

"I'll go with you." Mrs. Harkness struggled to her feet. "I wasn't born yesterday."

THE gatekeeper was able to direct them to Harry's lodgings, but there the landlady informed them that Harry had come in in a hurry, packed his bags, and left.

"Just my luck," mourned Mrs. Harkness. "Well, I'd better be getting home. If I'm taken queer on the train I'm sure I don't know what'll happen."

She looked so white that Ruth said, "I'm going to take you back to Brancaster. I can't let you go alone."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure," the woman mumbled, but the tone suggested that it was no less than Ruth's duty. She's ill, Ruth told herself, she's very ill.

It was dark when they got to their destination—a shabby house and shop combined. Two children ran out: a handsome but incredibly dirty boy of about eleven, and a girl, a year younger, in a blue silk dress. They danced round the grumbling woman, asking questions in shrill voices. An older boy came down the steep flight of stairs. Angular of body, square and dour of face, he bore no resemblance to the other two.

"Leave her alone, can't you?" he said gruffly. "Don't you see she's worn out? I've got the kettle boiling for tea, mum."

Although she had been surprisingly patient with the other children, Mrs. Harkness' tone was sour when she addressed him. While he helped her up the stairs ahead of the others she nagged him without pause.

"I dare say the shop's been shut all day. As soon as I turn my back—"

"I stayed home from school this afternoon and kept the shop open," David muttered.

"David's catching it hot, as usual," the younger boy said gleefully to Ruth.

"What's your name?" she asked him, for lack of something better to say.

"Gerald. You coming in?"

"I think I'd better."

In the kitchen, David was helping his mother out of her coat.

"You ought to go straight to bed," said Ruth, pausing in the doorway. "I'll help you undress, shall I?"

"I'll take care of her," David said truculently.

After he had taken his mother into the bedroom the little girl came and stood in front of Ruth, twisting her slim body from side to side.

"Do you like my frock? It's silk—feel. I'm not supposed to wear it, only on Sunday. After mum went off this morning, I put it on to go to school. You should have seen the other girls. Coo, they weren't half green with envy. Don't you think I'm pretty? There isn't a girl in my class with hair as nice as mine."

David came in. He gave Ruth a hostile look, saying, "She wants to see you," and Ruth followed him to his mother's room.

"Isn't there some friend or relative who could come here and look after you?" she asked the woman on the bed.

"I haven't a soul in the world since my dad died. If only I'd listened to him in the first place! But I was married to Harry six months before I realized how right dad was. I'd have left him then and there, but David was on the way. That's what me first baby did for me. Tied me, hand and foot."

Turning abruptly, David left the room. His mother scowled after him.

Ruth coaxed the woman into a more relaxed mood. And then the sounds of a scuffle came from the kitchen. Mrs. Harkness bobbed up like a jack-in-the-box.

"David! *David!* You keep your fists to yourself, d'you hear? Where are you, Gerald? Come here, sonny. Did he hurt you?"

Gerald came in sobbing. He threw himself on the bed and his mother clasped her arms about him.

"They'll quieten down when you've gone," she said ungraciously to Ruth. Her expression softened a little. "You've been good to me and I shan't forget it."

Going through to the kitchen for her things, Ruth found David with her bag in his hand. His other hand was tightly clasped. She looked down at it.

"Let me see what you have there."

Slowly he opened it. Two half crowns lay in his palm.

"If you want it so badly, David," she said quietly, "you'd better keep it."

"Here," he answered huskily, thrusting the coins at her. "I don't want your money."

A LETTER came to Ruth a week later. It was tear-stained and thumb-printed and entirely without punctuation. She could only make out a few words here and there. ". . .wish I was dead . . . in bed for weeks . . . no one to turn to . . . bills . . . bills . . . bills . . . drive you mad . . ."

What was it Dr. Andrew Murdoch had said? *"Find someone or something to whom you can give your affection."* Well, here was someone who wanted her, needed her. And there were the children. Had she the courage to resign her job at the school and take on this one?

She decided she had.

Shortly before noon on a brilliant October day she went to Brancaster. It was exactly the sort of provincial town of which Johnny had always said, "In a choice between death and the provinces, give me death." Well, she was only pausing here briefly on the way to greener pastures. For a month or so, she would do what she could to help Mrs. Harkness straighten out the tangle she was in. And then? London, perhaps; a business or secretarial course. With more than a hundred pounds in savings, the future was anything but dark.

She went first into Mrs. Harkness' little shop. The stock on display was shoddy, unattractive, too high-priced, and grimy windows hardly made the best of it. David stood behind a chipped counter looking browbeaten and harassed.

"How is your mother?"

"I think she's dying," he said, with a break in his voice.

Ruth could find no words with which to comfort him. His uncompromising attitude rebuffed in advance the sympathy she might have offered. She turned and ascended the long flight of stairs to the landing. The kitchen door was open and through it she saw the daughter, Joan, curled in a chair before the fire, reading a book. The sink was full of dirty dishes.

It was with difficulty Ruth restrained the impulse to take the child by the shoulders and shake her. "That must be an absorbing story," she commented, a tinge of sarcasm in her voice.

"Oh, it is!" cried Joan, her grubby little face lighting up. "It's all about fairies."

"Doesn't it have any good fairies who go about helping people?"

"Mush," said Joan cheerfully.

In the room in which Millie Harkness lay on a rumpled bed, the windows were shut, the air was foul. So frail she was, so pitiably emaciated, the outline of her body seemed barely to raise the coverings. A thin hand groped out and Ruth grasped it.

"You came. I prayed to God you would. You'll stay?"

"As long as you need me."

The first thing was to send Joan for a doctor. Grumbling, the child went slowly down the stairs and the front door banged behind her.

When she returned Ruth was standing at the stove and the kitchen table was set for four.

"David's supposed to cook lunch," said Joan chidingly.

"I'm cooking it," answered Ruth flatly. "What did the doctor say?"

"He can't come before two."

There was a clatter of feet on the stairs and Gerald peered in over Joan's shoulder. "Hello," he said, smiling at Ruth. "That smells good."

"It's almost ready. You'd better wash. You, too, Joan."

"I needn't wash unless I want to," retorted the little girl. "You can't make me. I'll tell mum."

"If you as much as touch the handle of your mother's door, I'll box your ears. Go and wash, both of you, and when you're finished, call David."

"Horse chestnuts," said Gerald; but he followed his sister to the bedroom.

After lunch, Ruth glanced at the clock. "Time for school," she declared.

"I can't go," said David quickly. "I have to tend the shop."

"We'll shut the shop for once. Your education is of more importance than a few coppers. You are all going to school this afternoon."

"Who do you think you are?" demanded Gerald.

"Shut up," said David, giving him a hard look. "You heard her say we're to go."

Pouting and sulking, the others rose and went out.

Turning on the threshold, David glanced back at Ruth. There was a strange, stiff, mortified expression on his square face.

"Thanks, David, for helping me," said Ruth quietly.

"I'm not doing it for you, so you needn't think so. You've got no business coming here, bossing us."

When, an hour later, she opened the door, she could only stand and gape at the tall man who waited on the step. Neither of them spoke, neither of them moved. It was as if some spell held them hypnotized, tonguetied, stunned. Feeling sick at heart, Ruth followed him up the stairs. It was humiliating to have been caught off guard, to have gawked and dithered like a simpleton. Afterward it was a consolation to reflect that Andrew Murdoch had been as completely overwhelmed, but she was hot with embarrassment as he went into Millie's room.

Twenty minutes elapsed before he came out, and then his face was grave.

"She's in a bad way. I can arrange to have her admitted to Beckwith Hospital as a free patient. It isn't exactly Switzerland, but it's the best we can offer. Are you related to her?"

Ruth shook her head. "I hardly know her."

He glanced at his watch.

"Good to see you again," he added almost diffidently.

"Good to see you," replied Ruth with a quick smile.

A moment later the door shut and he was gone.

THE children were good the morning Millie was leaving. But Millie, who had kept her composure when David bent to kiss her, broke down as soon as Gerald entered the room. Ruth dreaded another scene when the ambulance came, but there was none.

"You'll come to see me?"

"I'll come often, Millie, and bring the children."

"No, you mustn't do that. You mustn't bring them. I'd break down and make a fool of myself. Promise you'll come alone?"

"I shan't bring them until you ask me to."

Dr. Andrew Murdoch had come with the ambulance. He, too, expected fireworks when the time for departure came, and was agreeably surprised. After Millie had started on her journey, he remained on the threshold, rubbing his chin with a forefinger, until Ruth asked him in.

"I can't stay more than a minute, but I wanted to ask what arrangements are being made for the children."

"I've promised to look after them while she's gone."

Andrew stared at her. "Are you quite mad? You barely know the woman. What on earth possessed you to undertake the care of her—her—"

"Her brats?" suggested Ruth icily.

"It isn't reasonable. How do you propose to support them?"

"There's always the shop," she said, not at all hopefully.

"The shop indeed! I know these little shops. They kill more shopkeepers with work and worry than all the diseases known to medicine."

"It's only for a few months at most," Ruth reminded him. "Until Millie Harkness comes back."

"And if she dies, where will you be?"

"What can I do? I can't abandon them."

"There's always the County Home. If she lives, she can get them back. If she doesn't live, they'll be cared for."

"I wouldn't send a cat to a County Home," retorted Ruth fiercely.

AFTER Dr. Andrew Murdoch left in a huff, Ruth plunged into a frenzy of house cleaning. When she reached the last step of the long flight leading up from the street, it was almost four. Her knees were raw, her back and arms ached as they never had before; but she was flushed with triumph. From attic to doorstep, the house was clean. She had won one victory and could win others.

When Joan came home from school, Ruth was soaking her tired body with indescribable bliss.

"Where are you?" cried the little girl, and there was a shade of panic in her tone.

"I'm here," Ruth called. "Taking a bath."

"A bath?" Joan sounded incredulous. "But it's afternoon."

A little later Ruth heard David come in, but by the time she had dressed he was gone again.

"David doesn't like you," Joan announced in shrill triumph. "I can tell the way he looks at you."

"David doesn't know me very well. He's probably reserving judgment until our acquaintance is longer. Where is he?"

"He went down to the shop. He took a pail of water and some rags. I think he's going to wash the windows."

"They certainly need it," commented Ruth, without thinking.

"That's why David doesn't like you," said Joan quickly. "He thinks you notice too much."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Ruth.

Now that she did think of it, many things were explained. She ought to have realized before that the boy had pride. He resented an outsider coming in and witnessing the muddle and disorder in which his mother had lived. He would have preferred to keep the family skeletons locked in his own young bosom.

After high ten, Gerald reached for his cap.

"What about your homework?" Ruth objected.

"Aw, mum never made me study."

"Your mother has been ill. Probably the strain of a nightly argument was too much for her. But, you see, Gerald, I'm perfectly strong and it won't bother me in the least to be firm with you."

"I'll do it when I come back," said Gerald.

"You'll do it now. Perhaps we'd better come to an understanding once and for all." Ruth embraced all three with her steady gaze. "I have no wish to be a dictator, but someone must be in charge. If we work together there's no reason for any of us to be discontented or unhappy. I'll try to be fair, I'll try not to boss—but I shan't let you run wild. Now, who'll volunteer to wash the dishes?"

No one answered. "We'll take turns," she said firmly. "You boys will do them one night and Joan and I will do them the next. This is our turn; tomorrow will be yours."

After the last dish was dried and put away, Ruth settled beside the fire with a mending basket. She kept an eye on the table at which the three reluctant scholars mumbled over their books. Never before had the Harkness children's homework been done so thoroughly.

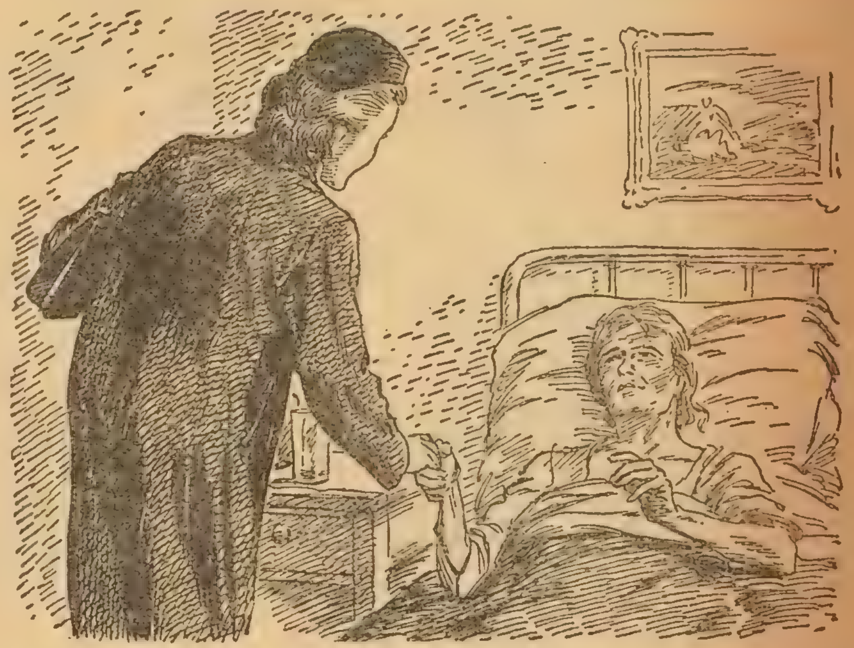
After the two youngest had gone their protesting way to bed, Ruth told David she intended to open the shop the following morning.

"Perhaps we'd better go over the accounts, to give me an idea how we stand."

David climbed on a chair to take a tin box from a high shelf.

"Doesn't anyone owe *us* anything?" she asked.

"Not a thing," replied David, with a certain morbid satisfaction. He took some coins, two banknotes, and a slip of paper from the box and placed them in front of her.



"This is the cash on hand. On this slip I write down the takings and what we spend."

Ruth studied the slip and counted the money. For a while she looked silently into the boy's dour young face and then she said quietly, "According to your record, there should be two pounds seventeen shillings and tenpence halfpenny—but there's actually eight shillings less than that."

David averted his eyes and seemed to shrink into himself. After an awkward pause, he mumbled, "I—I must have paid for something—groceries, or something—and forgotten to put it down."

He was lying and Ruth knew it.

With sinking heart, Ruth inspected her new domain. All David's efforts with soap and water had been futile. The naked face of decay and defeat stared at her wherever she turned. The door opened and a little man came in. His myopic blue eyes peered at Ruth through rimless glasses.

Ruth glanced at the card he gave her. "I am sorry, Mr. Tupper, but I really can't buy anything from you."

"Oh, dear me," said Mr. Tupper, "I couldn't sell you anything if I wanted to. My firm wouldn't like it. I came to ask what you intend to do about our account. It's been outstanding for over two years."

"I don't blame you for being impatient. But there is absolutely no money. What am I to do?"

"I really couldn't say. It isn't up to me. All I am concerned with is my firm's account."

Ruth indicated a chair. "You'd better sit down, Mr. Tupper. I don't want to impose on you, but I'd like to ask you some questions. Please give me the benefit of your experience. How can I make this business pay its way?"

"I really don't know," said Mr. Tupper. "As a matter of fact, I'm not used to doing business with small shops. I don't even approve of small shops. Your turnover is small, your prices are high; sooner or later, your little shop owes more than it can pay. It was a former colleague who sold you the goods. I deal exclusively with the big stores. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't be here today but for a fire that gutted the premises of Beerbohm's of Hull last week. They'll be out of the market for some time to come, and as it left me with time on my hands, the firm suggested I should come here and see—"

"Did Beerbohm's lose much stock?"

"About a hundred thousand pounds' worth. They managed to salvage a fair amount, some of it slightly damaged. It all goes under the hammer next Thursday." Turning from gloomy contemplation of the shelves, Mr. Tupper picked up his sample case. "Well, I'm sorry I couldn't help you. If you take my advice, you'll close the place up and be done with it."

"Somehow or other I'm going to put the business on its feet. When I do, your firm will be the first I shall pay."

With a rueful smile, Mr. Tupper shook his head.

"You don't believe in miracles?" said Ruth.

"Oh, dear me, yes. Of course I believe in miracles. Why, I am an elder in my church at home. I should say I do believe in miracles—in their proper place."

"The Bible?"

"The Bible," said Mr. Tupper.

"THINGS will be better soon," she told David with a conviction she didn't really feel. "I'm going to Hull to buy some bankrupt stock. We'll have a sale."

"More bills," said David. "As long as I can remember, it's always been the same—bills, bills, bills."

"Not this time. I'm going to pay cash."

"Cash?" David's eyes opened wide. "Your own money?"

"Yes, my own money," she said, thinking of the hundred pounds she had accumulated shilling by shilling over three lean years.

The boy shrugged his shoulders. "You'll never get it back," he said.

But when the merchandise she had bought arrived he had no criticism to utter. He worked with Ruth, sorting, arranging, pricing. The younger children soon tired of helping, but David worked as hard as Ruth herself.

"We've never sold shoes before," he said. "We'll need chairs for the customers to sit on when trying them on. I'll mend some of the broken ones in the attic."

On the first morning of the sale, Ruth was swamped with customers. Shrewd, hardheaded, tight-fisted, they knew bargains when they saw them. She realized very quickly that she would not be able to manage alone. As soon as she could she scribbled "Girl Wanted" on an envelope and stuck it in the window.

Not long after that, Ruth turned from a customer and found a short dark girl wrapping a parcel at the counter beside her. There was no time to ask questions, so Ruth accepted this phenomenon without remark. Ruth insisted on shutting the shop at seven. All day the girl had been brisk and workmanlike of manner, but now she looked sheepish.

"When I come in to ask for the job, you were so busy I thought that it made more sense just to pitch in and help."

"You did very well," Ruth smiled. "What is your name?"

"Mona Padgett, ma'am."

" 'Miss,' not 'ma'am,' Miss Malvern. Now, about wages? Suppose we say thirty shillings a week until we see how things go?"

The look of awe in Mona's eyes astonished Ruth, who did not know that the standard wage for beginners in the drapery trade in Brancaster was ten and sixpence a week.

"I'll work me fingers to the bone," said Mona huskily.

In a little more than three weeks they were practically sold out. A few remnants of Millie's stock remained, and little else.

"Ten yards of linoleum; four gallons of cream paint," droned Mona, taking stock. "I could have sold them, too, this very night, if you hadn't been in such a hurry to close up. Well, no harm done; they'll go first thing in the morning."

"Not if I know it. We'll lay them aside for ourselves. I can't stand the sight of the shop any longer. It's time we brightened it a little." Ruth looked around. "Well, for goodness' sake, where are the chairs?"

"I had a chance to sell 'em for four bob each. I thought as we didn't have no more shoes to be tried on—"

"You're a treasure, Mona. There are plenty more broken ones in the attic. David can mend them—I'll leave it to you to sell them. Only do leave the till and the counter."

That night Ruth and David cleared the sitting-room table and sat down to wrestle with the accounts. Then Ruth discovered that a pound was missing. After going over her figures several times in the hope that she had made a mistake, she became aware of the expression on David's face. He averted his eyes.

"I don't know what to say to you," said Ruth sadly.

The boy made no reply. Ruth closed the ledger, shut the cashbox.

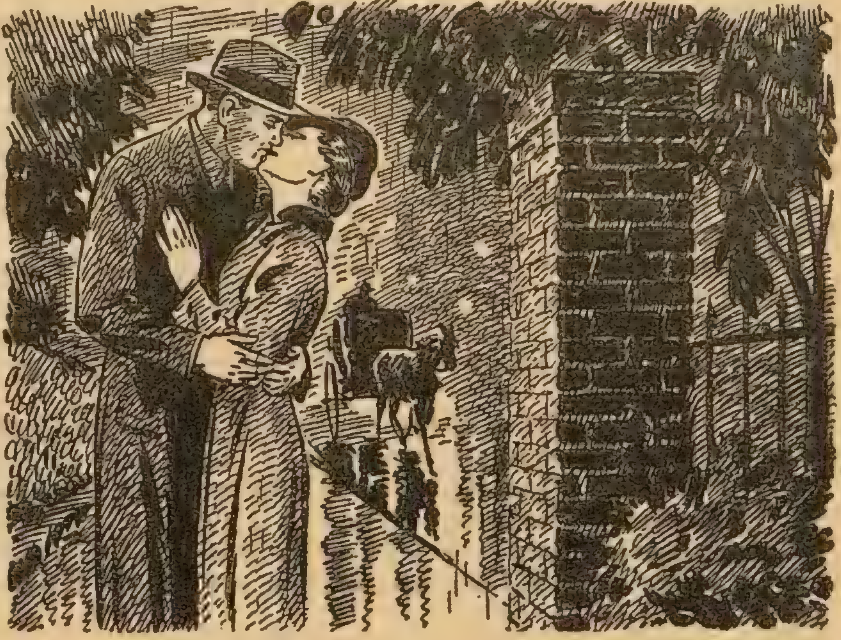
"I've promised the family a treat. I'm sorry—but I must leave you out of it."

"Oh, not the movies," said Joan in disgust; "not if it's a special treat. Mayn't we go to the Gaiety?"

Ruth smiled. "Very well, then. The Gaiety it is."

It hurt her to leave out David, but the boy must be punished and this seemed the best way to do it. If David cared, he did not show it. His face was blank when the others left.

In the theater, Ruth found more pleasure in watching Joan's face than in watching the stage. Her body no longer contained the child's soaring spirit. That was on the stage, dancing; the applause ringing through the auditorium was for her.



As Ruth fumbled for the doorkey, Joan said suddenly, "You think that David steals. Well, you're just as wrong as anyone could be. It's Gerald. It's always been Gerald."

Gerald said, "Dirty little sneak," brushed past Ruth, and ran upstairs. Joan started to cry.

"Don't," said Ruth. "You've had a pleasant evening. Don't spoil it." But it was spoiled for her; for the time being, everything was spoiled.

When Ruth entered the kitchen, she found David sitting by the gray ashes of the dying fire. His eyes were sullen and rebellious, but how could she have failed to see the steadiness of their gaze? "David," she said, "why didn't you tell me that Gerald was the thief, not you?"

"It was none of your business and he's my brother."

"But you let me punish you. That wasn't fair to me."

"You had a right to punish someone."

"Punishment isn't a right. Sometimes it's a duty. Did you think I had to revenge myself on someone and that it might as well be you? David, that was cruel. It wasn't even fair to Gerald."

"If you feel that way, I'm sorry."

"David, we're just two ordinary people, one a little older than the other. There's nothing in the blood or bones of either of us that says we can't be friends. Oh, I know you must resent me. You see me as an outsider prying into your family skeletons. Would you feel any differently if I told you that my family is all skeleton—that I haven't a thing in my life to be glad about? That without you children and this house, I'm friendless and homeless? If you'll try to love and help me, I'll love and help you. It's as simple as that."

David's eyes told her she had reached him. Ruth held out a hand. He gripped it.

AS she came in the door, Ruth saw Millie's eyes seeking her, but when she reached the bed of the hospital room, Millie turned her head away and would not speak. So it was to be one of those visits. It was a pity that she had never truly grown up. But Ruth knew the time had come when Millie had to be treated as an adult.

"Don't you think it's time you saw the children?"

The eyes that looked round at her at last were wet with tears of self-pity.

"I've been waiting for that," Millie whispered huskily. "So . . . I'm dying."

"You're all the children have, Millie."

"They mustn't see me like this. I couldn't bear it. I don't want them to remember a sick bedraggled old woman. Look at my hair. It looks like a lot of rat's tails."

"I have a girl coming on Saturday to give you a shampoo and wave and a facial."

"I'll look like an old hag," wailed Millie.

But Millie looked—well, almost pretty on Sunday, when Ruth came in and said the children were waiting downstairs.

"I knew you'd want to be young and beautiful for them, Millie." Unwrapping a parcel, Ruth shook out a crepe-de-chine nightdress.

Millie's eyes brimmed with tears. "I'd made up my mind not to grumble. I detest this beastly old nightgown, but I wasn't going to say a word. I wasn't going to say a word. I wasn't going to whine. And all the time— Oh, Ruth—"

"Well, let's get that tent off and this alluring garment on. There! Millie, you look like a girl. I give you my word. And now I'm going to fetch the children."

She let them go in alone. But afterward Ruth went in to say good-by.

"I'm content now." Millie gazed up at Ruth. "You've been good to me and mine. Tell me about the boy. You don't know the hours I've lain awake fretting over him, worrying."

Ruth thought she meant David. He was the one with whom she invariably had found fault. "You needn't worry about David. He's a fine manly chap."

"Do you think I don't know that? I've always resented it that Gerald was so little like him. Gerald. My Gerald. He's the one I'm afraid for. He's weak, Ruth, weak like me, like his father."

"Don't be afraid for Gerald. There's a lot of good in him, Millie. He'll be a fine man one day."

"I hope so," said Millie. "Oh, God, I hope so."

IN the train going home, Joan and Gerald chattered incessantly. There was no doubt in their minds that their mother was well again and would soon be home. But David was very quiet, and once when the others weren't looking he put his hand on Ruth's arm. "She's dying?" he whispered.

Ruth could not lie to him. "Don't let it hurt you too much, David," she said.

It was less than a week later that the telegram came from the hospital. Ruth had asked the matron to warn her so that she could be there, but the end came suddenly. She was thankful for that. Millie had borne enough. But with a sinking heart Ruth realized that by Millie's death she was tied more tightly than before, tied hand and foot to Brancaster and three children who had no other friend. And that evening a letter came from the asylum reporting that a new treatment they had been trying with Johnny had done no good.

Heedless of the rain that soaked her old tweed coat, she walked the hushed streets that night. Johnny. Johnny. Johnny. The very thought of him was pain. Johnny in childhood, gay and debonair; Johnny in the madhouse, hurt and empty. Awake, asleep, at work, at play, he was rarely out of her mind. Quite suddenly she became aware of a man walking at her side. He kept pace with her as if they were together, as if they had been together from the start. It was Andrew. They went on together, rain dripping from their hatbrims. Two people, instead of one, walking the echoing streets. A sense of warmth took gradual possession of Ruth, thawing her chilled heart.

"This is the second time you've turned up when I needed you," Ruth said at last.

"Bad news, if I read your face correctly."

"It's Johnny. He gets no better."

"There's nothing you can do for him. I wish you'd give more thought to yourself instead of Johnny and the children. It isn't right for a girl as young as you to devote her life to another woman's children."

"They're my children now. They haven't any one else."

"That isn't the point. No moral or ethical reason makes the responsibility yours. Are there no things you want from life for yourself?"

"Of course there are. I'm human. I'd like a house." A faraway note crept into Ruth's voice. "A dear little house in the country. That's something I've pined for since I was very small."

"A house? Is that all you want?"

"Well, I must admit that when I dream of my little house I hear the voices of children playing in the garden."

"And you'll give up all your hopes and dreams for these Harkness children?"

"I gave them up long ago. I must wait for Johnny."

"While you wait, life will slip away. When he dies, you will have nothing."

"I shall know he is free. And I shall have had a full existence—the gift of Millie's children."

"I could shake you," said Andrew.

But he didn't. Instead, he put his arms about her and kissed her.

She knew now that Andrew meant more to her than anyone in the world except Johnny. And there was the rub. As long as Johnny remained an unanswered question, she could not give herself wholeheartedly.

"MAY I?" begged Joan. "Oh, please say yes! It's only thirty shillings."

"Thirty shillings," said Ruth, "will buy a lot of things we really need."

More than anything, Joan wanted to join Mrs. Ramage's dancing class and be a fairy with a gilt-paper wand. And it was hard to hold out against Joan's pleas and insistence. In the end, Ruth yielded. And so Joan went to dancing class two afternoons a week, to learn to be a cheesecloth fairy.

In the last week of November, when rehearsals began at the local theater for the Christmas pantomime, the manager as usual selected the chorus from the dancing class. Joan expressed her pleasure in being chosen in shrill screams of delight. To pirouette on her toes in the limelight! There would be other girls on the stage, but they would not count. None of them would have Joan's dimples and golden curls; the attention of the audience would be hers alone. The manager found her such a nuisance that when the pantomime group was chosen the next year, she was not in it.

The shop demanded more and more of Ruth's time. Coins were tinkling into the till, and when the overdue interest payments were brought up to date and the specter of foreclosure and eviction no longer hung over their heads, she sighed with relief.

She worked untiringly from morning till night. It curtailed her domestic activities and it meant making the beds during her luncheon hour and keeping the children waiting for supper longer than she thought right; and washing, cleaning, mending, when she could find time, which frequently was late at night.

Early one morning, on his way home from a maternity case, Andrew saw a light in Ruth's sitting room and rang the bell.

"Good Lord, woman," he exploded when Ruth opened the door, "don't you ever go to bed? How long do you think you can go on running a house, a family, and a shop?"

She said, "I want my mind to be crammed full every minute. I must keep busy. I must."

"Ruth," he said. "Ruth . . . please."

"Please what?" she asked, looking at him gravely.

"Ruth . . . marry me." And then, as she shook her head, he took both her hands in his. "Wait," he said, his voice hoarse. "Give me a chance before you speak. I don't ask you to leave the children. I'll share them with you. Ruth, I love you more than I can say."

"Andrew," she said desperately, "please don't go on. Don't you see? I can't. There's Johnny. I've got to wait for him."

"We can wait together."

"I don't know how to explain it," she said. "I can't find words. If it would do any good, I'd drop everything tomorrow and go to him. I don't think it is in me to love anyone else as I love Johnny."

Andrew sighed. He picked up his bag and rose to go, but turned back at the door. "You're waiting for Johnny. Perhaps that means that I'm waiting for Johnny, too. I don't intend to give you up, Ruth."

SOMETIMES it startled Ruth to see how fast the children were growing up.

The shop thrived, demanding more work and attention. The house next door fell vacant and Ruth bought it, hoping for the best. There was a charwoman now to help her with the house. And David, who worked after school in the composing room of the local newspaper, had lately relieved her finances by buying his own clothes. Yet he had managed to save quite a sum out of his earnings and though he begged Ruth to use it she refused. The money was to be used to pay for David's education. She had set her heart on having him go to Oxford.

All the worries that had dogged her so relentlessly before were gone now, all but Johnny and Gerald. Try as she would, she could do nothing with the younger boy. In defiance of her he had left school some months before, and when she told him she would not tolerate a loafer—he must find a job or go back to school—he gave her a look that made her itch to slap his face.

She could—and did—limit his pocket money to a few shillings a week, but he had lost neither the knack nor the habit of appropriating articles that could be converted into cash. It was not safe for Ruth to leave her purse or the till untended for a moment. She had asked Andrew's advice, but for once the Scot was not helpful or encouraging.

"The boy's no good. His roots are set. All you can do is let him go to hell in his own way."

"I don't believe it. A boy can't be a lost soul at sixteen. If I did believe it, I'd still do my feeble best to save him."

But that night he came in looking furtive and frightened, and she knew how hopeless it was trying to help him.

She could not rest, and when the boy cried out in his sleep, as he so often did, saying things Ruth wished she could not hear because in her heart she knew the things he said were actualities and not pieces of a nightmare, she went to him. She woke him.

"You shouted something about a man lying on the floor. You screamed, 'I killed him.'"

"It was a dream," said Gerald hoarsely. "I can't help what I say in dreams."

"Where did you get these?" she demanded, pointing to the five-pound note and the brass knuckles that had slipped from under his pillow.

"A—a man gave me the money."

"Five pounds? Do you think I'm a fool?"

"It's true," he cried. "He—he was drunk."

"You robbed him?"

"If you think that of me—"

"I wish I didn't, Gerald. I wish to God I didn't."

After she left, Gerald lay staring at the gray patch that was the skylight window, reliving the terror of those few hours ago when he thought he had killed the man he had waylaid in the pub lavatory. But the man had stirred at last.

He might have known he would dream tonight. His other mind, the one that kept awake through sleep, had spoken out and betrayed him. It would betray him again. He lay awake, wondering how to guard against himself.

In the morning, after breakfast, he left the house surreptitiously. At the railway station he went up to a ticket window and bought a ticket for London. He was finished with Brancaster, finished for good with the whole damned lot of them.

Ruth handed David the brief note Gerald had left.

"David, we must find him. He'll get into trouble."

"He was getting into trouble enough here. He's my own brother, but he's no good, never was."

Looking at the grim set of his jaw, Ruth knew his hurt.

"I feel I've failed," she said.

"As far as Gerald is concerned, you never had a chance. Let's forget him, if we can. One day he'll turn up—when the going gets too hard."

It was a few days later that David suddenly looked up from the book he was studying. Joan had gone to bed and he and Ruth were alone.

"At the end of the term," he said, "I'm going to work full-time for the Gazette printing department."

"Until you go to Oxford in the autumn?"

"I'm not going to Oxford. There just isn't time. It's as if I knew that a summons will come and I shall have to answer it."

"A summons to what? You don't mean you expect to die young? You're too levelheaded for such romantic notions."

"I suppose a summons to destiny is what I'm trying to say. Sounds pompous, doesn't it?"

"How can any such summons entail working as a printer instead of going to Oxford?"

"A half-decent printer can always make a living, and I want to be ready. A storm is gathering in the world, but we here in Britain are closing our eyes to it." He gripped her hands so hard that they hurt. "I can't close my eyes to all that is happening in Spain very much longer."

SOMETHING in Andrew's face warned Ruth even before he spoke, something she sensed as he crossed the street to walk beside her.

"I went to London yesterday," he said quietly. "I spent the day at Weatherfield Mental Hospital."

"How did you find him?" she asked in a small, tense voice.

"Not a scrap better than they said in the letter," replied Andrew soberly. "He's afraid. I'm sure that's the secret, the reason they've never been able to do anything for him. I think he imagines he *is* in prison. With your approval, Ruth, I'm going to take him out of there. I want to bring him to my house."

"Andrew, do you realize what that would entail? You'd be devoting every spare minute to him. That's a lot to do for a stranger."

"You aren't a stranger, Ruth. I shall be doing it for you."

"I shall never be able to thank you, not if I start now and go on thanking you all my life. Andrew, do you really think he can be cured?"

"I mean to have a damned good try."

Her fingers gripped his arm. "Oh, Andrew, I shall soar like a bird," she whispered.

THE footlights had not lost their spell over Joan. From her fourteenth year the girl had not missed a Friday night at the Gaiety. After the curtain fell, she besieged the stage door, demanding autographs from the current stars, and became a familiar figure to the manager, the doorkeeper, and the stagehands.

She was now sixteen. One of the chorus of a touring revue fell ill and the manager, in an unguarded moment, offered her the opening. Joan accepted it with an alacrity that took his breath away.

"'Alf a minute," he protested. "It was only a suggestion; I don't even know what you can do."

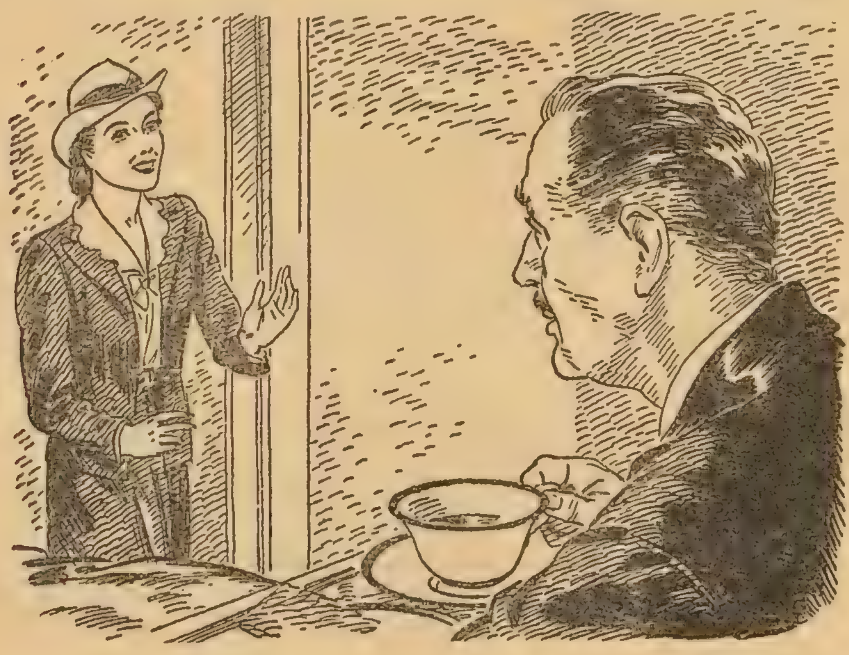
Holding up her dress, Joan showed a pair of shapely legs and then gave a fairly proficient exhibition of tap-dancing.

"Not bad," he admitted grudgingly. "Be at the station on Sunday at noon, ready to go. We play at Oldham next."

On the way home, Joan was deliriously happy; but, much to her annoyance, Ruth was not so easy to convince.

"You're too young to go traipsing round the country," she pointed out, "living in Lord knows what kind of theatrical lodgings. If you're serious about the stage, we'll find a good dramatic academy where you can be fitted for it."

"I don't want to go to any old academy. You're only quibbling. You don't want me to be happy, that's the whole truth. What right have you to dictate? You're not my mother, not even my legal guardian. You drove Gerald out—"



The girl stopped abruptly and put a hand to her mouth, appalled at what she had said.

"I—I'm sorry. I didn't mean that."

"Go to bed, Joan," said Ruth quietly.

On the following Saturday, Ruth noticed that the door of a rarely used cupboard was slightly ajar. Opening it, she found inside a suitcase filled with Joan's favorite clothes and realized instantly that the girl was planning to run away as Gerald had done. Shutting the suitcase and replacing it, Ruth shut the cupboard door and went up to her room.

For a long time she sat on the edge of her bed, thinking, thinking, thinking.

On Sunday morning, when breakfast was over, Joan kissed David and Ruth lightly and said she had some sewing to do in her room. Ruth, listening anxiously, heard the small furtive sounds of the girl stealing downstairs. From a window, a few minutes later, Ruth watched Joan, suitcase in hand, running to a taxi.

"What are you looking at?" asked David suddenly.

"It's Joan. She's gone to Oldham, to join the revue."

"The little fool!" cried David, rising quickly. "I'll go after her."

"No, David, you mustn't. If we stop her, she'll blame us for ruining her career. She happens to be one of those who only learn by a process of trial and error. I shall be terribly worried while she's gone—but we mustn't stop her by force. That would make us powerless to help her ever again."

After a long pause, David said, "Just you and me now, Ruth."

"And you're studying Spanish," answered Ruth dryly, picking up the book he was studying to look at the title.

Ruth stood in the doorway of a shop across the street from the theater in Oldham, watching the chorus girls coming out after rehearsal. She saw Joan, chattering blithely to a sleepy-looking blonde, and turned her back to avoid being recognized. When Ruth faced the street again, a dark girl of perhaps twenty was emerging alone from the stage door.

Crossing the street, Ruth looked closely at this girl. Her eyes were candid, direct, the sort that look the world uncompromisingly in the face.

"What's the matter?" said the girl. "Smut on my nose?"

"I'd like to speak to you. Is there somewhere we could go for a bite of lunch and a chat?"

"There's a fairish hotel just about a couple of streets away."

"Let's go there. By the way, my name is Ruth Malvern."

"Mine is Polly Draper."

In the hotel dining room, Ruth ordered a meal calculated to put flesh on Polly Draper's ribs.

"It's about Joan Harkness," she began.

"Goldilocks?" said Polly in no friendly tone. "If it wasn't for her, we wouldn't have to rehearse this afternoon. We've rehearsed every morning and afternoon all week, but her left leg still doesn't know what her right one's doing."

"Then she won't keep the job?"

"We-e-ell—" Polly looked Ruth straight in the face. "I wouldn't say that. Sometimes the manager sees more in a girl than shows at rehearsal. He's quite a little hand-worker, if you know what I mean. Just how much does this kid mean to you?"

"A great deal." Ruth gave a brief account of her years of guardianship of the Harkness family, and Polly Draper looked at her in amazement.

"You did all this for brats with no claim on you?"

"It isn't what I did for them that I want to impress on you; it's what they mean to me."

"You're a pretty good sort," said Polly. "Look here. If someone doesn't interfere, the little fool may get into a mess."

"You understand my position? If I drag her home she'll never forgive me."

"Perhaps I have a suspicious mind," said Polly, watching Ruth through narrowed lids. "You wouldn't be trying to make a nursemaid out of me?"

"Oh, Polly, if you only would—"

"Nothing doing," said Polly indignantly. "I've troubles of my own."

"I shan't press you," said Ruth. "I have no right to ask so much."

"Oh, hell!" said the girl. "If you look like that, you'll sour my stomach." She jabbed out her cigarette in an ash tray. "All right, all right, I dare say, in a pinch, I can keep an eye on your stainless Joan."

IN the dusk of a chilly evening, Andrew brought to Brancaster a thin, gray, wasted Johnny. He sat him in one of the deep chairs by the study fire. Then he hurried to the consulting room where Ruth was waiting. She rose quickly when he came in.

"How is he?"

"Too soon to tell. On the journey up he might have been deaf, dumb, and even blind. Ruth"—Andrew found this hard to say—"I don't want you to see him just yet. Give him time to grow a little more accustomed to the change."

"He's in your hands, Andrew." She nodded.

For several weeks Andrew had no hopeful results to report. At his bidding Johnny went to bed at night and rose in the morning; came to meals, eating with indifferent appetite. The rest of the time he sat in the chair in which Andrew had first placed him, ignoring the cigarettes at his elbow. Andrew tried not calling him in the morning, thinking that by allowing him to lie in bed as long as he pleased, Johnny would understand he was a free man. But Johnny, habituated to routine, rose on time, of his own accord, although he had neither watch nor clock. When Andrew let the usual bedtime pass without remark, Johnny looked uneasy for a few minutes, then rose and went upstairs.

Every night, on retiring, he made a neat bundle of his clothes and laid them outside his door, as he had been taught to do in the institution.

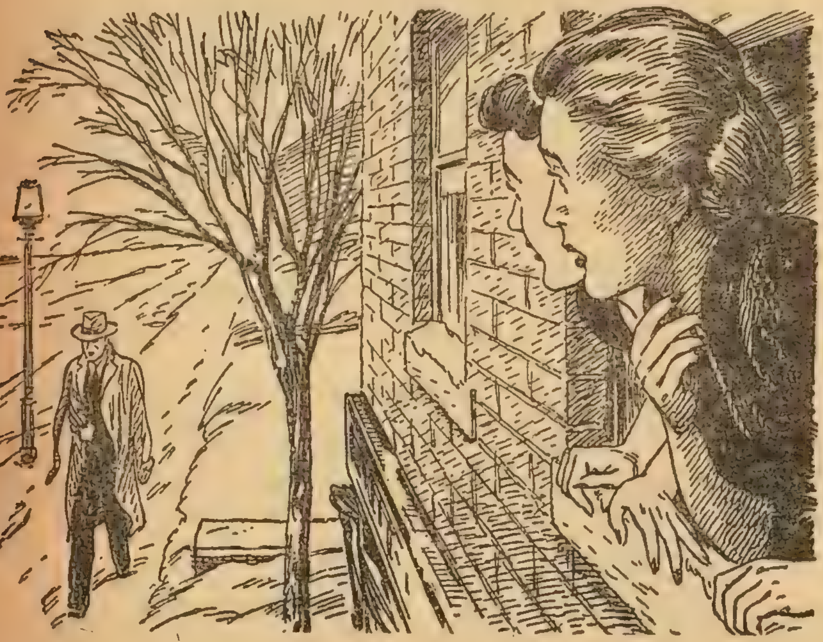
Then one day Andrew was smiling when Ruth came into his office. He said, "Johnny spoke to me this morning. He told me to change my tailor."

"That's the old Johnny, no doubt about it. Andrew, you don't know how this makes me feel!"

"The time has come for you to see him. We'll go up and surprise him at breakfast."

Andrew led her into the bedroom in which Johnny lay. "This is your daughter Ruth," he said.

Johnny stared at her. His starting eyes took in the neatly coiled hair; the sweet, pale, oval face; the severe serge coat and shirt; the crisp white collar and cuffs; the sensible shoes.



"Good God!" cried Johnny, utterly appalled.

Ruth burst into tears, and the door closed on Andrew, who felt it best to leave them alone.

"My dear girl, there's no need to shed tears all over me. I say"—Johnny looked worried—"you're not married to that uncouth Scot?"

"Don't be alarmed, Johnny, I'm not married to anyone. Oh, Johnny, I'm so glad you're back."

"Damned glad to be back," said Johnny. "It's no fun to be barmy, I can tell you. But, Ruth, how can you stand this disgusting hole? Never saw such a dead-and-alive place in all my days."

IT was a month later the telegram arrived from London. "For Pete's sake come at once. Polly." Dropping everything, Ruth hurried to London. She met Polly at a teashop near Oxford Circus. The girl was so nervous and self-reproachful that she could hardly sit still.

"I've failed you," she said miserably. "I thought I was so clever, but she certainly made a fool of me. There's a man in it, of course."

"You don't need to say it as if it was the end of the world."

"But she's such a kid."

"She's seventeen. Old enough to think about growing up. What sort of man is he?"

"I've only seen him from the rear. I followed them for a day or two, and I will say this for him, he's never taken her anywhere you couldn't take your maiden aunt—at least, not while I've been watching."

"Then why all the panic? If he's a decent young man there's nothing to be upset over."

Polly avoided Ruth's eyes. "I saw them coming out of a registry office this morning. After they were safely out of sight, I took a look at the board. There it was, in black and white: 'Joan Harkness, spinster; Eric Anderson, bachelor.' The little minx had given her age as twenty-one. I went straight to the post office and sent the wire to you."

"Did you copy the young man's address from the registry board?"

"Yes, I wrote it on a slip of paper. Here it is. He lives in furnished rooms in South Kensington."

A RESPECTABLE landlady ushered Ruth into a sitting room in which a young man with a bluish chin was breakfasting by the fire in pajamas and dressing gown.

He jumped up quickly and fetched her a chair. The landlady withdrew, leaving the door slightly ajar.

"I hope you'll pardon the informality," said Eric Anderson, running a hand through his hair. "I've been expecting you, but—but not exactly at this hour." He grinned. "You don't look a bit like a stiff-and-starchy old ogre," he said.

"Is that how Joan described me?"

"She's always been frightfully vague. I gather that her parents were White Russian nobility who lost their lives in the Bolshevik uprising. Later, a rich and starchy old lady—that must be you; I hope you don't mind—took charge of her and was kind, but not at all understanding. Joan's heart was set on the stage. . . . And so she came on to London with a faithful old family retainer."

"That's Polly," said Ruth.

"A jolly-looking dark girl who's been dogging our footsteps of late?"

"So you saw her?"

"Yes, but Joan didn't. As a matter of fact, I had our banns posted to smoke you out. You mustn't think I swallowed all the delightful nonsense she's been telling me. I didn't believe a word of it."

Ruth smiled. "Joan is rather young."

"Do you mean she's a flighty-minded little fool? Because if you do, I shall take issue with you."

"That isn't exactly what I meant. Flighty, yes, but she's no fool. She has a way of getting what she wants."

"I'm glad of that," Eric said. "Because she wants me."

"In fairness to you and to her, I'd better tell you something of Joan's life and family."

"You can't imagine how interested I'll be." And he listened intently as Ruth talked.

"I begin to understand," he said when she finished. "Poor kid; I know Brancaster. This passion for the stage—well, it's only a little girl in search of glamour. What she wants is to be admired. She thought she wanted an audience, but one sincere person will do just as well. And, believe me, she's found him. Miss Malvern, I love her."

"She's quite undeveloped. I don't know whether she can settle down."

"Miss Malvern, when I was a boy my father gave me a Meccano set. He gave my brother one, too. I knew exactly what I wanted to do with it; what I could do with it. I saw bridges and towers that I could build and I built them."

"A girl is not a Meccano set."

"No, you can do so much more with a girl. You can make as much—or as little—of her as you choose. I expect to change, too. I rather think Joan will see to that.

"Miss Malvern"—the words came out in a desperate rush—"I am twenty-four years old, sound in mind and limb; I earn three hundred and fifty a year in a steady job with excellent prospects; I've been in love before, but never like this; I have the best mother and father in the world, and they'll bring their blessing to the wedding . . . may I please marry Joan?"

"When I came this morning," said Ruth, "I had half a mind to tear you limb from limb."

"You'll never know how scared I was when you walked in. But, now that we know each other so well—"

"You'll have to pass inspection by Joan's brother David," said Ruth. "I think I can safely say that you will."

"You're an awfully sweet person!" cried Eric, springing to his feet. "Please don't mind, but I simply must kiss you."

He was kissing her warmly when the landlady walked in.

DURING the journey from London after the wedding, David told Ruth that he was going to Spain.

"I'm going to fight for the Loyalists, Ruth."

"I had an idea that was it. Will they give you a visa?"

"Not likely. I shall go to France as a tourist. It won't be difficult to slip across the border; thousands have done it. I'm not a Communist—I haven't decided what I am—but the Spanish government isn't Communist, either. It's a government of the people, the first the people of Spain have ever achieved. When it's a case of dictatorship plus the army versus the people, it doesn't take a chap long to make up his mind which side he's on."

"You'll take care of yourself, David?"

"Don't worry," he said, laying a hand on her arm. "I'm fond of David Harkness' hide. I'd hate to see a hole in it."

When David left England he was clothed and equipped for a walking tour in the south of France. Every article in his pockets and in the knapsack on his back had been chosen to lend color to his role of innocent tourist. He even carried a popular guide to Brittany.

Ruth managed to hold back her tears when she saw him off on a late train. It was after eleven when she came home, but she saw no point in going to bed, for she was too overwrought to sleep.

While trying in vain to interest herself in a book, she heard the doorbell ringing. Going down to answer it, she found that the late caller was Andrew.

"I saw your light. May I come up for a moment?"

"Yes, do. I need some cheering up."

"I shan't be much good to you," he said, following her up the stairs. "I'm at low ebb myself."

They took chairs on opposite sides of the graying fire. Andrew leaned forward to tap his pipe on the grate. "I put Johnny to bed half an hour ago," he said, without looking at her. "Blind drunk."

Watching him fill his pipe slowly and methodically, still with his eyes averted, Ruth felt a sudden surge of anger.

"Why did you let him get drunk?"

"Because I knew exactly how he felt. I damned nearly got drunk with him." He struck a match and held it in his cupped hands. "I'd give anything to be able to straighten him out," he said. "But it's no go. Tonight he sat for a couple of hours just shuffling and dealing a pack of cards, making no attempt to play any kind of game. All of a sudden, he jumped up and threw them in the fire. There was a bottle of whisky on the sideboard. He took hold of it, giving me a sour look, ready to bash my head in if I objected. He wanted to get stinking drunk, to stop his brain functioning. It wasn't the reaction of a lunatic, Ruth; it was that of a sane man disgusted with everything; a man without an interest, without a purpose."

"If that's true, he might as well be dead."

"Believe me, I'm not trying to hurt you. But—you must see—it's no good hoping for the impossible. The most you can do for him is make his existence comfortable as far as material things go. Perhaps the answer is a nursing home. Some nice, pleasant spot out in the country."

"A sort of Old Man's Home?" Ruth's tone was bitter.

"He *is* an old man. Old in spirit."

"I'll take him to London. He'll be different there."

"Not a scrap different. You'd only break your heart. Why throw away the life you have here?"

"I want no life that Johnny can't share."

"He has no life to share with you."

"Then I'll help him build one."

"What about your business?"

"Mona can run it."

"How long will it last if you squander the capital on Johnny?"

"I don't care what happens to it. It's no good arguing. All I care about is Johnny."

DURING the following month Ruth was able to tell herself that Andrew had been wrong. Old in spirit? Johnny? That was nonsense. All that had held him back was the stifling boredom of Brancaster. The moment they walked out of Euston Station into the London streets, Johnny became a new man.

They took a taxi to a quiet hotel and as soon as they were settled, she suggested a visit to Johnny's tailor.

"It's going to cost you a pretty penny. From the skin out, I haven't a stitch that's fit to wear."

"Don't worry about the money. I emptied my bank account into my handbag before we came away."

On the day Johnny's new clothes were delivered, they celebrated by lunching at the Savoy. At the bar, Johnny met an acquaintance who invited him to dine at his club.

"You won't mind, Ruth?"

"Of course not, Johnny. The sooner you're back in the swim, the happier I'll be."

"I may be late. He said something about poker."

It was after 3 A. M. when he returned to the hotel. Ruth went into his room to say good night. He had had a lot to drink but was not intoxicated.

"Had a good time, Johnny?"

"Pretty good," he said. "Only, it was damned funny. In the old days, I knew exactly what to do with a hand. Knew when to raise, when to sit pat. But tonight—I couldn't make up my mind."

"It'll come back to you, Johnny."

"Perhaps." He sounded far from sure. "Poker's no game, old girl, for a chap who doesn't know his own mind."

"Any plans for tomorrow?"

"Fellow I met invited me to the races."

"There, you see, Johnny, the old charm's working again. Have a good time, Johnny, a thundering good time."

He smiled. "If I don't, old girl, it won't be your fault."

There was much Ruth did not know. She did not suspect, for instance, that after the first week or so, Johnny found it increasingly difficult to keep on the go. He tired more quickly than she realized. Spontaneity and wit had been the charm of the old Johnny, but he had little left of either.

Because Ruth's heart was set on his happiness, Johnny did his best to play a part. He set out every afternoon with his hat at a jaunty angle and the light step of one on pleasure bent, but, out of sight, he dropped the pose, his walk slackened with indecision. As often as not he spent the afternoon on a bench in the park. When Ruth came in for a chat on his return home, he drew on his imagination to describe jovial companions, a lively time.

THE strain of pretending grew greater every day. The time must come when his daughter would have to know the truth.

One night he tried to prepare her.

"You know the old geezers who sit all day in the windows of their clubs in the Mall? I used to pity them . . . missing all the fun . . . but I'm hanged if I don't begin to envy them. I don't know what to do with myself."

"Give yourself time, Johnny."

"Supposing it turns out to be nothing—just nothing, Ruth, day after day?"

"Then you'll become an old fossil, Johnny. And I'll still love you. We'll have a nice long time to be together."

"Oh, Lord," said Johnny, "you'll become one of those dreadful daughters. The spinstery kind one sees dragging an aged parent round the park or along the seashore. Determinedly cheerful—and desperately unhappy."

"I shan't have time to drag you round the park, Johnny. I'm starting a job soon—with a department store. I've been after it for weeks. I'm to be in charge of personnel. We can't afford to go on living here, though. I've found a flat in Kensington."

"What about the doctor fellow—Murdoch?"

"Andrew and I are good friends, Johnny."

"A woman wants more than friendship, Ruth."

"I don't want more than you, Johnny." She took his hand. "It'll just be the two of us, always."

"Always," said Johnny, "is a damned long time."

AFTER breakfast Ruth went into the lounge to read her morning newspaper. She had almost finished it when someone came in and took a chair beside her. Glancing around, she looked with surprise into the brown eyes of Dr. Andrew Murdoch.

"Where on earth did you spring from?"

"I came up to London for the day. Thought I'd drop in on you."

"Isn't that my coat?" She looked at the garment draped over his arm.

"Yes, and here's your hat. I sent a page boy up to fetch them. I'm taking you for a walk."

"I'd better leave word for Johnny."

"We won't be gone long."

Andrew took her arm and hurried her through the hall. It seemed to Ruth that the reception clerk looked at them oddly. As they cut across Berkeley Square, a car went by with a uniformed policeman at the wheel and two men in serge suits and bowler hats sitting in the rear.

"Need we walk quite so fast?" she asked as they turned into the park.

"Sorry," said Andrew; but he barely shortened his stride. Ruth studied his face. He was quite pale and the angle of his jaw was grim.

"Has anything happened?" she asked. And then, as he didn't answer her, "What brought you here so suddenly?"

"Johnny asked me to come," he said. "He sent a wire early this morning."

"But why? What did he want with you all of a sudden?"

Andrew took both of her hands.

"He wanted me to be with you because he knew that I love you," he said. "He knew I'd do my best to make it easier for you; but I don't know if I can."

"You're talking as if Johnny—" All at once she knew. Andrew took a paper from his pocket and placed it in her hands.

"You'd better read this. It's from Johnny to you."

The writing swam before her eyes:

My very dear Ruth,

There was another woman who tried to make the best of me—your mother. I watched the courage and heart ebbing out of her, and at last I watched her die. It was an experience I really shouldn't care to repeat. What I am going to do will hurt you; but not as much as she was hurt.

After all, old girl, it's no good sitting in an empty theater after the play is over and the curtain's rung down.

The thing to do is get up and go; and that is what I am going to do. I love you very much; I only wish I'd realized how much, long, long ago.

JOHNNY

She had no tears to shed. She was numbed and drained and empty. She was alone. She had never been alone before, because always, in her mind and heart, there had been Johnny.

"I got his wire first thing this morning," said Andrew, "and hurried up to town by the first train. I didn't know what it meant, of course, but it made me uneasy. A chambermaid let me into his room. There was nothing I could do for him. He must have done it very soon after he told the night reception clerk to send the wire. He didn't suffer. He . . . did it very simply.

"We'd better go back, now," he said, "back to the hotel."

Ruth stared at him. There was nothing to go back for. Surely he knew that. There was nothing . . . nothing. . . .

IT was dark as night, that early morning in the winter of 1938. And still: as still as if the beauty of falling snow had taken the wind's breath away.

A heavy snowfall was a rarity in Brancaster. Helping Ruth to prepare breakfast, Mona kept running to the window. While breaking eggs into a bowl, Ruth heard a sharp cry. So sudden, so strange of intonation, she did not know what to make of it.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

The girl turned from the window, her face wet with tears. "L-look," she stammered, pointing to the street. "Down there."

Ruth went to the window and looked out. A man was trudging through the snow. While she watched, a hand rose to her throat. The man carried himself like David. He walked like David. He—he was David. Dropping a spoon—she would have dropped the eggs as heedlessly—Ruth ran down the stairs.

She threw both arms around him and kissed him. Then she drew back with a horrified gasp. David wore his soiled raincoat like a cape, draped over his shoulders, the empty sleeves dangling.

Steadying herself with a hand on his shoulder, she looked up into his face; he met her gaze steadily.

"I always leave a bit of myself wherever I go," said David with utter simplicity. "In France, I left my heart. In Spain—"

In Spain he had left an arm.

The next morning David shut himself in the attic with a scribbling block and a handful of sharpened pencils. When Ruth went up to call him to tea, she found him writing furiously. The floor was strewn with scrawled pages.

"What are you doing?"

"Writing a book."

"What's it about?"

"It's about—" He made a vague, embracive gesture.

"Oh, about you—and me—and everybody. It's about England and Spain and France and Germany and America. About people everywhere. All of them joined together like Siamese twins, irrevocably, forever."

"What will you call it?"

"'My Brother's Keeper.' Now, for heaven's sake, Ruth—"

"Get out of here and leave you alone? Not until you come to tea. You needn't finish it in one day."

"There's so little time."

"Why?" she asked sharply.

He looked up at her.

"I haven't wanted to tell you this because I know it's going to hurt—but you'll have to know soon—I might as well break the news now. I'm going to Germany."

"The work you will do will mean death if you are caught, David. Why must you go?"

"I've enlisted in a long war. The war of the little people, the people who haven't anything, who've never had anything. There's work to be done in Germany. Work in the dark, in holes beneath the ground."

In spite of herself, she looked at his empty sleeve.

"I know," he said, without embarrassment. "I'm only half a man. I wouldn't be much good in a fight. But there are fighting words to be printed and I can print them. There's work to be done that a half-man with a whole brain can do."

"You're not a half-man, David. You're a big man, a bigger and finer one than I ever dared hope you'd be."

It was snowing the day David arrived from Spain. It was raining the day he left for Germany. Before he went, he gave Ruth a thick package.

"Do what you can with this."

It was the penciled manuscript of his book. Ruth read it that night. She was touched by its honesty and simplicity. She sent it hopefully to a London publisher, who returned it with a rejection slip.

The eleventh publisher to whom she sent it agreed to publish it, but was sufficiently cautious to bind only five hundred copies until he saw how it went. It was never necessary for him to bind more. My Brother's Keeper made the reviewers uneasy. They advised the public not to bother with it, and, for once, the public accepted their advice.

FOUR years ago Gerald had left the smoky hole that was his birthplace, vowing never to go back; and now he was back. Here, at least, he was sure of bed and board and a place in which to lie low. He was afraid the police would find him. They were looking for Eddie Harper, and in Brancaster he was Gerald Harkness.

He descended from a tram and stood in front of the shop. When he saw how it had grown in his absence, he whistled softly. It now occupied the ground floors of three adjoining houses. Pushing open the door, he walked in. Ruth stared at him.

"How are you, Gerald?" she said.

"I'm fine," he said. "The prodigal has come home after an absence of several years."

She looked him over and did not care for what she saw. His features were as handsome as ever, but his face was stamped by something indefinable but definitely unpleasant. He appeared much older than his twenty years.

"You expect to stay here for a time?" she said at last.

"That's the idea. You haven't changed," he said, studying her. "You know, with a few small touches, you'd be not bad-looking—if you cut your hair and got yourself a snappy frock."

She was reminded of his father.

"While we're improving each other, I'd suggest that you think of work, for a change."

"I've thought of it, off and on. Can't say I care for the thought." He grinned impudently. "No good trying to fool you into thinking I've changed."

"I like to think you might. You're only twenty. Young, to be a confirmed waster. I'll give you room and board. There's no more for you unless you work."

"No good reminding you that this house and the shop were my mother's?"

"I thought you'd come to that. I'll remind you that the house was mortgaged to the hilt and the shop bankrupt. You lived on it, by the sweat of my brow, for years. Now you've come back to live on me again. I don't know what more you can expect."

On the night of his return Gerald had one of his recurring nightmares. He woke up screaming.

Ruth went in and woke him. "You were dreaming."

With narrowed eyes watching her face, he asked if he had shouted anything.

"No, Gerald," she said, "your secrets are safe."

It was a long time before he dared close his eyes again.

A FEW days later Ruth went down to the factory district to order some merchandise. As she was leaving, she saw a crowd on the corner. A man in black tunic, gray trousers, and Sam Browne belt was haranguing from a soapbox.

"Britain for the British!" he was shouting.

Ruth stood on tiptoe to look at the speaker.

"Britain for the British," she repeated loudly. "What kind of nonsense is that? England grew great when her doors were open to the downtrodden of any land. Slam the doors? Not on your life. We'd be slamming them in the face of destiny. There's no room for intolerance here."

A hand grasped her arm and a voice said, "That will be all, lady."

Without looking round, she shook herself free, exclaiming: "As for your Fascist Party, there's no room for it either."

"That's right, miss," said a man in the throng.

Now there were two pairs of hands laid upon her; two men in Black Shirt uniform started dragging her back. A young man pushed through to her side. He thrust a shoulder between Ruth and one of the Black Shirts and she was free.

"If you must manhandle someone," said the young man, "pick on me."

It was not the first time Ruth had seen the aquiline nose, the passive face, the muscular frame, lean and hard under a blue serge suit. The young prizefighter who had been making a name for himself lately was one of Gerald's former schoolmates.

The Black Shirts recognized Benny Gold even more quickly. They gave ground, even the biggest looking uncertain.

"It's the Champ!" someone cried. "Give us a bit of a speech, Champ. Go on, tell us what you did to One-Round Reilly."

"I'm no hand at speeches." Benny glanced at Ruth. "If this lady has anything to say, I'll see she gets a hearing."

The crowd was with him. "Go on, miss, speak your piece!" shouted a bystander. "We'll bash the bloke what tries to stop you."

They made space between her and the pale hysterical man on the soapbox and she looked up into his face.

"Why do you come here with your filth and your lies?" she cried. "You know this is mainly a Jewish neighborhood. I'll tell you why you come—because decent gentiles won't listen to you. You come down here to spew your filth because you know it will get the Jews excited. Stirring up trouble, that's all you're after. Making decent boys so angry that they resort to violence and get themselves into hot water."

Out of the corner of her eye she glimpsed Gerald standing in the background, clad in the uniform she despised. The sight of him took the wind out of her sails. The audience was waiting for her to go on.

She said, "If Britain for the British is what you want, take your foul doctrine back to Berlin," and walked away. She had gone less than a block when Benny Gold caught up with her.

"On behalf of my people—"

"Don't you talk that nonsense, too," she said. "You're as English as I am; it's only your religion that differs."

"Apparently Gerald doesn't think so," Benny said quietly. After a pause, he added, "I suppose you know the Black Shirts are holding a rally on Sunday at Victoria Hall. They intend to march there, five thousand strong, through every street in which a Jew lives."

"Five thousand? There can't be that many here."

"No, they're bringing them from all over the country for the occasion. You were right; they're only out to make trouble. Well, this march will start plenty. And—I'm going to break it up."

"Benny, violence is no argument."

"It's the only argument those fellows understand," he replied, raising his hat before turning away.

When he came home that night and unlocked the door, Gerald found it fastened with a chain. In annoyance, he pounded and rattled until a light went on upstairs and he heard footsteps coming down. Opening the door, Ruth dropped a suitcase at his feet.

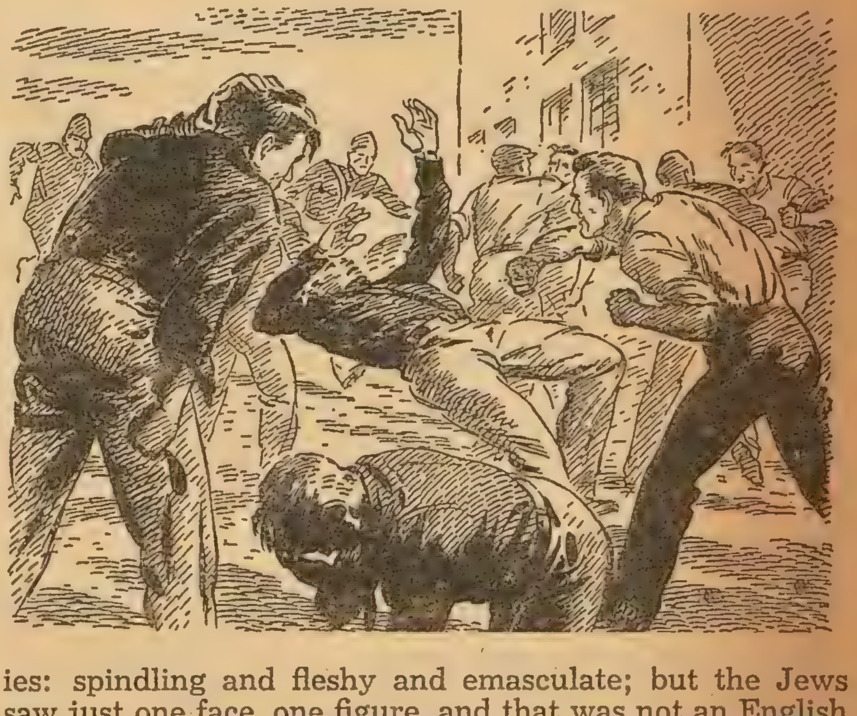
"You'll find all of your things are there. You can't come in."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, don't be so high and mighty about it."

He tried to push in. Ruth did not budge. With all her strength behind it, she slapped his face.

He picked up his suitcase and walked away.

The streets were lined with spectators the day the Black Shirts marched in force. They had several kinds of faces: weak and brutal and fanatical; and several kinds of bodies: spindling and fleshy and emasculate; but the Jews saw just one face, one figure, and that was not an English one.



Yes, the Jews came out to watch. Not the old, not the wise; but the young and the middle-aged and those who had not learned that all things pass; those who wondered if the marching feet were beating out the end of things for them.

Their gentile neighbors looked, too, as people will when men march, and although there was no enthusiasm on their faces, still they squinted now and then at the Jews as if to say, "No smoke without fire. If all these are against you, there may be something in it."

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys were marching. Bold, arrogant, ruthless. In America, the leader says, the Bundists are marching; in Germany, the Brown Shirts; in Italy, the Fascists; in England, it's us. And if you'll only stay asleep a little longer, we'll use your whole world for a parade ground.

At the mouth of an alley midway down the street a score of athletic young men jumped out and began in a spirit of enthusiastic belligerence to lay about them with their bare fists.

For some furious minutes they punished every man in reach who wore a black shirt. A mere handful, they would have stood no chance against this mass of men but for the element of surprise and their own pugilistic skill. The police came on the scene.

By that time the Black Shirts had rallied. Quite a number of them had whipped out brass knuckles and blackjacks. The police took into custody every man in sight with a weapon; and some thirty Black Shirts ignominiously were led away.

The chief constable of Brancaster addressed the man, all hips and bust, who led the march.

"Can't have this sort of thing. Disgraceful. There'll be no more marching today. Disband immediately, sir."

"But—our rally—we've booked the Victoria Hall."

"Can't help that. No speechmaking today. Send your fellows home, sir, or I'll arrest you for inciting to riot."

A FEW nights later, Benny was working at a tool-littered bench in the public garage he had bought. The telephone rang. The voice that came to him over the wire was hushed and furtive.

"This is . . . Gerald."

"I've just one thing to say: don't bother me."

"Benny, I've got to talk to you. I've left the Black Shirts."

"If anything would make me like them, that would."

"You've got to listen to me. It's about a plot against you. They'll kill you. Meet me at the Wheatsheaf in ten minutes and I'll give you the whole story. There's always a crowd in the bar."

Benny had never been in a pub before. He looked about curiously before crossing to a table at which Gerald sat alone.

"I'm in a hurry. What did you want to tell me?"

"They'd kill me, too, if I were seen talking to you," said Gerald. His tongue crept out and licked his dry lips. "It's too crowded here. We'll go into the billiard room."

Benny glanced at the door Gerald indicated. It was out of sight of the bar and bore a cardboard sign reading, BILLIARDS.

Benny opened the door. Before he realized that darkness lay on the other side, Gerald bore all his weight on his former friend's back and pushed him through. In desperate haste, he slammed the door and locked it. Unpinning the sign that read, BILLIARDS, he hid it under his coat and hurried past the bar, out of the pub by the front door.

Standing in a dark courtyard behind the Wheatsheaf, Benny put up his hands to meet an enemy he could not see.

Gerald sat in the waiting car, and sweated with suspense. He wished with all his heart that he had left town days ago, before the Black Shirt rally. Suddenly he tensed as he saw a man staggering toward him out of the alley.

The face of Benny Gold was so battered it was almost unrecognizable. He dragged one leg with every lurching step, his puffed lips twitched with pain; but his dark eyes did not waver. They were fixed on Gerald.

Gerald made a frantic effort to start the car.

"Get away from me," he whimpered, cowering back as far as he could. "Get away from me."

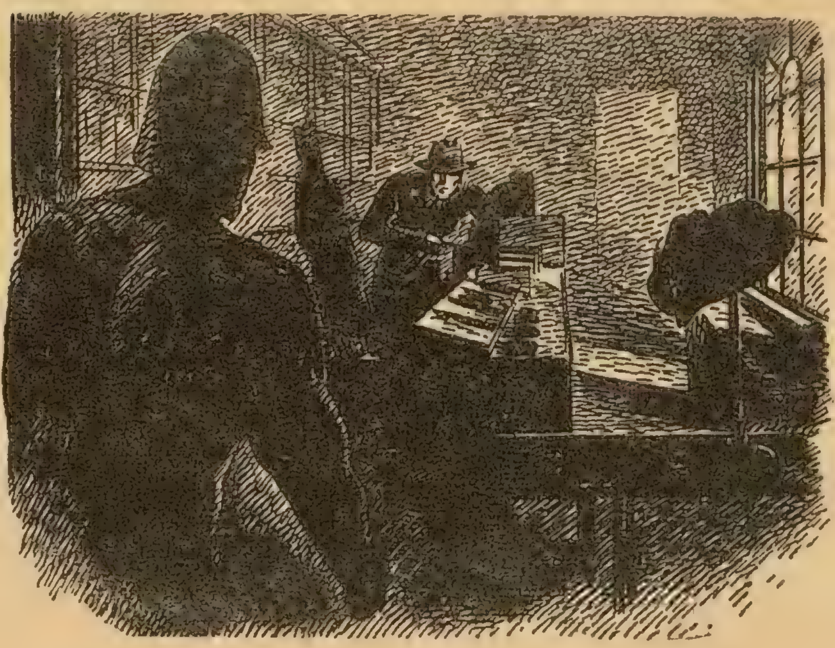
There was a tire lever in the side pocket. He snatched it out.

"I'm warning you," he whimpered. "I'm warning you."

One single purpose was all that kept Benny on his feet. He spoke no word, uttered no sound. In a panic approaching hysteria, Gerald lashed out with the flat tool. There was a dull sound as it hit and Benny slithered down. Gerald did not need a second look to know he was dead. Dropping the tire lever, he jabbed his foot on the starter again. It was then he heard the thin wail of a police whistle.

NORTH, south, east, west, they were watching for him. Main roads. Side roads. Country lanes. A web spun to entangle him. Abandoning the car, he took to his heels. The best hide-out would be home.

The one main thoroughfare he crossed was London Road. He expected every moment to hear a police whistle and see uniformed figures running toward him. Reaching the pavement, he sought the darkness of an alley running behind the houses. When he reached the shop's back yard his pocket knife was open in his hand. There were no lights in shop or dwelling; not the smallest sign of life.



A faint click. The catch gave. He was inside. The till was at the rear of the place. He found it and slid his knife into the thin opening above the drawer.

The sound of a stealthy movement told him that he had walked into a trap. Spinning on his heel, he saw a bulky figure stepping from the shadows, placing itself between him and the open door.

Gerald barged toward the other door leading into the house and ran upstairs, hearing the pounding of feet close behind him.

He reached the attic bedroom, slammed the door, turned the key. That would not hold them for more than a moment.

He placed a chair on the bed and climbed on to the chair. Balanced precariously, he thrust up the skylight window, gripped the frame with both hands, and drew himself through.

From the gutters of the roof it was only a short drop to the top of a brick wall; and from the wall, a matter of eight or ten feet to the ground. He could do it. He had done it before.

Holding the roof's edge with both hands, he dangled over the wall no more than a couple of feet above it.

A short drop. Only a very short drop.

Something tugged at his throat. His loose-looped necktie was caught on a projection of the gutter. The pressure on his neck made him lose all reason. With a wild cry, he threw up both hands to tear himself free.

For a moment his toes and knees scrabbled against the side of the house and then the necktie broke. In falling, he turned over once and his head struck the brick wall. The blow killed him instantly, too quickly for him to realize—if it mattered now—that he had cheated the hangman in the end.

SHE was drowning. A whirlpool sucked her in, drawing her down. Ruth was helpless in the middle of it. Round, round, round, until everything was one dizzy whirl. Down, down, down, until there could be no finding the way back. "The prescription is . . . The prescription is. . ." But what was the prescription? She couldn't remember; she was too tired, too lost. In despair, she cried aloud, and another voice, strong, compassionate, broke through with one word. The word was "Courage."

One morning she opened her eyes and the face bending over her was real.

Remembering what had happened, she turned her face to the wall. But later, when she looked around, Andrew was still there.

"You've had four bad days and nights."

"They were bad, but not as bad as waking."

"I saw that. You thought at once of Gerald."

"And of Benny Gold. Poor, poor Benny. He was a fine boy. Oh, Andrew, what a wretched failure I am!"

"A failure? You? My dear, please don't be absurd. Think of David and Joan."

"When there were real difficulties to be overcome, I failed miserably. Gerald . . . Johnny . . . What did I accomplish for either of them?"

"No one could have done anything for Gerald. I told you that long ago. As for Johnny, you tried to be his mother instead of his daughter. It's no good turning relationship inside out. You're bound to get an upside-down result. You took the responsibility for Johnny when Johnny should have taken the responsibility for you."

He stroked her brow with strong cool hands.

"You've got to help me, Ruth. I can only do so much and then it's up to you. I want you to forget everything and concentrate on going to sleep."

What Andrew feared for Ruth was a recurrence of the mood of hopelessness and despair into which she had been plunged by the suicide of Johnny. As soon as she was able to travel, he sent her to London with Joan for change and rest.

DURING Ruth's second month there she received an invitation, discreet but urgent, to call upon a certain official of the diplomatic service. In considerable perplexity, she obeyed the summons and was shown into a pleasant room where a gray-haired old gentleman offered tea.

"Might as well be candid, Miss Malvern. We've looked you up very thoroughly. Had to be sure of you, you know."

"May I ask why?"

"About ten years ago you made yourself responsible for three children. One of them was a boy of thirteen."

"David," said Ruth quickly, starting from her chair.

"David," agreed the old gentleman. "I shall be interested to know your opinion of him. Please think carefully before you answer; a great deal may depend on your reply."

"It isn't necessary for me to think. I know David too well. I don't know anyone I'd sooner trust."

"I can't tell you how glad I am to hear it. You see, a week ago young Harkness called on our fellows in Berlin. He was shabby and unshaven, not at all the sort of character who'd inspire instant trust. But he gave our chaps a piece of information of vital significance—if it can be accepted as reliable."

"If it was David, the information is reliable."

"We hoped so. I am sure now that it is. I cannot, of course, give you a clue to the nature of the information, but it is of the utmost importance, the very utmost. There will be war, you know, before any of us is much older."

"Can't you tell me anything else about David?"

"After he had talked to our fellows he joined a chap as ragged and unkempt as himself. Our fellows never saw him again."

"But he's not alone," said Ruth. "It helps to know he's not alone."

(One day he will come to the Swiss frontier and he will slip past the sentries and go down the ravine to freedom. Oh, God, I do believe it. I do—because I must.)

"Forgive me," said the diplomat, "for a moment it seemed that you were praying."

"I was praying, hard," said Ruth simply, "for something that must come true."

On a fine summer day Andrew came up to London and took Ruth walking in Richmond Park. When they sat down for a rest, Andrew took Ruth's hand.

"There are a lot of ways I could begin this," he said, "but I certainly shan't start by saying that I need you. You must be rather tired of people who need you. No, I think I'll simply lay the evidence before you. In the first place, I love you, and you can't honestly deny that you love me. In the second place, if ever two people were made for each other, we were. In the third, I've been waiting for a long, long time."

"It isn't as simple as that," said Ruth unhappily. "You'll think me a coward, but, Andrew—I can't."

"What are you afraid of? Not me?"

"No, not of you; not ever of you. But, Andrew, I can't go back to Brancaster. Not yet. Perhaps not ever. I've had my fill of slums and bleak gray streets."

"If you'll marry me," he said, "you need never go back."

"What about your practice?"

"I've put a locum in charge for six months. When the time's up, I'll sell it to him, if you haven't changed your mind."

"But—your patients—"

"I can't pretend it won't matter to them. It will. But they'll manage without me, when they find they must. Ruth, I've taken a house in Dorset. I've rented it for six months, with the option to buy. A little house, Ruth," he said, with lingering emphasis. "A very dear little house."

"Not the house—no, it couldn't be that one." And then her smile came. "Oh, Andrew," she whispered, "I think I have been waiting for it all my life."

When they alighted at the tiny wayside station, Ruth breathed in the salt air.

"Andrew, it's like coming home," she whispered. "It's almost as if I've been here before. We go that way." She indicated a winding lane to the west. "Don't we?"

"My dear, how did you possibly know?"

"I don't know how I know, but I do know," said Ruth, starting toward the lane. "In a moment we'll have our first glimpse of the sea. There it is—look!—a clear blue line, straight over there. When we reach the crest of the hill we'll see the little house below, nestling in a hollow."

They reached the hilltop and there the house was, drowsy and peaceful, exactly as she had prophesied. And when Andrew took her in his arms she returned his kiss so ardently that it took his breath away.

THE first of September, 1939, was a beautiful day. Andrew rose early and walked to the village for exercise and a morning paper. When Ruth came down he thrust the newspaper out of sight and stood up.

"A swim before breakfast?" she suggested.

"There's nothing I'd like better," he said, stooping to kiss the hollow of her throat.

After the swim, they lay side by side on the sands. Ruth reached out and touched him.

"This—and—you—are all I've ever wanted," she said.

"This first—and me second."

"No, seriously, I couldn't ask anything more."

"I remember something about voices in the garden."

"The voices of children," said Ruth. "Our children. One day we'll hear them. Andrew, let's stay here always. This is what I want—and what you want. Let's hold on to it."

"Yes, it's what I want," said Andrew in a curiously hushed voice. "But it happens to be what I can't have. Ruth, I've got to go back. I can't ask you to come; but I must go."

"But—you said six months at least."

"I must go back on my word. I didn't mean to tell you today—but, Ruth, you'd better know: Germany has invaded Poland; in a few hours we will be at war."

Ruth stared at him, one hand rising to her mouth.

"In the next few years," said Andrew quietly, "this island of ours will go through all kinds of hell. Where the people are crowded together, there the fury will strike the hardest. In places like Brancaster men of my training will be needed; every one of us must count. When the bombs fall, we must be there to defend the slums we detest and, when it's all over, we must be there to destroy and rebuild what the enemy has spared. That is why I must go, not in six months but now."

"I don't want to go back," said Ruth. "I hate the very thought."

"I've told you you needn't."

"But you know that I will."

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

NO WRITER has so far recorded the actions and the sensations of American soldiers under fire in quite so convincing a way as **Harry Brown** has done in his novel, **A Walk in the Sun.**

Private Brown, who until recently was a member of the staff of the soldier publication Yank, tells the story of a platoon that landed on a contested beachhead in Italy. Their objective was a farmhouse six miles away.

Harry Brown

Through every foot of that six-mile "walk in the sun," danger goes with the platoon. The lieutenant in command is mortally wounded by a shell fragment while still in the landing boat. Death stalks two sergeants who take over the command, leaving it in the hands of Sergeant Porter, of whom one of the men says matter-of-factly, "He's a good man, but I think he's going to crack."

In a relaxed, thoroughly objective style, the author draws unforgettable vignettes of one after another of the little group. Never is there any suggestion that he is straining for suspense, but the book will keep you on the edge of your chair just the same.

Published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., N. Y. Price, $2.

AS LANCE-TILTING critic Bernard De Voto has pointed out, it's about time we abandoned the myth that American community life is standardized. That legend was born in the epidemic of self-analysis that followed the last war. It is now being given the lie by a group of young and adventurous-minded novelists who are exploring the richness and diversity of the American scene. A welcome addition to their ranks is **Elizabeth Ogilvie.**

Elizabeth Ogilvie

A community of lobster fishermen on an island off the coast of Maine provides the setting for Miss Ogilvie's novel, **High Tide at Noon.** It's a story in the romantic tradition, told with unusual freshness and distinction.

You'll like the reckless, laughter-loving, crotchety Bennetts of Bennett's Island, and you'll find a ring of authenticity in the story of Joanna Bennett who married a dashing stranger from the mainland, discovered there was a seamy side to his character as well as a lovable one, and proceeded to make the best of a bad bargain.

Published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York. Price, $2.75.

THERE has been an element of literary pioneering in each of the writings of **W. E. Woodward,** beginning with his first novel, in which he coined the word "debunking." In **The Way Our People Lived,** Woodward tackles American history in terms of the everyday lives of everyday people.

It's a mighty good history of which it can be said that even the footnotes are interesting, and that goes for Woodward's book. In one footnote, for example, he tells of a Connecticut bachelor of colonial days who married a notoriously bad-tempered spinster. The bridegroom explained to his friends that, having had a bang-up good time as a bachelor, he was now entering matrimony as a penance. When the lady heard this, "she flew into a rage and declared that she was not going to be a pack horse to carry any man to heaven, and if he expected her to afflict him he was mistaken. Thereupon she became one of the most pleasant and dutiful of wives."

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price, $3.95.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

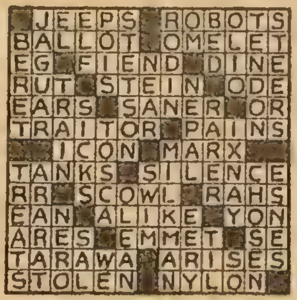
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 Non-government relief
4 Marxman's target (under it you eat à la cartel)
13 They stand around in hotel lobbies with their big mouths wide open
15 Limburger's famous for this
16 Man in semi-comatose condition, found wandering near florists, candy stores, with heart trouble
17 Oinz (anagram)
18 It goes well with ham
19 Seven caesars
20 Flying gooseegg
21 Sign hung on buses, trains, restaurants (abbr.)
22 Hits the thumb with the hammer
23 What Gail Patrick did when she left
24 Emission of cat with stepped-on tail
25 High-octane grapejuice
26 Eggzizts in Chermany
28 The way waiters, messenger boys and store clerks do not move toward objectives but our armies do
31 If you've got them, you've got it
34 One of the best things in Oklahoma
35 Scotch turbine
37 Ship's cooler
38 A guy can scrape up a living with one, even if it has only one leg and squawks
39 Care (anagram)
40 Word Eddie Cantor can't use around the house
41 On hot nights, remove flesh, sit around in these
42 Bleachhead
43 Hunks of hair
45 Nothing can explain this
46 Lodge animals
47 Wynn's whinny (remember?)
48 Dane, anagrammed, becomes gal
51 Presses, in a slangy way
53 Questionable person who gets first mention in Who's Who
54 Fat women have a lot of trouble bringing this up
55 What FDR did two times
56 There's very little point to this butcher's activities
57 Kind of person who can explain everything
58 Jap tail
59 Shade of blue
60 Still another shade of same
61 Headquarters of a lot of sweet buzzbombers
62 Yammering Sapheaded Ragsmellers (abbr.)

VERTICAL

1 Nasty doodlebugs
2 Shakespearean flier
3 Play a nocturne on a stuffed bugle
4 Old-fashioned armorplate, protected the Rib
5 Go overboard for
6 Cow pasture pool
7 Fight promoter
8 European Rhode Island
9 Warped and woofed
10 Johnski
11 Impermanent waves
12 Woman who requires an explanation for everything
14 Hurling flakes furiously
22 Kind of maniac from Booze Who
25 Old-fashioned Maginot Lines
27 Emission of snake with stepped on tail
28 Can'ts and can dos
29 Nuts about Mehiho
30 Handtwitch
32 Cause of heart trouble
33 Tisn't not
34 Watches
36 The Verse of Brookalyn (2 wds.)
38 Contacts headquarters by a sharp attack with a heavy weapon
39 Fancy for hay fever, strawberry rash or prickly heat
41 Its manufacture increases as election day approaches
42 Kind of cycle
44 Hollywood motto: First the mistake, then the this!
45 Some new ties for the Nazis
47 Blase trees do what to their shoulders disdainfully?
49 Hold up
50 First chewing gum
51 The City of Freedom
52 Unhappy battlefield
53 Seersucker weather
55 Republican Soviet Headquarters (abbr.)
56 Empty followed by an empty



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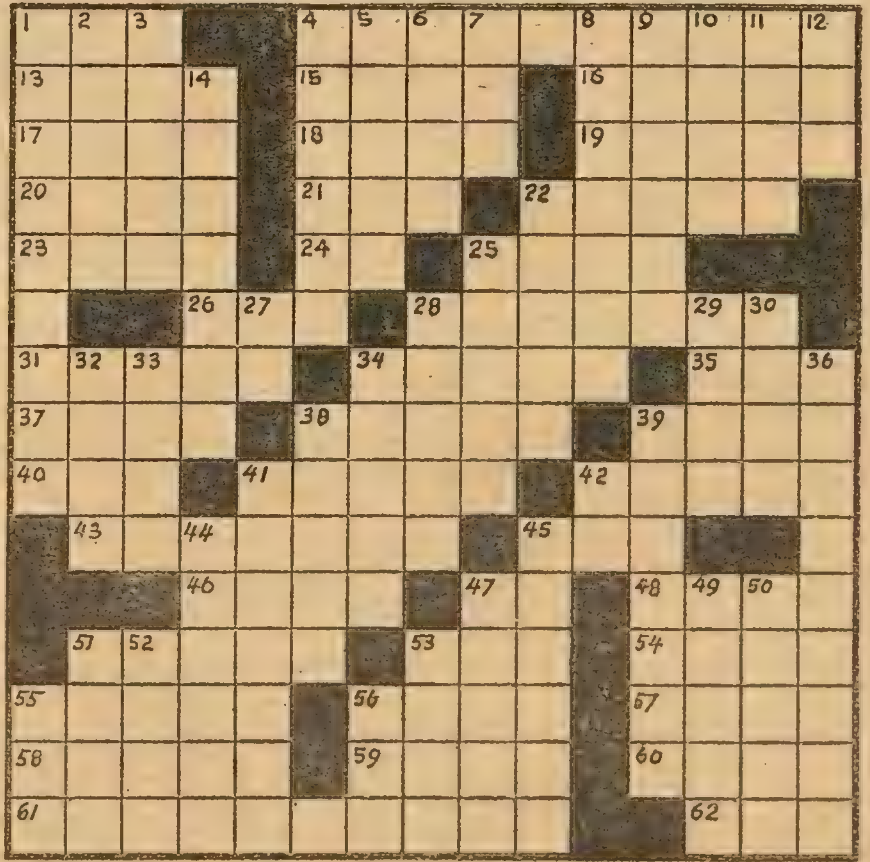
Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Nothing takes
the place of
BACARDI
CARTA AMBAR
Ron Superior
BACARDI Corp
OF AMERICA
SAN JUAN, P.R.

Supreme Among Summer Drinks . . .

A cold fact for a hot day: a Cuba Libre made with Bacardi quite outdoes *any* other you've ever tasted! For here is flavor as well as frost — that unique, inimitable Bacardi flavor that lifts this and other favorite drinks above the commonplace. Remember, the name Bacardi has meant quality for over 82 years. Be sure it's on the bottle from whence comes the liquor for your next Cuba Libre . . . or your next Cocktail, Collins or a Highball.

AND REMEMBER — NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF WAR BONDS!

★ A Bacardi Cocktail MUST be made with Bacardi (Ruling of N. Y. Supreme Court, Apr. 28, 1936) RUM—89 PROOF—Bacardi Imports, Inc., N. Y.

THE HERO

Continued from Page 29

never known until that instant, I knew then just how lovely Mary was. I've mentioned her eyes. She also has hair, midway between blonde and red, coiling lush and luxuriant. It was topped with a little half-hat, and she wore a dark coat and a pair of sheer nylon hose she'd no doubt been saving for my furlough. Her complexion was good, and she used just enough make-up. Yes, indeed, I could catalogue her points and find utter perfection. And I had to admit that she and Bingo made a handsome couple.

I went home and sat chewing at my heart. Along about midnight I went out and got a cup of coffee. Then I went to bed and listened to my watch tick. I got up at four and went out for a walk. At daybreak I dropped into a café and ordered ham and eggs and coffee. I couldn't eat, but I drank the coffee. I walked home again, and started writing a letter to Mary. Making false starts on this occupied me until noon, and I finally realized I couldn't say anything at all to her.

I phoned the station and asked for a reservation on the Beaver. It couldn't be had until tomorrow unless it was an emergency, and I hung up. I moped around, swallowing my pride, and, when it was down, phoned Mary's home to ask for a date. Her mother said Mary had just gone out with Bingo and Mickey somewhere. No, she didn't know what Mary was doing tonight, but she'd heard Bingo say something about Masiello's. Couldn't I come over anyway? She and dad had a lot to talk over with me.

Her pity hurt me as bad as anything else. She felt sorry for me. But of course she'd be proud that Mary and that nice Lieutenant O'Brien were getting along so fine. On the face of things he was a much better catch.

I went down to a tavern and ordered four shots of rye. The fourth one on an empty stomach made me sick. I couldn't even drown my sorrows in drink. I'd been a good, steady fellow too long. I couldn't go to hell if I wanted to. I walked around, with an awful headache, just roaming. It got night again. I had some more coffee. I toyed with the idea of suicide.

Later I found myself walking around and around a block, passing Masiello's on Jackson Street, feeling a pitiful heel but not being able to help myself. I didn't know if Mary and Bingo were inside or not. Finally, I had to know. My pride was utterly gone. Only a girl like Mary could make me swallow that.

Masiello's was a joint that had been picked up by whoever it is picks up a joint to make it semifashionable. It was at the head of a flight of bare worn stairs. Definitely a joint. The floor was bare pine, and dirty; the bar a battered relic; the furnishings odds and ends. The ceiling was strung with dingy crepe paper on wires.

MASIELLO'S liquor was terrible. He did serve good steaks, but there are any number of places in San Francisco where you can get a good steak in better surroundings. There seems to be no reason why such a place suddenly becomes the place to go. Masiello himself was a big greasy man whose head was unturned by success. He hadn't raised his prices or swept his floor since his joint became fashionable. The bums and pimps and barflies of his regular trade continued to come, and he suffered the slumming parties philosophically, knowing that, come a day, some other joint would become fashionable and he would be left with what he had before.

The place was mobbed, and the noise made my raw nerves twitch. A juke box was screaming, and couples milled around and around, jam-packed on an open space the size of an ordinary bedroom. Masiello's single concession to success had been to hire some characters to supplement the impromptu atmosphere of the place. A long-haired violinist sat atop the shrieking juke box solemnly sawing away at some dim tune a laughing group strained ears to hear. A fellow with handle-bar mustaches sat alone at a tiny table in the corner, talking and gesticulating violently to himself. A man was doing a fire-swallowing act at another table, using French fries and a glass of Masiello's whisky for props.

The joint was foul with tobacco smoke. A fellow in a Windsor tie was declaiming a bad poem he'd just composed, and another, with a beard and a smock, was making pencil sketches at a dollar a head asking price, but would settle for a drink. And, incredibly enough, somebody had brought a child into the joint, a little girl about four years old, who danced about with innocent eyes sparkling at the funny antics of the grown-ups. Her parents were evidently having a good time, and a white-whiskered bum had taken it upon himself to see the child was not run down by the surging jollity.

Mary was at the big table by the left-hand wall as you entered, and toward the rear, and the gregarious Bingo had picked up a dozen men as friends and was in fine fettle. As I came up he reached in his pocket to pay for a new round of drinks, but was forestalled by a private who said loudly that he'd always wanted to drink with a lieutenant and the money was no good.

"Call me Bingo!" Bingo said; and then with that grin, "But don't try it tomorrow." He waved at me and ordered a drink, which one of the men paid for, and kept on with a yarn he'd been spinning. It was a good story, and that's what hurt. He could charm you off your chair. It's an accomplishment, I've noticed, of many worthless men.

"Oh, I'm glad you found us," Mary said. "Mother said you called, and I told her to say we'd be here if you called again."

My face was frozen in a silly forced smile. I never felt so cheap in my life. I wasn't man enough to take the gate when a girl gave it to me. I couldn't meet Mary's eye, and looked off through the smoke.

"George," Mary said in a low voice. When somebody speaks your name like that, it is always a preliminary to a serious discussion. I didn't want a serious discussion. I pretended interest in the fire-eater.

"George," Mary said.

The fire-eater took a sip from the glass, and blew out a torch of flame. It touched a dangling ribbon of orange crepe paper, which caught the flame and carried it upward. Somebody laughed and pointed at the flame moving along the crepe.

"Hey, the house is on fire!" he yelled, which was good for another laugh.

"They told me this was a hot spot I shouldn't miss!" cried a plump lady.

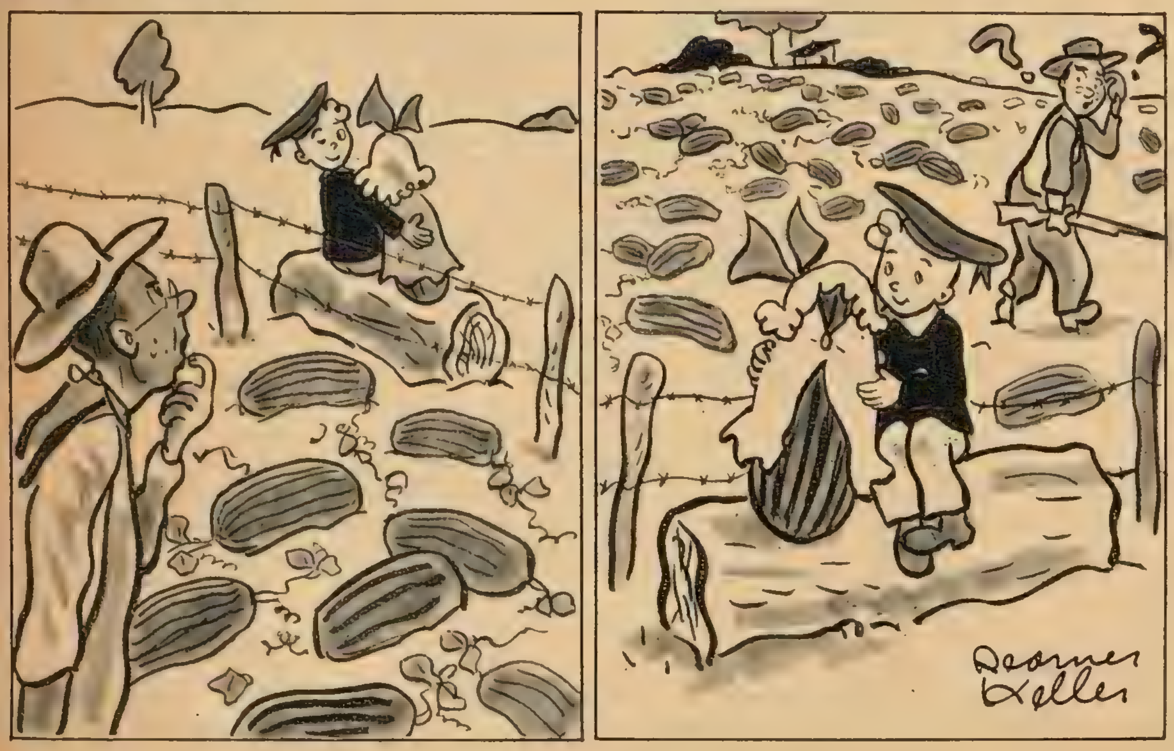
The white-whiskered bum who was shepherding the child stared at the flame overhead with mouth sagging open. The fire was moving the length of the room, igniting cross-strings of crepe. A string of flaming paper fell, and women squealed, laughing, avoiding it.

With me the thing was a diversion. I was glad of a distraction. The streamers of flame began dropping all over, and men were knocking them aside, guffawing, while the women squealed. It was all good fun, something you'd remember, to make a good story. The juke box continued bellowing, and the violinist perched atop kept fiddling. The character with handle-bar mustaches continued talking and gesticulating to himself. Masiello called an order and his barkeeps began swiping at the crepe with brooms. I coughed from the smoke and decided it was time to leave.

AND then, suddenly, everybody got the same idea, one that momentarily froze us, and then impelled us to action. Perhaps it was the fire-eater who crystallized the thing. He knew fire. He had remained at the table, watching the progress of the flames, and then when he moved he moved fast, springing up, his chair falling backward, pawing the table out of the way and scrambling for the head of the stairs. The crowd moved at the same instant and as one. It wasn't funny any more. The place *was* burning down. The fiddler dropped his fiddle in hopping down from the juke box, and somebody stepped on it. I saw his face, stiff and stricken, looking back at the crushed instrument as the mob bore him toward the stairs. And I saw the broad shoulders of Bingo's green blouse moving through the mob.

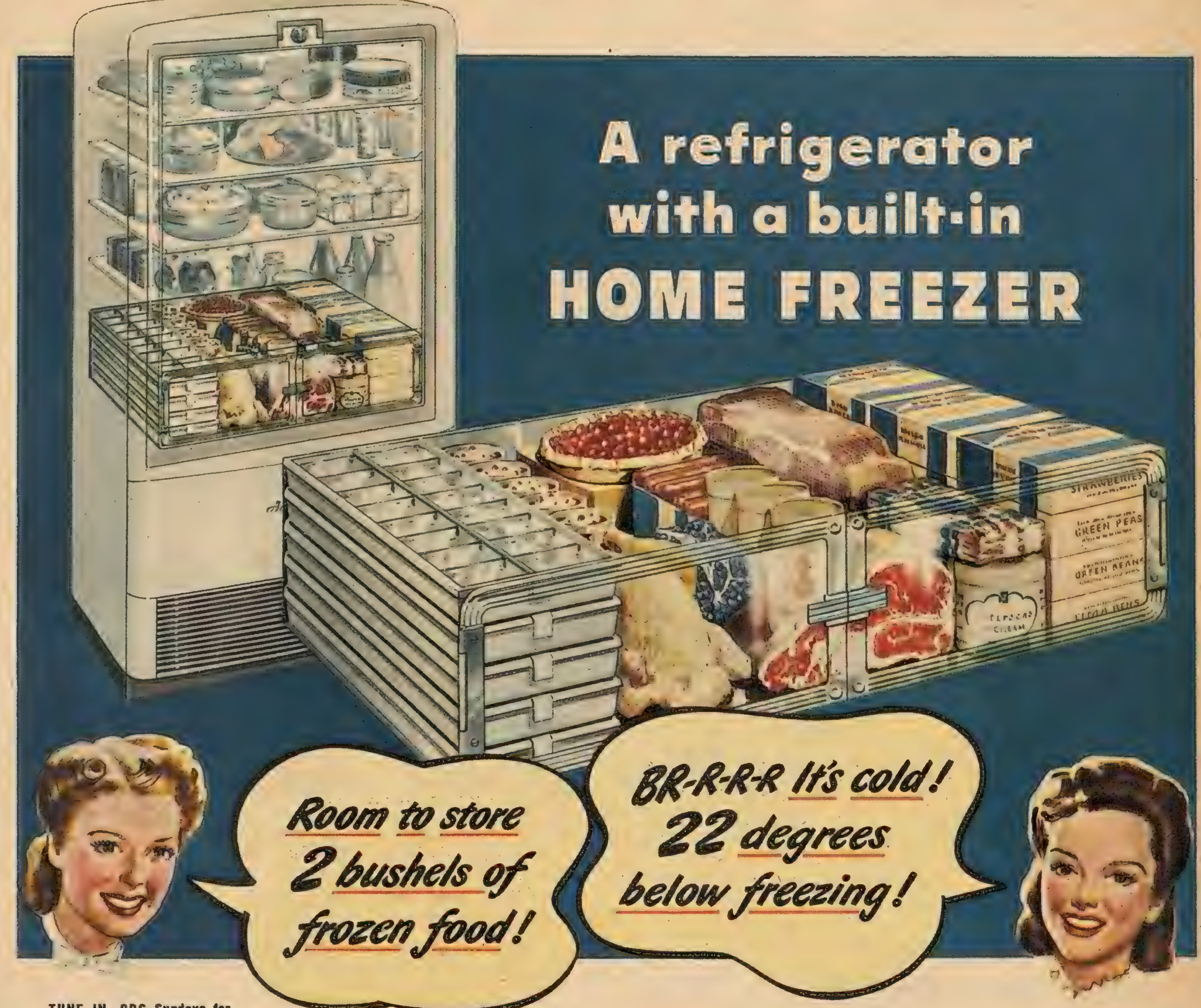
(*Continued on page 50*)

HARDTACK

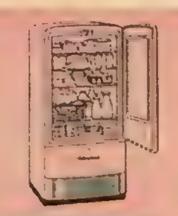


It's a postwar Promise ... *from*

Admiral

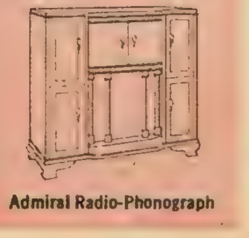

A refrigerator with a built-in HOME FREEZER
STRAWBERRIES
GREEN PEAS
GREEN BEANS
Room to store 2 bushels of frozen food!
BR-R-R-R It's cold! 22 degrees below freezing!

TUNE IN CBS Sundays for Admiral "World News Today"


Admiral Refrigerator

Admiral Electric Range

Admiral Home Freezer


Admiral Radio-Phonograph

Perhaps you have dreamed of a refrigerator that will keep fish, game and meats for months without spoilage . . . or quick freeze your own fruits and vegetables to enjoy months later . . . or freeze a bushel of ice cubes. Well, when wartime tasks are done, the built-in home freezer in the Admiral refrigerator will have all these features and more . . .

Sterilamp—utilizing ultra-violet rays to kill bacteria and retard mold.

No Defrosting—a messy job ended.

Purified Moist Cold Air—foods will stay fresh and moist without covering.

Dry Storage Cabinet—for foods that do not require refrigeration.

There'll be an Admiral electric range, complete with new and exciting features . . . a home freezer to offer a new and better mode of living. Admiral Radio, America's Smart Set, will be available in many new models . . . built by the world's largest maker of radio-phonographs with automatic record changers.

Admiral Corporation CHICAGO 47, ILLINOIS

(*Continued from page 48*)

The crowd hit the doorway at the head of the stairs and jammed like logs in a stream. The juke box continued to blast out its saccharine tune. A woman screamed. I wondered how many were falling down the steep stairs. People at the back fringe of the crowd were fighting to get out. I saw Bingo grab a woman's hair and pull her out of the way. As the crowd crushed against the impossibly small opening of the doorway, fear changed to panic. It wasn't pretty. The child stood alone in the middle of the room, frightened and crying.

I hadn't moved. Maybe I react slowly. Mary was beside me.

"There must be a back way," she said. "Tell them. Do something!"

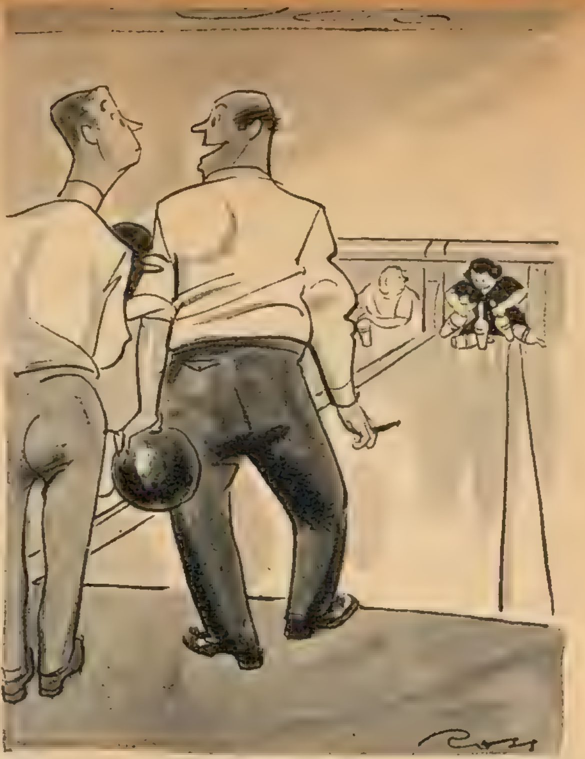
I yelled at the crowd. There was too much noise now. It was all a medley of screams and curses, with the juke box blaring. I ran to the back fringe of the crowd, yelling at people, "There's a back way! Come with me!" Nobody paid any attention, except that when I collared one man he swung around and hit me. I went down and somebody stepped on my groin. I crawled from the mob and got up, sick, and no longer so afraid as angry. Mickey was briefly in view, fighting to make a way to the doorway. Somebody hit him from behind and I charged into the mass of bodies as he slumped. I got his arm and dragged him away. Somebody was helping me; it was Mary. Her face was white, with a smear of soot across the nose.

"They're crazy," she was saying over and over. "They're crazy."

I got Mickey on my shoulder and carried him toward the rear, pulling Mary along by one hand. The fire was crackling now, giving an obbligato to the juke box and the mob sound. Through the smoke I saw the hulking figure of Masiello behind the bar, getting an armload of the display bottles of vintage stuff. The bottles were slipping off the pile in his arms to the floor, and he kept loading on more, picking up the dropped ones while others dropped. Mary began pulling back, and she was yelling "Let go of me! Let me go!" But I jerked her along. We went through the kitchen down a flight of back stairs (no easy trick with Mickey, kicking now, on my shoulders), and ended up against a door. It opened onto a back alley.

"George, let go of me!" Mary yelled. "That child's up there! That baby!"

"You watch your sister, Mickey," I said, dumping the kid down. And I went back up the stairs. There was a red glow at the top of them, and when I got through the kitchen, the heat of the main room was like a furnace. Through the smoke I could see the mob milling around that blocked door. The juke box had changed records and was playing Pistol Packin' Mama. Masiello was still trying to get too many bottles into his arms. The little girl was sitting down now, bawling and coughing. I picked her up, hesitated an instant, wondering if I could get anybody else out the back way. But the time was short; the smoke was getting me. I took the kid down the back stairs and, when we came out of the alley, gave her to a policeman. Firemen were arriving, and it was their business. We got away from there.



"Oh, I'm not like other husbands who leave their wives home. Let the little woman enjoy herself."

We went to Mary's place. We didn't say much. It was too close and horrible. Mary put salve and a pad over a burn on my shoulder I hadn't known I'd had. My blouse and shirt were ruined. I lost my cap. My hair was singed fuzzy and my eyebrows were gone. She got the soot off her nose. We sat in the front room, saying nothing.

Bingo came in with a piece of adhesive tape at a dashing angle above his eye. He'd had his blouse pressed. His left arm was in a sling.

"Horrible," he said. "I did my best. I knew the stairs would be blocked, and so I got there quick. I guess I saved a dozen or so before the firemen got there. They fought me. I was saving their lives and they fought me."

I sighed and looked around for my cap; then I remembered I'd lost it. I looked crumby, my eyebrows gone and my hair frizzed with the fire, a hole in the shoulder of my blouse, and not a word to say. Bingo looked like a movie hero in the last reel, that dramatic piece of tape above his eye, his hair brushed and shining, one arm in a silk sling, modestly recounting his heroism. It was time for me to go.

Then Mickey said the Army equivalent for "applesauce," which is not a term for mixed company.

Mary said, "Mickey!"

"I mean it," Mickey said. "This four-flusher telling about what he done! I seen him knocking women out of the way to get to the door. He's just a two-bit chiseler and he always has been. Two-times every girl he ever had, cheats at cards and dice, and a dead beat to boot."

"You take it easy, Long Boy," Bingo said in his casual dangerous way.

"Get out of here," Mickey said. "And I want that money back you borrowed off me. I've been a sucker," he said, and when he made that admission I knew I had nothing more to worry about concerning Bingo's influence. "You spent my money and pushed your old girls onto me, and I done your work for you while you goldbricked. You're no lieutenant and I'm no sergeant. Maybe I'd of got a rating if I hadn't hung around you. Now get out of here, Bingo, or I'll—"

"You'll what?" Bingo said dangerously.

(*Continued on page 52*)

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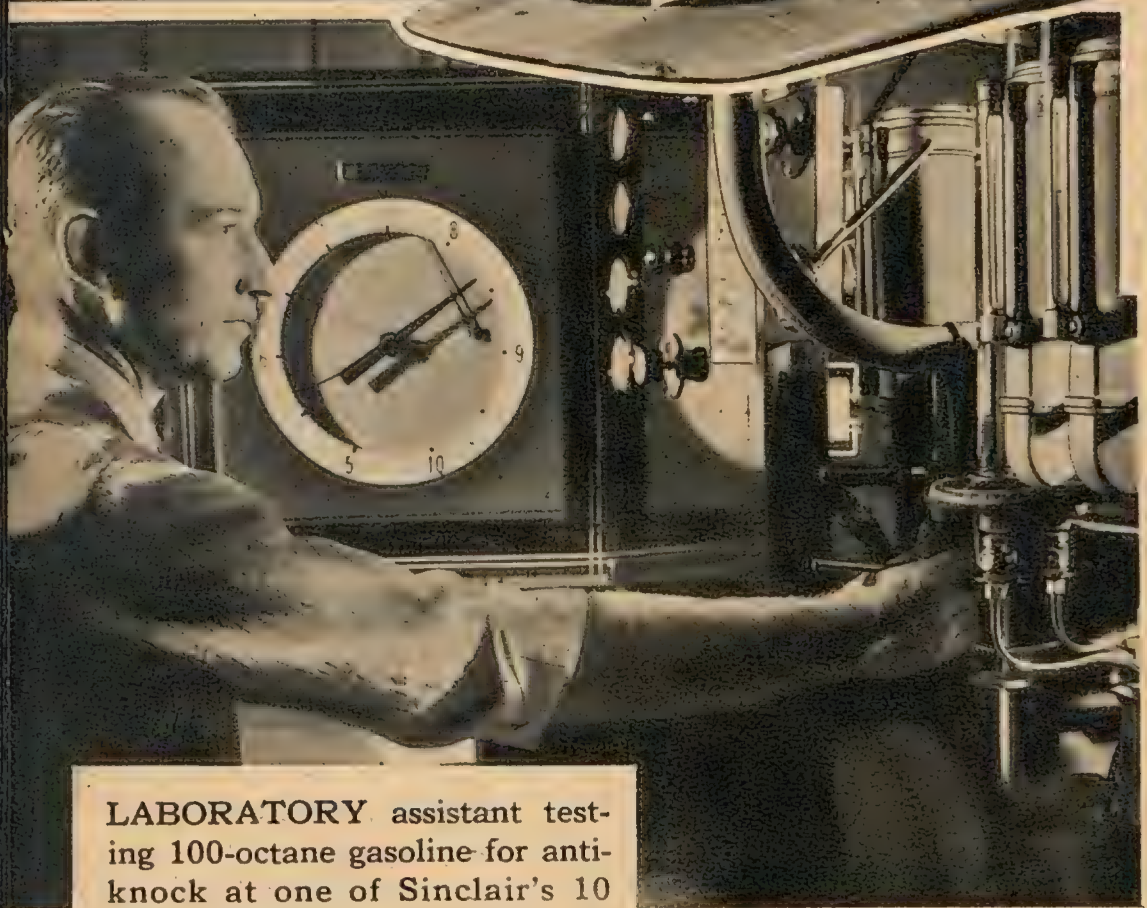

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(*Continued from page 50*)

"I'll have George throw you out!" Mickey declared.

To say I was surprised is putting it mildly. Me throw Bingo out! He'd outweigh me by forty pounds.

Then I laughed. In anger, Bingo had unconsciously drawn his left arm from the sling. It was just a prop, a part of his false front. Bingo followed my gaze, and for the first time I saw him lose his poise. He went out.

"George," Mary said. I knew she wanted a serious discussion, and I didn't want one right then. Yes, I loved her. Yes, I'd take her back. I'd take her on the rebound. I'd take her *any* way. But we could discuss things by letter, after time had softened the outlines.

"Don't go, George," Mary said, and she motioned Mickey out. Then she said, "George, I feel sort of cheap, the way I treated you when you've so little time home. But I knew from Mickey's letters the situation with Bingo, and I guessed what Bingo was. I had to bring Mickey to his senses. I thought if Mickey saw his sister getting under the spell of such a man—"

I took my first free breath in a long while. It was not the time nor the place for love-making. Or maybe it was; and there was such a little time left.

What time we had together was wonderful. The biggest thrill was after I got back to camp and got a letter with her name in the corner: "Mrs. George Andrews."

But—Mickey. That was the one fly in the ointment. For, you see, Mickey is the kind of kid who has to have a hero. And for some reason I'm it. I didn't do anything at Masiello's, except see that the only way out was the back door. But Mickey has built it up into something wonderful. He embarrasses me by telling the boys about it in the barracks. He goes out on pass with me. He's learning how to nurse one bottle of beer. I'm teaching him chess. He writes home letters full of me, and Mary is very happy about it all.

But we were alerted for overseas duty when we got back from furlough. Soon we'll be getting on a ship and going with a convoy somewhere. Over there, anything might happen. We're sure to see action—and, you see, I'm Mickey's hero. When the going gets tough, I'll have to come through. Not that I wouldn't do my best anyhow, but it's another thing to realize you've *got* to be a hero. And I'm not the type.

THE END

LORD WOOLTON, REPAIRER OF THE REALM

Continued from Page 15

way to win the peace. And there was no man who had such excellent qualifications for so arduous a task as Lord Woolton, who says he will be satisfied only when a healthy, well-fed population has been switched from war production to the needs of peace with a minimum of labor disruption.

What keeps him chewing on aspirin is the thought of the period right after the war, when tired men's hopes will be high but their enthusiasm for work low. But he has come through with several concrete suggestions. First, he has proposed staggered demobilization, and is now trying to figure out a magic formula to make this seem fun not only to the men who get home first but also to the last man out. Second, with 7,000,000 to be occupationally transferred, he has urged staggered change-over from war to peace production. For instance, former airfield builders are even now being set to work constructing sites and setting up public utilities for postwar streets and houses, plans for which have already been approved by local councils. Third, he has proposed the introduction of a new and growing industry into areas which depend on a failing industry. Fourth, he has suggested retraining workers in a declining trade for jobs in an expanding trade, with pay and at government expense. Necessary postwar machine tools are already under construction.

THE proposals to restrict the power of transferring key workers from one area to another, as has been done under war conditions; of controlling distribution, capital, and production; and of acquiring land (with compensation, but also with compulsion) are meeting with plenty of quiet but determined opposition from both Left and Right, though for contrary reasons.

Having settled the question of work, Lord Woolton and his henchmen next intend to see the damaged areas rebuilt, with enough housing for everybody. The returning soldier and his bride will have priority. Architects are preoccupied with the best op[illegible]y for city replanning since fire de[illegible] the city of London in 1666, and are [illegible]ly concerned lest their plans for a modern city with space for health, efficiency, and beauty of living be sidetracked by private interest, as were Sir Christopher Wren's plans in the old days. They have Lord Woolton on their side and also Mr. W. S. Morrison, Minister for Town and Country Planning.

Since more than a million homes have been destroyed, and since as many more need destroying, postwar building will have to be twice as high as it was during prewar boom years. The job of providing plans, materials, skilled workers, and temporary homes would shake a less determined expansionist than Lord Woolton. The use of prefabricated houses has been suggested to solve the problem of temporary homes. As an approach to the problem of skilled workers, plans for the training of one and a quarter million men for work in the building trade have been included under education.

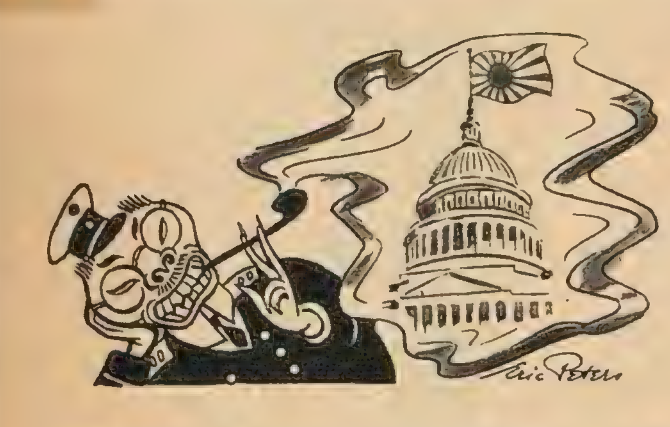
BESIDES education, other targets of Lord Woolton's postwar guns are health and food. He's inclined to lump the two together, believing, as he does, in prevention as much as in cure. "People," he says, "need feeding based on sound nutritional principles to create opportunities for positive health."

Since he did so good a job of providing, with little enough at his disposal, low-priced, well-balanced meals for a majority of the working population during war, people have faith that the compulsory factory hot dinner, the cost-priced British restaurant, the milk-and-vitamin program for infants and mothers, and the midday school dinner will be continued indefinitely. He hopes to see that they are.

The new health plan, first of Sir William Beveridge's nest eggs to hatch, has caused fluttering in die-hard dovecotes around the world, but at that it is not so revolutionary. It is only the prerequisite of the total birth-to-death insurance scheme suggested in the Beveridge report. Still, it does provide for a national health service which, if carried through, will greatly raise the health standard in the United Kingdom. If the White Paper on which it is based becomes a bill, and the bill becomes law, Britons will be able to get free medical facilities, general and special; full hospital service for all districts, and health centers where dental and ophthalmic as well as preventive and curative medical services will be obtainable. Maternity care, child welfare, and school services are, under the plan, adequately handled, and there will be separate centers for cancer, tuberculosis, and mental research and care.

Since, under Lord Woolton's tactful leadership, the medical profession was consulted and its amendments accepted, there has been little opposition to the plan, and the doctors, who can choose whether to concentrate on public or private practice or a mixture of the two, also get benefits. Most of the facilities and assistants they have had to provide at their own expense will come to them free if they join up with a health center.

The first of all the proposed reforms to become a bill was that dealing with education. This bill has passed the Commons. The House of Lords probably will not have any objection to the cautious raising of the school-leaving age from fourteen to fifteen; the proposed training of soldiers for civilian life; the plan for transporting children, who sometimes have had to walk three to five miles to their village schools; or the compulsory part-time education of workers under eighteen. Lord Woolton



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

COMADORE: A Jap naval officer who hits the pipe.

FRAILROAD: A communication system after several bombings.

CONNCRETE: Fighting Billy's fists.

FOREIGNHEIT: The temperature abroad.

GROWNER: Bing Crosby has a farm.

SUMMERTERY: Business is dead in the wintertime, too.

PALLORGATOR: One with a pale face.

HARROWINE: A patriotic farmerette.

PAROLETARIAN: A common man out of the clink.

FAUTHOR: A papa who writes a book.

himself is on hand in the House of Lords to see the bill through.

Fred Marquis's own education was comfortably attended to by his comfortable middle-class father, a Lancashire leather trader. First he went to a grammar school, socially a few pegs below the private schools that the English call public, but a good few notches above the schools that really are public. Then he attended Manchester University, where he probably got a better education, though less social prestige (about which he cared nothing) than if he'd gone to Oxford or Cambridge. Certainly he did as well as could be expected. He got the highest marks on record, became a Master of Arts, a Bachelor of Science, and was made Research Fellow on Economics—symbolic in its way for a man filled with curiosity about fellows and economics.

Only a few years after his period of exploration into the Liverpool underworld we find Mr. Marquis in the chairman's chair at Lewis's, Limited, a vast retailing institution with stores all over Lancashire. He wasn't trying it on, either; he lived there.

Of course he'd climbed there by easy stages. At least they were easy for him; lesser men might have run into a few obstacles. In 1912 he married Miss Maud Smith of Liverpool, who bore him two children, a son and a daughter. In 1914, having been rejected seven times for the Army, he became Secretary of the Leather Control. This led directly to the Controllership of the Civilian Boots Department.

BUT it was a trip to the United States that finally set him up in multiple chain-store business. His report on industry in this country was observed by the right eyes and he became personnel director of Lewis's. Then he acted in a very strange manner; he actually encouraged unionization, shortened the working hours, and established a minimum wage. After that, it was quite unclear to some people what madman ever raised him to the joint position of managing director and chairman.

His behavior continued to be odd to the point of quixotry. Once, during the depression—which he described as "those unhappy years when we allowed ourselves to fall into domestic and international incompetence"—he called a meeting of the staff to tell them wages must be temporarily cut, but that until they were back on the old basis he personally would take no salary.

Being the man he is, he couldn't resist the impulse to try to short-circuit the slump in a more positive way. He got together with his rich friends—for the most part co-directors of companies with which he was associated—and said, "I will have nothing to do with a contractionist policy. We are capitalists, with money, with reserves. Now is the time to spend them. I myself will go out in practice of an expansionist policy, and I believe it will be to the subsequent benefit of my shareholders and myself."

When he first became bossman at Lewis's he said he would see anyone, from the night watchman on up, who had a grievance. He carries on this practice to this day. He is said to be the most accessible of all His Majesty's ministers. And he never gives an order without explaining the why and how.

If life deals you a kick in the pants, it won't retard your progress, provided you stay on your feet. It simply means that you've been blocking the traffic.

The important thing to remember about Lord Woolton is that the man seems to have no sense of his own importance. Since Churchill has been Number One man in England there have been quite a few candidates for the post of heir apparent, but as far as anyone has ever known Lord Woolton hasn't even tried on Churchill's shoes when he thought no one was looking.

His slogan at the moment is "No political quick tricks." He plans "solid things that can stand the test of time; not vague promises about a better land."

He's a great man for slogans. He adopts and adapts any that are handy, and even makes up a few of his own, such as the Ministry of Food's "We not only cope, we care," and, during the African campaign, "Bardia before Beef."

He'll whisk a slogan right out of the Bible—or Mein Kampf or the Communist Manifesto. Göring's "guns, not butter" he translated into "planes, not bacon." That was when there were not enough ships to bring home the bacon *and* the planes.

Though no Socialist, he adopted a Marxian war cry, "To each according to his needs," and put it into action. His aim as food chief was that rich and poor should share alike, with babies, pregnant women, industrial workers, and soldiers, in about that order, getting priority. The first two got more milk, the others more solids. Although he tried to make Winston Churchill remove from a speech the statement that "the Army is carnivorous, the civilians herbivorous" (but Churchill wouldn't, he reported later, adding "You know Winston's love of beautiful words"), he did, in fact, cut the then almost inactive Army's ration by 25 per cent and increased the intake of the heavy industrial worker. This was done by means of the factory canteen, made compulsory for all factories employing more than 250 workers.

Right now his battle cry is less of a slogan than a manifesto. "We ourselves," he says, "have become a people controlled in our private lives. We pull down the blinds each night at the appointed time; we regulate our consumption according to a ration card. That is war. But a reconstructed England is not going to be like this. Clearly, as soon as the danger is over, the controls imposed for security reasons can go; but those controls that have been imposed because supply was not equal to demand must stay until these two economic factors approach the balance. If we should abandon too soon control of the distribution of food and clothing, the inadequate supplies would inevitably go to the people who can pay the most; we should have great misery stalking the land.

"What we must do is to maintain the balance between the brave new fancies of the idealist and the practical things which can, in fact, be done. A house to live in, a way of life that will give everyone and his children a chance to work, and happiness and health, and the opportunity to benefit themselves by their own efforts—that, everyone has a right to expect."

After he's fixed this up he intends to benefit himself by his own efforts once more and return to private enterprise. Lewis's, Limited; Lewis's Investment Trust, Limited; Lewis's Bank, Limited; Pryce Jones, Limited; Reece's, Limited; Royal Insurance Company, Limited; Martins Bank, Limited; Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company, Limited; and the Westpool Investment Trust, Limited, have been limited indeed since he quit his directorships to undertake his personal vendetta against Hitler. They can hardly wait.

THE END

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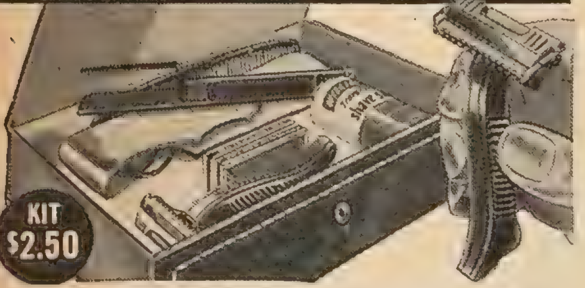

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THE DENTAL MAGIC OF FLUORINE

Continued from Page 18

answer, but first they would have to experiment on a broader basis. The water supplies of an entire city which previously had been fluorine-free would have to be artificially fluorinated. Until this was done to prove that fluorine actually would reduce decay in a community, any recommendations for adoption of a program on a large scale would be unwarranted.

And that's the good news for the country today. This precise experiment is being carried out in Newburgh, New York, and in Brantford, Ontario, each with a population of 32,000. The New York State and Ontario Health Departments are supplying one part of fluorine to a million parts of water, the proportion believed necessary to prevent dental decay and at the same time avoid mottled enamel.

While Newburgh's water supply is being artificially fluorinated, the near-by town of Kingston has promised to forego fluorine to produce a control group for the experiment. During the period of the test, 4,200 school children in both towns will be examined annually. Since the experiment is to cover ten years, some of the later groups of Newburgh children will have been drinking fluorinated water from birth. However, results should be apparent long before the time is up.

Meanwhile the citizens of Newburgh are perfectly safe. Chemists state that it would require twenty-five tons of fluorine daily to *poison* the water supply. Only about forty pounds will be used in the experiment. Its cost will be negligible, about $1,200 a year. A 50- to 65-per-cent reduction in cavities is expected.

If the experiment succeeds, fluorine probably will be added to the water supply of every city and town in the country. It can be added to drinking water in the same way that chlorine is added now. Only an additional chemical feeder is necessary, and one of these costs only from $250 to $350.

THE American public is footing an annual bill of $500,000,000 for dental care, and only a relatively small percentage of the population benefits by it. If fluorine added to water supplies really does defeat decay, this bill will be cut in half and dentists will have time for other, more important work. And the three fourths of the nation's population now going without dental care will reap the benefits of fluorine at an annual cost of approximately eight cents a person.

But that, you say, is for the next generation for the most part. How can we benefit from fluorine today? There is something in fluorine's bag of tricks to answer that, too.

Laboratory workers have made a striking advancement in fluorine therapy. Topical application of fluoride solutions directly to the teeth—that is, swabbed on—has shown promising results. The first reports were published in 1942, when Drs. B. G. Bibby and V. D. Cheyne discovered that topically applied fluorine resulted in a 50-per-cent reduction in cavities. Every three months for a year Dr. Cheyne swabbed fluoride on the teeth of twenty-seven children, aged four to six, from the underprivileged section of Indianapolis. All the children had decayed teeth. One year later, comparisons were made with nineteen untreated children, and the untreated were found to have twice as much new decay.

This method, of course, is much more expensive per individual than the process

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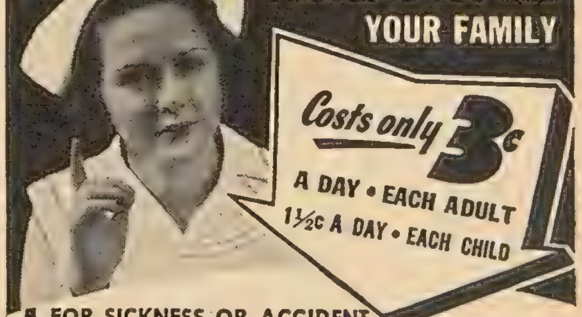

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of fluorinating the drinking supply, and it would take four fifths of the time of the country's 70,000 dentists to treat the entire population.

However, fluorine water plays its chief role during the first eight years of life, when the teeth are being calcified. Topical application affords a preventive measure for older people. Further, only two thirds of the country obtains its drinking water from a central supply. Topical application of fluoride could be the answer for the rest. And since fluorine in drinking water doesn't completely eliminate dental decay, people will continue to visit their dentists. Fluoride swabbed on their teeth would be an added measure in a rounded program of dental health.

Topical application is still in the development stage, but it is probable that most of us will experience it in our lifetime.

Still another method of curbing dental decay has been reported. It is the internal consumption of fluoride, probably in pills similar to vitamin tablets. Dr. S. G. Harootian, chief dental officer of the Worcester, Massachusetts, State Hospital, seeking an edible substance that contained calcium, phosphorus, and fluorine, finally hit upon beef bones, rich in all three. The bones were ground to flour and placed in capsules. He selected nine people who had suffered more than a normal amount of dental decay and fed them the capsules three times a day for nine months.

He checked their teeth monthly and found that the decaying process was stopped short. He drilled the decay from the cavity in a tooth of one patient at the start of the experiment. Although the cavity was permitted to go unattended and was exposed to food particles, monthly examinations failed to disclose the beginning of a new decay.

Today Dr. Harootian is carrying on his work with 115 individuals. For six months he checked them to determine the rate of decay of their teeth. Now he is giving them bone-flour capsules for another six-month period. While indications are that his efforts will be successful, we shall have to wait until fall for the final report.

Fluoride is doing a great job in other branches of dentistry. A paste containing 33 per cent sodium fluoride has been discovered which shows promise in the relief of toothache due to exposed dentine, the commonest cause of dental pain. Drs. William H. Hoyt and B. G. Bibby of Boston reported to the American Dental Association that "after short treatments, teeth that had caused trouble for years ceased to be sensitive."

The treatment has also been used with success in relieving the pain attendant on the filling of cavities. The cavity is first soaked with weak solutions of sodium fluoride; then the 33-per-cent paste is applied. No one has yet explained why sodium fluoride has this remarkable effect, and, since it is toxic, dentists have been warned to use the treatment with caution pending further study.

As a matter of fact, nobody so far has successfully explained why fluorine in water or fluoride topically applied or taken internally does its work. But as Dr. Dean told a group of dental authorities recently, "For generations scurvy and malaria were effectively controlled before either their causes or the mode of action of the prophylactic agent were known."

THE END

* * *

Somebody was telling us about the 1944 office boy who asked for the afternoon off because his grandmother was playing right field.

* * *

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BACK THE ATTACK—BUY WAR BONDS

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"EVERYTHING FOR THE BOYS"
Featuring men and women at the fighting fronts
Tuesday night . . . NBC Network

FUR OR FLEECE?

Continued from Page 30

trace the exact source. These tests have become standard F. B. I. procedure.

Only recently the Pennsylvania State Police consulted him on a murder case. The victim was a young woman. Analysis disclosed that a few hairs found on the trousers of one of the suspects came from a nutria fur. The girl had been wearing a cloth coat with a nutria collar the night of the murder. Confronted by this evidence, the guilty man confessed!

Today more than 120 of the country's foremost retail establishments employ Bachrach to keep them out of trouble with their customers. Two hundred fur dealers, dyers, and manufacturers consult him on complicated problems. A leading woman's magazine retains him to supervise its fur advertising. Federal, state, and city agencies constantly seek his advice, as do hundreds of private clients, ranging from "office wives" to queens.

By way of relaxation, he has found time to write several authoritative textbooks, to give a course on furs and fur merchandising at New York University's School of Retailing, and to act as liaison officer and expert for the Federal Trade Commission.

The inevitable question in purchasing furs is "How will this wear?" Naturally, certain furs are more durable than others. But irrespective of price or quality, wear is in part dependent on geography. Women know that climate can affect the health and appearance of their hair and skin. Similarly, it can affect an animal's fur. On both the east and west coasts and along the Great Lakes, where the humidity runs as high as 80 to 85 per cent, the excess moisture in the air is harmful to fur. In the southwest, a 20- to 30-per-cent humidity dries out the natural moisture. But in the central states, the 50- to 60-per-cent humidity is ideal for fur health. So if a woman in Arizona complains that her fur doesn't wear as well as that of her sister in Ohio, she should blame the climate, not her furrier.

George Wolfe

Here is another little known fact: Women ordinarily classify furs as "long-haired" and "short-haired." Actually, there are both kinds of hair-covering in every skin—the fur itself and the guard hairs. These latter are long hairs which enable the animal to shed rain.

Quality, price, and wear are greatly influenced by "the seasonableness of the animal"—the time of year the animal is killed. In midwinter an animal's pelt is in choice condition. Toward spring the fur hairs start to drop out. In summer the animal almost loses both fur and guard hairs, and his coat is very thin. With the approach of cold weather in the autumn, the fur begins to grow in again. If the animal has been feeding on protein all summer, the fur takes on a bluish tinge. The trade name is "blue pelts." Watch this point! A $750 mink, if it's a seasonable skin, taken in December or January, but obtained from southern regions, will lack the fine color and texture of a $5,000 mink; yet it may wear better!

IN the upper price brackets, mink, the orchid of the fur trade, is most frequently doctored. The natural dark skins represent the maximum values; so dealers sometimes resort to "blending." With a feather dipped in dye, they just touch the tips of the hairs of a light skin. The same thing is often done to sable and marten.

Blending is perfectly legitimate, provided the garment is stamped and advertised as blended. But when a customer pays for a "natural" mink and receives the blended article, heartbreak and disillusionment follow. Fortunately, by means of a microscope the deception can be detected.

Even women who flatter themselves that they know furs can be misled on this point. Last year a wealthy matron died, bequeathing to her daughter a natural-mink coat purchased only a few months previously for $6,500. At least she had told her family it was a natural mink. The estate appraiser estimated the coat at $1,500. The tax authorities protested that this was a gross undervaluation.

The daughter suspected her mother had been cheated, and called on Bachrach, who

Handsomely groomed hair *scores hit* with queen

Don't let "Bedeviled" Hair make you a social dud—

Handsome looking hair adds so much to a man's well groomed appearance. And how the gals fall for it!

No wonder those "hail-fellows *all wet*" with tousled or ridiculously plastered down hair often don't get the job or get the girl. Their 'bedeviled' hair makes them *bench warmers.*

SO TAKE THIS TIP! Do what thousands upon thousands of America's best groomed men do. Use Kreml Hair Tonic daily.

Then notice how much easier your hair is to comb — how soft it feels. Notice how Kreml makes rebellious hair lie down and stay neatly in place all day long — so *naturally lustrous* — so *handsome looking.* Yet Kreml *never* leaves the hair looking greasy or "pasted down."

Kreml is also very effective to relieve itching of dry scalp and remove untidy dandruff flakes.

Ask for Kreml at your barber shop. Buy a bottle at your drugstore.

Use Kreml regularly — for *a cleaner scalp* — for *better-groomed hair.*

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or refund of money if defective or not as advertised therein

KREML HAIR TONIC

Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy
Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp — Removes Dandruff Flakes

found by colored micrographs that the fur was blended. The daughter sued, but lost her case. Her mother had neglected to secure a detailed bill, with a full guaranty giving an exact description of the garment; so no one could furnish legal proof that the furrier had misrepresented the article.

Once a well known actress came to Bachrach in tears. Six months before, she had bought a natural-mink coat at a fashionable department store. Her sister admired the garment and tried to duplicate it. But no more copies of the model were to be had. Accordingly the actress went to a neighborhood furrier and asked if he could select skins of a similar quality and make up a coat for the same price. The furrier sneered, referred to her treasure as "a blended mink of inferior quality," and boasted that he could deliver a much finer article for the money.

Bachrach found that the coat was, as specified, a natural mink worth at least $2,500. The actress was overjoyed. She had purchased it at a sale for only $1,800.

Persian lamb occupies a prominent place on Bachrach's "trouble list." Genuine purebred Persian lambs come from the Iranian Plateau, 18,000 feet above sea level. The lambs are pelted shortly after birth, for they lose their tight curl as they grow older.

The demand for Persian lamb far exceeds the supply, so herdsmen have crossbred these animals with ordinary clothing-wool sheep from the lowlands. Experts can distinguish between the two varieties by appearance. But, despite the Federal Trade Commission ruling that crossbred should be labeled, people are often sold crossbred for pure Persian lamb.

RABBIT, or cony, is America's great mass-appeal fur, since rabbit coats can be had from $30 to $120. Approximately 42,000,000 bunnies from Australia and New Zealand, 15,000,000 from European countries, and 5,000,000 from the United States, annually help to glamorize the American girl.

Women often have difficulty with rabbit skins. When the animal is killed out of season, its hair grows unevenly. Furriers cut these bare spots out and piece the hole together with seams. These can be felt by running the fingertips carefully over the fur for rough spots. Of course the seams are plainly visible on the back leather, but this is covered with a lining. Some furriers will open up a few stitches of the lining and allow a customer to insert his hand and feel the leather. But if a woman detects many seams and bumps in a rabbit coat—unless it is a very cheap model—she should avoid purchasing it.

Fifteen million muskrats, 6,000,000 opossums, and 2,500,000 skunks rate high on the annual hit parade. The best muskrat coats are made of back skins. If they are cut and sewn together like mink—that is, "let out"—they will bring a higher price. The muskrat bellies, with softer, shorter guard hairs, do not wear so well and are made up into separate coats. These skins should be clearly labeled bellies or flanks, but unscrupulous dealers sell them as backs. Experts recognize the difference by touch and appearance.

Another common deception is to sell skunk-dyed opossum as skunk, which is from two to three times more expensive. The way to check is to examine the hairs. Skunk hairs come to a point. Opossum hairs are forked or split at the end.

The customers aren't the only ones with worries. Importers, dyers, manufacturers, and retail stores have their own griefs. A manufacturer complained to Bachrach that

(*Continued on page 72*)

ROPE – a tie that binds the Americas

The American Tropics now furnish the Western World with its essential rope supply!

WHEN the enemy invaded the Philippines—source of 95% of the manila rope so vital to our Navy and Merchant Marine—the situation looked black, *except for one thing* . . . 2,000 acres of abaca seedlings (manila hemp) were growing down in Panama, on an experimental farm of the United Fruit Company.

As far back as 1925 the development of strains of abaca suitable for the American tropics had been started in Middle America at the request of foresighted men in the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

To meet the great war demand for rope, the United Fruit Company expanded the abaca plantings at top speed. In this strictly non-profit undertaking the Company has been given full cooperation by the four Middle American governments involved. Today nearly 30,000 acres of abaca are flourishing in the American tropics. *Enough is being harvested now to meet the needs of our fighting and merchant ships.*

Never again need our hemisphere depend on the Far East for "sea-going" rope. This is now a tested member of the growing society of strategic crops in the Western World.

When the United Fruit Company's Great White Fleet is no longer needed for war service around the world—and the ships return to their Caribbean routes—abaca will find a place in their capacious holds. Together with other strategic crops developed in Middle America during the war—rubber, quinine, rotenone, essential oils—abaca will prove a valuable addition to peacetime trade between the Americas.

Great White Fleet

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

GUATEMALA ★ EL SALVADOR ★ HONDURAS ★ NICARAGUA ★ COSTA RICA
PANAMA ★ COLOMBIA ★ CUBA ★ JAMAICA, B.W.I.

Back the Attack . . . buy more War Bonds!

"NUMBER SIX O. K.!"

Continued from Page 20

then the last man in the plane shouted, "Number thirteen O. K.!" Down the row they came until I heard Taylor shout, "Number seven O. K.!"

"Number six O K.!" I bellowed.

We stood there waiting. I was suddenly conscious of a violent swinging of the plane. Evasive action! We were being shot at. Enemy planes or flak? Even machine guns could reach us, we were flying so low. Then came the green light. We were over the drop zone. Out the door went our first jumper shouting, "Follow me!"

I have no recollection of going through the door. I recall only looking out before I reached it and seeing a glare of bursting flak. One ball of red fire seemed to be right beside me as I was hurtled down in the propeller blast. Tracers were cutting red arcs through the sky.

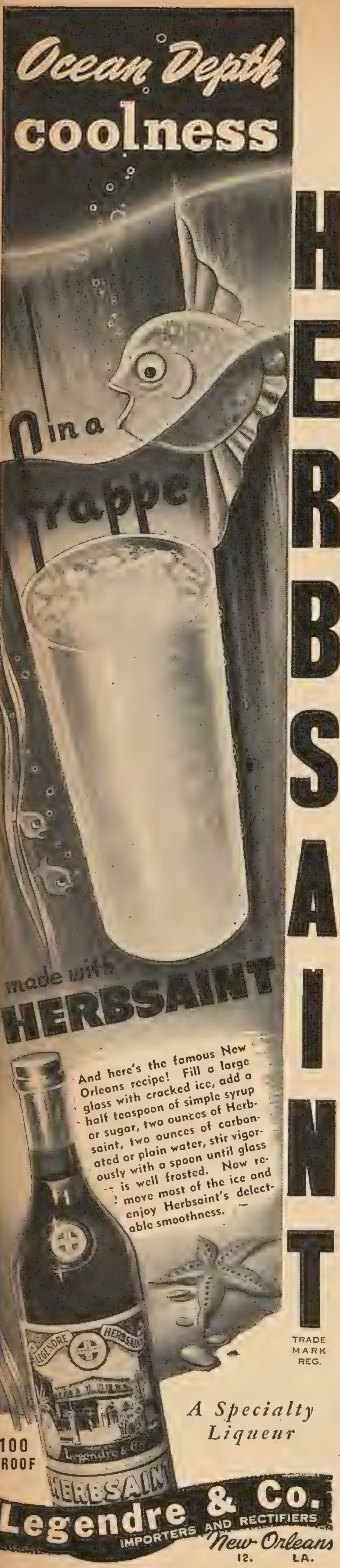
THE next thing I knew, my chute had snapped open, swinging me high into the sky, and then I was floating rapidly to the ground. I tried to look up and check my chute, but I couldn't because of my helmet and my equipment. I looked at the ground moving under me and I could see it clearly in the soft moonlight. Tracer bullets were following us down. I was swishing down backward, so I reached up, grabbed the risers, and turned myself around.

I was heading for an orchard and made no effort to avoid it. As I got closer to the ground I relaxed completely and waited. I eased into the ground beautifully and my chute collapsed gently around me. But I was suddenly terrified. Some one was firing a machine gun in the next field. I was lying on my back, fighting to get out of my harness. It was too tight! I couldn't unsnap it. I was certain that German gunners had followed our chutes down and soon would be upon me. I was a sitting duck—lying on my back in the open moonlit orchard, completely entangled in my suspension lines. Another plane formation went over. Maybe that would distract the men who were firing at us. The near-by firing stopped. Still I struggled frantically, praying for a chance to get on my feet, for a fighting chance.

I worked my trench knife out of the sheath strapped around my lower leg and started sawing. I cut the suspension lines, cut part of the harness. I tried again to unsnap the chute, and it came loose. I was free! I lay still a moment. Except for the machine-gun fire in the distance, it was deathly quiet. The sky still sparkled with occasional tracers and flak.

I twisted over on the ground, slowly lifting one arm and then the other out of the harness, and crawled to my feet. Then I sneaked across the field to a hedgerow, where I could get out of sight. I could recall no orchard on the map. Suddenly some one behind me startled me out of my wits by giving me the password. Two paratroopers were crouching in the moonlight, their guns trained on me. I stuttered every password I could think of, but in my panic I couldn't recall the sequence. I recognized them in the moonlight, but they thought I was a German sniper. I raised my hands slowly and prayed that they wouldn't shoot. They whispered a couple of questions and I told them my name and moved slowly around to face the moonlight. Then they recognized me. One of them was Hamilton. He told me later he thought I was a German and nearly shot me.

The paratroopers said they were going to scout down the road for the rest of our group and suggested that I post myself at the crossroads near by. They left, and I



And here's the famous New Orleans recipe! Fill a large glass with cracked ice, add a half teaspoon of simple syrup or sugar, two ounces of Herbsaint, two ounces of carbonated or plain water, stir vigorously with a spoon until glass is well frosted. Now remove most of the ice and enjoy Herbsaint's delectable smoothness.

Make
MARTINIS,
OLD FASHIONEDS
with RUM
Make them
BETTER
with

RONRICO*

Best RUM *bar none**

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free Copy. Ronrico Corporation, Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof. U. S. Representative: Import Division, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York City.

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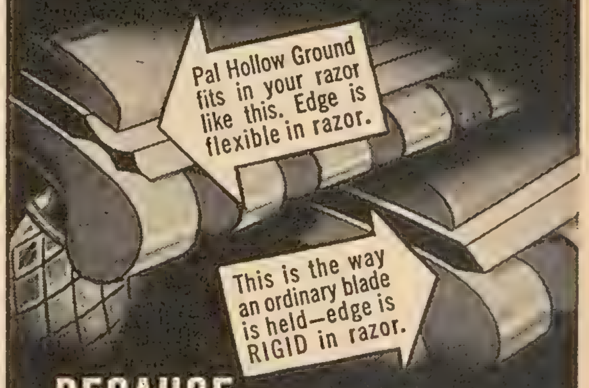
THE "BECAUSE" OF HOLLOW GRINDING


Pal Hollow Ground fits in your razor like this. Edge is flexible in razor.
This is the way an ordinary blade is held—edge is RIGID in razor.

BECAUSE Pals are hollow-ground, they're FLEXIBLE in the razor . . .

BECAUSE they're FLEXIBLE, in the razor, they shave with a "FEATHER TOUCH".

BECAUSE they shave with a "FEATHER TOUCH" they shave cooler and last longer.

PAL hollow-ground RAZOR BLADES
4 for 10¢
10 for 25¢

PAL
HOLLOW GROUND
PAL

DOUBLE EDGE
SINGLE EDGE

Fit all regular razors perfectly

moved along the dark hedgerow cautiously, but I was afraid to cross through lest it be mined.

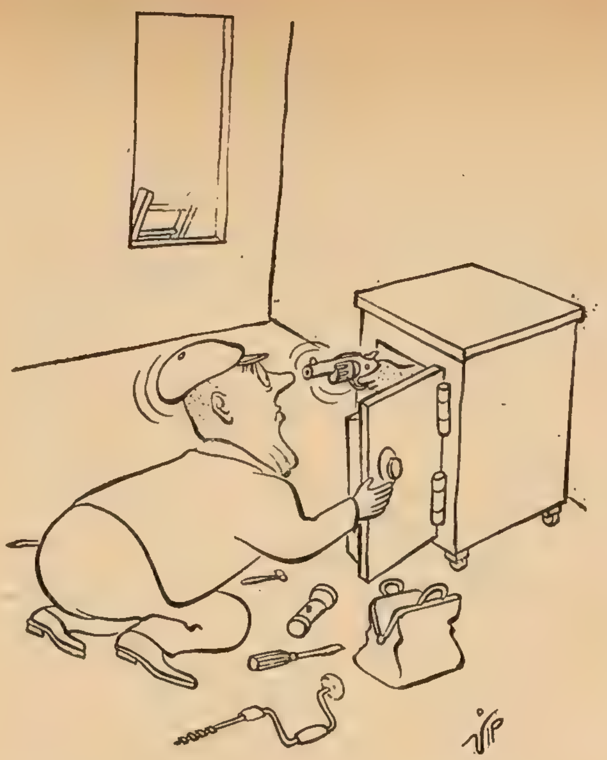
Finally I lay down on my stomach and dug out a small map and my compass. I wanted to know where I was. It seemed impossible that we could land in one small field in a foreign country in the dead of night and be able to orient ourselves.

I was poring over my compass when a shot zinged over my head. I darted through the hedge—mines now completely forgotten—and into a hedge on the other side of the road. Slowly I worked my way ahead. It was deathly quiet again, and every bush held terror in the moonlight. Just as I got to the crossroads I heard some one coming down the pathway and jumped into a ditch again. There I found myself beside our parachuting artillery general, who was keeping watch at this key point while patrols were rounding up our boys.

"Hello, Reuben. Glad to see you," he said with a broad smile.

Slowly we began to gather at this little spot. Elsewhere in this area of Normandy other groups were gathering the same way. At some places our boys were already fighting bitterly for their lives, many dying before they could get out of their harnesses and some shot while still hanging from trees in their chutes. Glider troops were shooting their way out of their wrecked craft. Many lit in the midst of German machine-gun nests, and scores cracked up on trees and poles. The fields for the next few days were filled with the dead and the wounded. And the Germans, caught by surprise, paid a heavy price that night.

One of our groups already had set up a light, visible for some distance, and was sounding a distinctive low horn. As soon as we heard it we started toward it. Other figures eased out of the darkness and joined us. Soon we were moving along in a fairly large group.



At the assembly point, things were better organized. Signalmen who had jumped with radios were trying to make contact. Operations and intelligence squads were gathering. The protective battalion was organizing guards and patrol. Soon we had a small command post, the first of the invasion, set up inside the lines in France.

Suddenly exhausted, I flopped by a tree. We were in France! It was hard to believe. I patted the ground, very much thrilled and feeling somewhat smug. I wished the whole world could see me—sitting in a field in France, surrounded by the enemy, but undetected. Soon the world would know that the long-awaited invasion had begun this night.

I was excited, but I was also desperately tired. At first I was afraid to sleep, but finally I stretched out as close to some soldiers as I could get and dozed fitfully. I was wearing long underwear, wool shirt and pants, field jacket and impregnated jump suit, but still I was cold. I hadn't expected this.

ABOUT 4 A. M. I began to hear people moving about me. Word came down that we were preparing to march. Legere, our jump master and assistant operations officer for the division—a brilliant major at twenty-six—and Captain White, General Taylor's aide, already had made contact with the enemy. They had been seen by a group of Germans who took them for French and asked them what they were doing out so late. Larry answered in French, telling them he had been visiting his cousin. While he talked he was pulling out the pin of a hand grenade. He threw it while he was still talking.

We started moving single file, several feet between us, crouching and stopping to listen regularly. Major Legere and our two generals were leading the way. Lieutenant Colonel Youlle, who headed what he had collected of our protective battalion, had charge of the men. I wondered if anyone knew where we were going. I soon learned.

We were divisional headquarters. Our original plan called for us to set up headquarters and direct operations of the 101st near Hiesville. But the staff believed that the battalion, which was supposed to drop near the strategic little village of Pouppeville and neutralize the German garrison protecting one of the main roads which our sea-borne troops would use in coming up from the beach, had missed its drop zone.

LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh Eveready Batteries

BUY WAR BONDS
GEORGE WOLFE

"Oh, but, Colonel, this time it really isn't a mouse!"

HOW MANY "Eveready" flashlight batteries are required by our Armed Forces and by vital war industries? Millions of them! Almost our entire output! This is the reason why your dealer may have to tell you that he hasn't an "Eveready" battery in stock the next time you go in to buy some.

The more War Bonds we buy the greater the quantity of better equipment our boys will receive to do the job faster. Don't forget that extra War Bond this week!

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER . . . Look for the date line →

FEB. 1945
EVEREADY
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY

The registered trade-mark "Eveready" distinguishes products of National Carbon Company, Inc.

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK

Some one had to secure that causeway. The general decided to try to do it with our collection of staff officers, headquarters company of specialists, and security battalion. We probably had 100 men altogether.

It was dawn now. The sea landings should be under way. I had been hearing bombardment and could see flashes in the air.

We weren't certain of our location, so General Taylor, who spoke fluent French, and Legere and I approached a farmhouse to make inquiries. A farmer and his wife came to the door, and I was amazed to find them not at all surprised to see us. *"Bon jour, monsieur,"* said General Taylor. "We are American invasion soldiers. Can you tell us the nearest town?"

The elderly couple acted as if they had an invasion every day. They told us that the next town was Pouppeville and gave us directions in a matter-of-fact manner. Many of our boys later were disappointed to find many of the coastal peasants similarly unemotional. I think they had been waiting so long for invasion that when it came it was almost anticlimactic. Later, as the significance of it became apparent, I found the vast majority of French jubilant over our arrival. And before we left this farmhouse the Frenchman gave us a bullet which he asked us to use on the Germans. He wished us good luck.

WE were plodding up the road, a column on each side, and, I believe, a couple of patrols moving up in the fields beside us, when I heard the first burst of fire. I hit the deck in a ditch near by like a veteran. Then slowly we moved forward.

I looked in a ditch and started. Four dead Germans were lying on their stomachs, each neatly shot through the head. They were still clutching their rifles. At the head of our column was an ace marksman, a former Indianapolis baker named Danforth, and he had carefully picked off each of the outpost guards of the garrison. They were the first war dead I had seen.

A group of snipers at the entrance to the town finally pinned us down. Others were shooting at us through the hedges. I crouched behind the shrubbery with the two generals while Colonel Youlle organized a flanking patrol to move into town. Major Legere, a short distance ahead, was exchanging fire with the snipers and started to move in closer to throw a hand grenade. A shot spun him around and he skidded into the dirt—shot in the leg.

"Help me, Tommy, I'm shot," he called to Captain White.

Captain White started across the road, but another burst of fire sent him skidding back to our hedge. Larry was lying at a spot protected from fire, but on either side of him was an open space down which the Germans were firing. We sent back a call for a first-aid man. First-aid men travel unarmed and are not to be fired upon. One came up, clearly identified with a large red cross on his arm, and scampered across to help Legere. He had just begun cutting away Legere's pants leg when a shot spun him around, dead. They had killed our first soldier—an unarmed first-aid man.

By this time we had captured our first prisoner, a young Polish lad who raced across the field to give himself up. He was pathetically glad to see us. Captain White suggested sending him out to get Legere, but he said the Germans would shoot him on sight because he was an impressed soldier. So Larry had to lie in the road until we cleared that section of the town.

The rest wasn't hard. We picked them off one by one, and when our patrols arrived at the opposite end of the town, the garrison capitulated. We herded about fifty prisoners into a garage and I tried to talk to them in my poor German. *"Hund,"* one kept saying to me, and I finally understood that he wanted to know if he could take his dog with him. He promised it wouldn't bite. The prisoners were meek and didn't show the desperation and fear characteristic of those taken in the violent and bloody battles we encountered later. One wounded prisoner begged me to tell "captain" that he was a Dane and not a German. Another, who was dying, told me they had expected us and, now that we were here, the war was over—"finis."

I sent out what I believed was the first flash of the war from France—"Paratroopers capture Pouppeville"—and I sent it by carrier pigeon, for we were still isolated, operating behind enemy lines.

WHILE we were reorganizing, some of our boys sighted tanks coming up the road. We were preparing for quick action when we identified them as ours. Our division was marching into France! The landings had succeeded! Here were the seaborne boys marching in! And they were coming up without opposition. Our airborne blow had cleared this causeway for them. Elsewhere through France, behind this landing beach, the story was the same.

The air-borne had struck swiftly, destroyed enemy installations, cleared a vital area so that landings were made on this beach almost without loss. And the paratroopers didn't stop there. They pushed on through swamps and forests, fighting every inch of the way. Many ranged for days behind enemy lines in small groups, striking lightning blows. The rest of the Cherbourg campaign is another story, but the airborne operations had made history and were to continue to make it. The paratroopers, deadly well-trained fighters, were to become dread terror to the German soldiers. They had struck the first blow and the invasion was on its way.

THE END

ONLY A ROOKIE BUT HE PUT THE "TOP KICK" WISE
SHAVING IN THIS COLD WATER IS NOTHING TO WHISTLE ABOUT, CHUM! WITH MY TOUGH WHISKERS IT'S AGONY
TRY MY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM NEXT TIME, SARGE. EVEN WITH COLD WATER, ITS "STAY-MOIST" LATHER SOFTENS TOUGH BEARDS DOUBLE QUICK.
THAT ROOKIE WAS RIGHT! EVEN WITH A USED BLADE, LIFEBUOY LATHER GIVES A BETTER SHAVE THAN THIN, FAST-DRYING LATHERS! KIND TO TENDER SKIN, TOO!
KEEPS WHISKERS WETTER MAKES SHAVING BETTER
120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE
TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM'S HEAVY, "STAY-MOIST" LATHER
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

WHERE WE AREN'T

Continued from Page 17

getting set to dive under. Captain Buckley dropped down to leeward of her for a look. Collins was collecting a crew. As the Nehemiah closed with the stranger, they could see Gogarty's lifeboat, full to the gunwales, tailing on a line astern. They made out somebody waving imperatively to them from the taffrail. The Nehemiah went up to windward again. It was still early afternoon, but the sky was graying up darker all the time.

"No!" Dan said when Petrovsky's voice told him a couple of the boys wanted to volunteer for the second mate's boat. "This isn't a jam yet. They've still got lifeboatmen. You stand by that gun."

"It ain't heroism," Petrovsky said. "These guys want a chance to get warm at an oar."

"Send somebody down to get a pot of jamoke," Dan said. "This ain't drill. Something can be rotten in the state of Sweden."

Mr. Collins and six men climbed into the lifeboat. There was a bad moment there when the boat surged high on a big top. Men fended off the steel side with frantic strength. They got the tackles unhooked in time and sheered away in the trough.

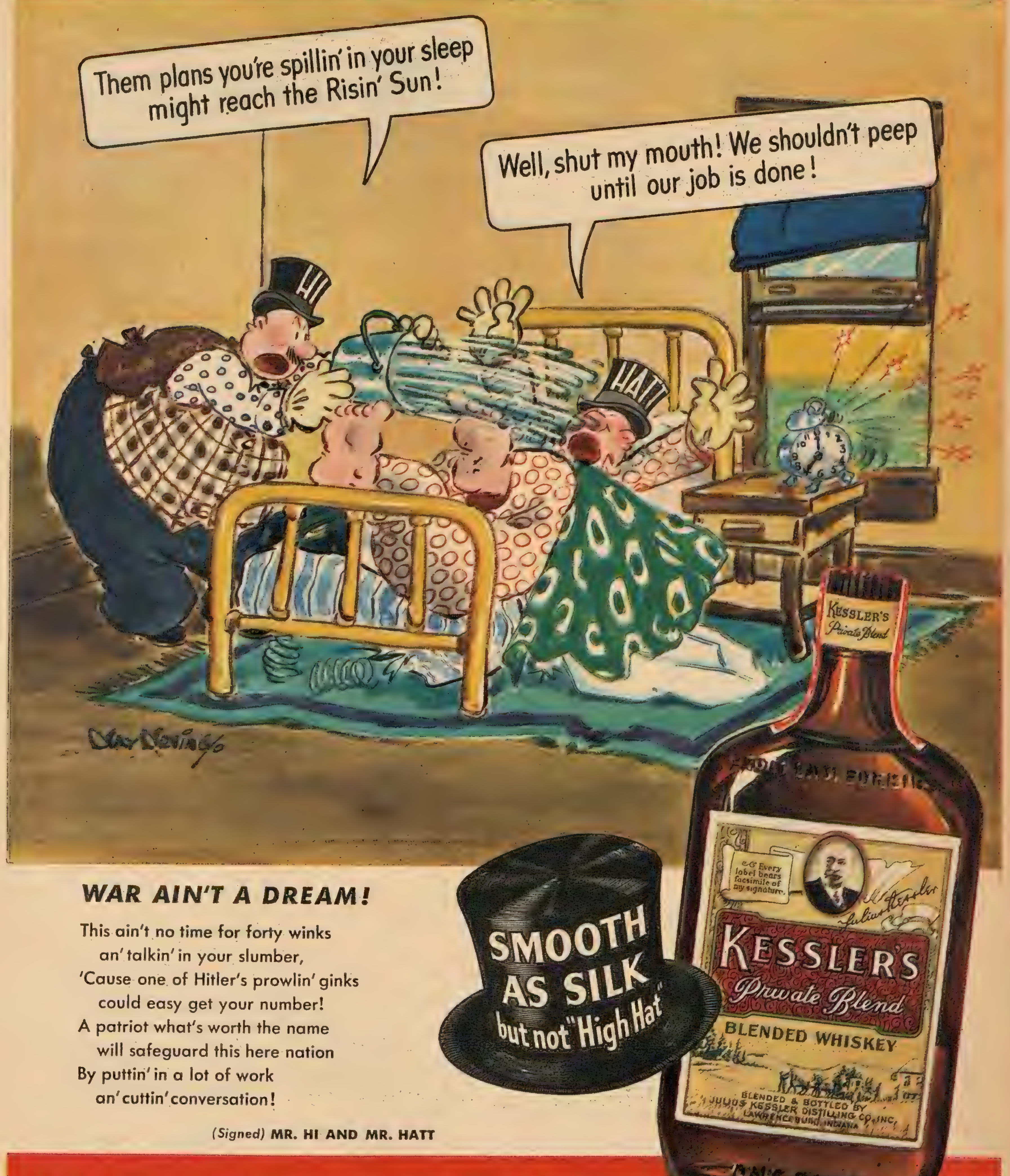
"With men aboard the Swede to help him make a landing he ought to be all right," Dan said aloud.

"Yeah, but it's goin' to be dark," Petrovsky said.

The waiting before had been nothing compared with this. A quartermaster stood by with the signaling lamp. The Old Man,

(*Continued on page 62*)

"Don't be asleep to danger!"–says HI to HATT


Them plans you're spillin' in your sleep might reach the Risin' Sun!
Well, shut my mouth! We shouldn't peep until our job is done!
HI
HATT
Jay Irving
SMOOTH AS SILK but not "High Hat"
KESSLER'S Private Blend
Every label bears facsimile of my signature.
Julius Kessler
KESSLER'S Private Blend
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JULIUS KESSLER DISTILLING CO., INC. LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA
ONE PINT

WAR AIN'T A DREAM!

This ain't no time for forty winks
an' talkin' in your slumber,
'Cause one of Hitler's prowlin' ginks
could easy get your number!
A patriot what's worth the name
will safeguard this here nation
By puttin' in a lot of work
an' cuttin' conversation!

(Signed) **MR. HI AND MR. HATT**

KESSLER'S

BLENDED WHISKEY

KESSLER'S PRIVATE BLEND. 55% Grain Neutral Spirits. 85 Proof. Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Incorporated, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

(Continued from page 60)

glued to the bridge rail, sent no messages. He had fourteen men over the side now.

"Five words a minute," Dan said to Big Mug. "Gogarty could do twenty-five."

"He wanted us to read it, didn't he?" Big Mug said. "Besides, his hand is cold." He laughed. "Also his feet."

Dan hung to the rail, almost as still as the Old Man. The Nehemiah kept on putting out the oil. Even if the white snow slackened and the gray air in which it flew should lighten, you still couldn't see from up here to windward how Collins was making out under the starboard quarter of the Swede. All you could do was wait. You had to keep the oil going. With a seaman's patience old Buckley was giving plenty of time; plenty of oil.

Dan ran over in his head the words of Gogarty's message. Why didn't he like it?

A blinker light showed, brighter now, to starboard of the dark blur of the Swede: COMING.

Men yelled as if their shipmates were already back. Dan knew why. They didn't like the look of that dark Svenska. They were glad their crowd was off her.

The Nehemiah went shoving down to leeward to pick them up. The quickened throb of her engines helped the blood to pulse in Dan's cold body.

Scowling suddenly, he punched Big Mug in the ribs. "There was no fight in Gogarty's message," he said. "And no joke, either."

"Hah?"

"It wasn't his style. Besides, he hadn't been aboard long enough to find out how fast she was making water."

"Well, he needed some out, didn't he?" Big Mug said. "He couldn't just say he didn't like it over there."

"Speed, five words a minute," Dan muttered.

The Old Man sent Hansen down to the main deck. Hansen started a gang draping the side with cargo nets, ropes, and a couple of boarding ladders—anything that would help a bunch of men swarm up the side fast. Dan stared down at that stuff dangling almost to the water.

Gogarty's suspicions pressed down on him. He walked over to the Old Man.

"Sir," he said, "could I bear a hand to string a few lights, a cargo cluster maybe, at the side?"

"Lights!" Buckley said. "They won't need lights to see this ship or get their feet on her deck, either."

"But, sir, this mess is sort of screwy, and we ought to recognize these men before—"

"Screwy!" Buckley was miffed. "What's the matter with you? Get out of my way while I'm maneuvering my ship."

"Sir—"

"Attend to your own command, young fellow, and I'll attend to mine."

He stamped to the wheelhouse door to shout an order.

DAN was feeling lonely. He didn't know how he fitted in with the merchant marine officers. Sure he was Navy. But he had no gold braid on his sleeves. He wished he knew how much water a gunner's mate, second class, drew around here.

"What's biting you?" Big Mug asked.

Dan shoved him away from the Oerlikon. "Go aft and chase all the boys down to get the rifles out of the rack," he said, "and bring me one. Plenty of clips."

"Rifles? Are you nuts?"

"I could be," Dan said. "But I command here and if I was an admiral, that order couldn't be more kosher. I'll repeat it to Petrovsky."

"Then what?"

"Form up along the starboard main deck by the boatfalls." Fervently he added, "But for Pete's sake don't shoot anybody unless I say so. Shove!"

"He's got a terrific swing—if he could only hit!"

He told Petrovsky. He chased the other gunners with the same command.

The Nehemiah was losing way. The boat was creeping in to the starboard quarter. The ship swung to give her a lee.

Dan ran down to the main deck. He elbowed through watching firemen and stewards and flung himself half over the rail to stare down at the boat. Men. That was all you could tell about them—men.

"Mister Gogarty!" he hailed. "Mister Gogarty!"

Somebody in the boat shouted, "Here we are!"

But no small blur of an upturned face showed in the boat. You couldn't tell. They were men; that was all. A bunch—maybe more than fourteen. The boat cut in sharply alongside. The slap and scuffle of running feet on deck came to his ears. Somebody shoved a rifle into his hands. The gang was here.

"Answer, Gogarty!" he cried.

"Coming!" said somebody in the boat.

"Stand by!" Dan choked. He gripped his gun. His eyes were on fire with the strain. You couldn't tell. "Stand by, guys!"

The boat rose up on a swell, lifting more swiftly than the ship. Faces below were upturned briefly and arms were grabbing for cargo nets and ladders.

From the bridge above came the Old Man's voice, thin but clear: "Is that another boat out there? Whose boat?"

Maybe it was only Gogarty's stove-in boat, cut adrift to clear the way for Collins. Dan hadn't time to think.

Six or eight men were on the ship's side, starting up. Below, a man bellowed. A thing about the size of a baseball came looping up from the boat. Dan batted at it. Cold metal. It fell into the sea.

From bow to stern the boat below blazed with sudden fire. Dan's ears stung; a screaming thing tore past his temple. A man sagged on the rail beside him; another man folded up. Dan was leaping back.

"Get 'em!" he yelled. "Nazis!" A head showed and a short-barreled tommy gun. Dan clubbed the head with his rifle butt. Two more heads appeared. A grenade burst in the middle of the massed crewmen farther forward. Dan staggered. Men poured over the rail.

The deck was a swirling mess. Unarmed firemen and stewards were surging forward and aft over wounded or dead comrades in bewildered fright. His own men's rifles were clawed and knocked aside.

Boarders, half a dozen men, shooting and clubbing, broke through in a compact wedge. One, shouting at the others, got open the door to the working alleyway. The engine room! Dan fired into that bunch. One of them went down. The others poured in through the steel door.

His rifle barrel was hit by a fleeing man's arm. As he tried to jerk the gun back on line, he saw along it another Nazi coming over the rail. He fired. Shots were cracking all around him. A group of boarders was edging forward. They'd be working toward the bridge.

Two of his men were plunging after the bunch making for the engine room.

"Let 'em go!" he shouted. He waved the two gunners forward. "We've got to keep 'em off the bridge—away from the Oerlikons!" he said. "Bust these Nazis on deck. Another boat's coming up! If we don't knock it out with gunfire—"

The two gunners broke toward the bridge. Dan fought and shouted, working forward for a look at the bridge. This deck was clearing. Rifles roared.

He realized suddenly that the Nazis had gone wrong in taking over the engine room. The surprise had not been complete. Those six Nazis were needed with the others to clean up Dan's men instead of bulling blindly away to obey previous orders. He had a chance if he did the right thing fast. But what? That second boat—

Petrovsky, steadied against the bulwark twenty feet aft, was firing unhindered, knocking off the stragglers of the attack.

GRIMLY Dan saw none of the enemy was fighting toward the big four-inch gun aft, the gun he'd always figured as his big ace in the hole. It was he, not the ace, that was in the hole. The tricky brain on that other ship had spiked his gun by grabbing those fourteen prisoners as shields against its fire. Now Dan, though his hitting strength was in that gun, was forced to fight a small-arms battle in his own ship with a third of the Nehemiah's toughest men prisoners over on the Nazi.

He gritted his teeth and shoved another clip in his rifle. In one spot, right here, he was holding them, the bunch who were fighting on deck and the bunch who were fighting forward to the bridge. Here the Nazis were thinning out. Under his feet the ship went dead. The Nazis below had stopped the engines only seconds after the Old Man up on the bridge had started them to run away from that second boat.

He looked over the side and saw the second boat coming shooting up from astern. Wearily he realized that the Oerlikons wouldn't bear on it that close.

Across the water a light began winking through a hole in the snow. He jerked up his head. It came from a porthole way aft in the poop of the enemy ship. A yellow flickering light, not white like a regular signal light. A bunch of matches or burning paper, with a man working a cap, or something, in front of it.

It was short and full of meat:

HIT EM WHERE WE ARENT.

Gogarty! Yes! Gogarty! He didn't have to sign it. Locked up, dead aft, out of the way.

He became aware that on deck here the fight was over. Old Hansen grabbed his arm. "The gang in the engine room—they'll sink us unless we get—"

"They don't want to sink us," Dan said, jerking away. "They want this ship or the food or oil in her."

He shot a look over at the boat closing up. He ducked back. They were cutting loose with tommies now.

"Down!" he shouted. "Keep shooting, Petrovsky—the bunch of you, as if we still had a hot fight here. Big Mug, cut those nets an' rope ladders overside enough so they won't bear a man's weight."

He swung around to Hansen. "You're a Norsky! Don't you know enough German to suck those guys into boarding with a rush?"

Hansen thought. When he spoke it was a roar:

"Mach' schnell! Mach' schnell!"

The boat closed with a rush.

"Make it 'Max Schmeling'!" somebody cried and yelled at his own wit. It was that dumb cluck Benny, the second loader. Dan cursed him and dropped to fumble at a dead German's belt. Some of these Nazis had grenades to use when the fighting got spread out. This one had two.

Men were jumping toward the rail, shooting down, jumping back.

Dan risked a quick look overside; pulled a pin from the grenade, held it, and lobbed it gently over the rail. Then he pulled the pin on the other.

"Heads down!" he bellowed.

The first grenade went off with a roar. Crouching as he tossed the other, he saw the cargo net slung over the rail suddenly break away and drop overside.

Nobody came up over the rail. The other grenade burst. He had another look.

The boat was in trouble. Oars scattered like jackstraws, men writhing around with a cargo net on top of them; water welling up through blown-out strakes forward where one grenade had landed. A bullet rang on his helmet. Somebody jerked him back as he swayed. Men below were pouring up steel to screen their re-forming for another try. But the wind was taking their boat sternward. It would be no tough danger—for a while.

HE became suddenly aware that all the men dead or out on that deck weren't Nazis or Nehemiah crewmen. He counted three of his own gang lying within ten feet of him. And stray Nazis loose all over the ship!

HIT EM WHERE WE ARENT.

"Gun-crew men, here!" he cried, crouching low. "Here—all hands! And keep your nuts down!"

"Them Nazis in the engine room—"

"There's one holed up in the port—"

"Shut up!" he yelled. "Shut up!"

They quieted down.

"Gun crew to the gun deck!" he shouted. "Aft, the bunch o' you! Give any Nehemiahs that want to fight your rifles. Petrovsky, get 'em to their battle stations!"

He shoved his own gun at Hansen. A fireman snatched at another.

"You got to change their minds if they come up out of the engine room," Dan said. "Get some men together!"

Dan looked across at that relentless ship. She must have twice the men they had. His eyes narrowed suddenly. Was he wacky? No! She was moving! He heard himself groan. Down by the head was a gag, a ruse! And her engines weren't broken down. Maybe she had some AA rapid firers she wanted to get into this scrap. You could hide those, like she'd hidden her boats, in the well deck, under tarps.

He glanced toward his own twenty-millimeters on the bridge. He could tickle her up, too, with those—

"No!" he said out loud. He started toward the bridge. "He's tryin' to split me up—keep me from playin' the big ace."

He cupped his hands around his mouth. "All Navy men aft!" he shouted. "I want a full crew on that gun!"

He ran up the bridge ladder. He'd have to know just where his shots went in this dirty gray-and-white weather that was soon going to be night. Exactly where—with those fourteen men under the poop.

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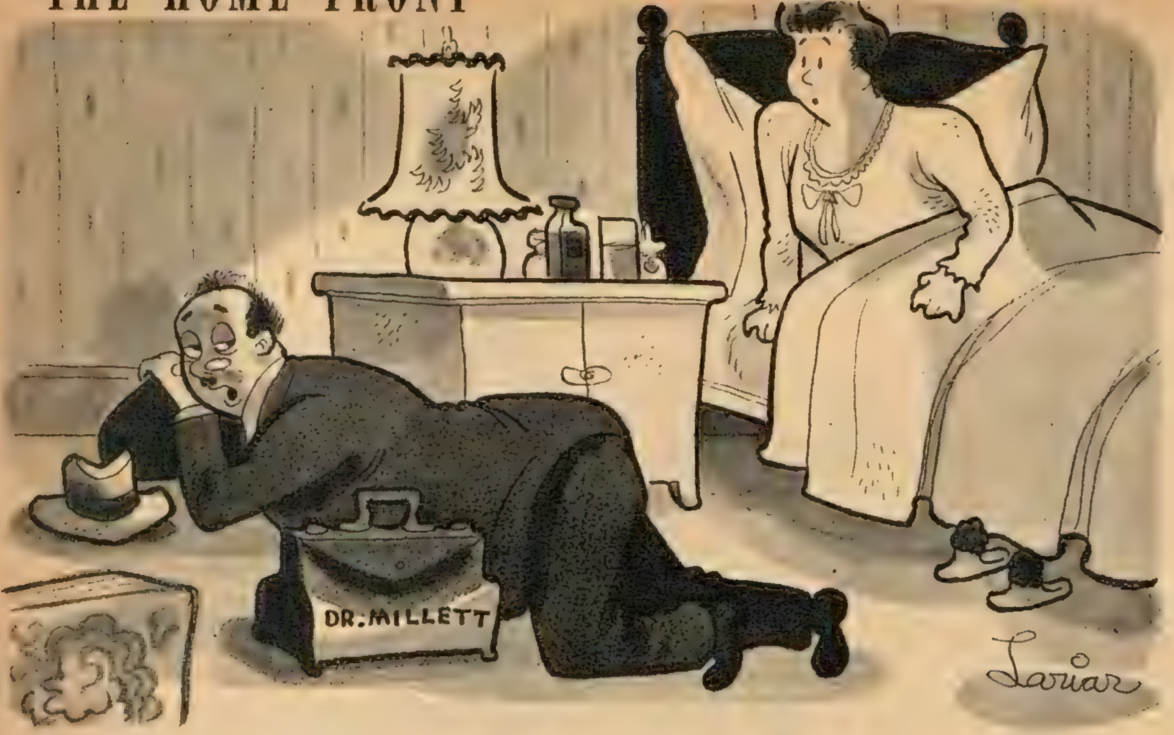
THE HOME FRONT



"Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Tucker. I've just *got* to have a few minutes' sleep."

There was a dead Nazi at the top of the ladder. The Old Man had a pistol in his hand, but he looked bad. Sort of dull.

Petrovsky was already on his end of the line. They did their stuff together.

"Range nine hundred. Declination thirty-seven." At this range he couldn't miss often. "Fire!"

The gun roared. An over. Well, he'd figured it might be. Gogarty and the others were heavy on his mind.

The Old Man rushed at him. "How about Gogarty?" he shouted.

"Rapid fire?" Petrovsky asked.

"No!" Dan said to Petrovsky. He brought down the range; stood on the declination.

"Gogarty's as safe as we are," he told the Old Man. "This is Navy business."

A white light was winking from the enemy bridge:

YOU ARE FIRING ON YOUR OWN COMRADES.

Dan grinned. Maybe he was on the right track. He'd read somewhere that a Nazi always spills over with moral indignation when he's getting licked.

"I can have the quartermaster signal to demand their surrender," Captain Buckley said.

"No!" Dan said. "I want 'em to think we're the kind that'll blow our buddies to hell with 'em. That's what'll register."

The Old Man blinked.

"Fire!" Dan said into the mouthpiece.

Blam! Dan's eyes popped. He had a hit—the first hit he'd ever scored in anger! The shell had burst in the bridge house, aft of the navigating bridge and chart-house. It had torn a big hole. Not too close to the poop. But sweat, cold sweat, was running off his face.

"Now we give 'em one a hair forward of that," he said to Petrovsky. "It has to be forward."

They got the figures set. "How's that boat doing aft?" he asked.

"Don't give it a thought," Petrovsky said.

The shell went screeching, by Dan's reckoning and the burst beyond, scant feet above the deck between bridge house and forecastlehead. Now they'd know he had their number. They'd know that when he wanted to put that ship under—

He glanced at the Old Man. Buckley, braced against the rail, lifted a hand to point at the Nazi. Blinker.

Dan heard the yells of the gun crew before he believed his own eyes about that slow winking from the bridge:

IMPOSSIBLE ODDS AND GROSS BRUTALITY TO YOUR OWN COMRADES FORCE ME TO CEASE FIGHT. GRUNAU.

"Impossible, hey?" Dan muttered. Old Man Buckley was pressing a hand to his forehead and leaving it to him. Dan motioned to the quartermaster.

Dan said, "Give him 'Surrender to our chief officer, your prisoner. If he don't—I mean doesn't—signal confirmation inside three minutes, we blow you apart.'"

"Yes, sir," said the quartermaster.

His lamp winked.

"The boys want to go after those Nazis down in the engine room, admiral," Petrovsky's jubilant voice said. "They can do plenty damage before we nail 'em."

"You don't," said Dan. "Stand by."

He hailed Hansen, down on the well deck with the gang, hunting Nazi survivors. "Send a prisoner down to the Nazis in the engine room to tell 'em their boss has quit. And tell 'em from us we hope they don't want to surrender, but we've got to ask 'em."

He had his eyes hung on that other bridge across the water. Suppose a fragment from that shell had gone through the poop? Suppose this sneaky Grunau played a fast one? If that boat aft should close up and keep a steady fire on the gun crew—

The light he awaited flared, brighter in the growing darkness, a fast stream of dots and dashes.

ITS OVER OVER HERE.

Dan took a breath. "That's Gogarty," he told the world. "In person."

Gogarty was putting it out:

GOOD FAST BLOCKADE RUNNER OUT OF OIL FROM SEEPAGE FUEL TANKS THROUGH NEAR BOMB MISS AND BUCKING WESTERLY GALES. WANTED TO BORROW OUR OIL. WILL HAVE TO TOW TO PORT. SHE IS FULL OF MACHINE TOOLS FOR JAPS BUT TO PRESERVE AXIS SOLIDARITY NO YELLOW MONKEY WRENCHES ARE INCLUDED.

"Yeah, that's Mr. Gogarty," Dan said.

Big Mug came to the bridge ladder. "Engine-room bunch claim they got a right to surrender under the rules of war," he said. "But—"

Dan sagged against the gunmount, feeling very tired.

"Let 'em win the argument," he said. "It's us that won the fight."

MR. GOGARTY gave up trying to get comfortable on his settee and looked out the side porthole in his cabin. Off on the Nehemiah's beam the ship with the Swedish flag painted on her freeboard kept pace under the command of Mr. Collins on the northward run to an Allied port.

"If I can teach you to shoot the sun like you shot those sons the other day," Mr. Gogarty said, "your skipper—I hope 'twill be me—will be able to get his nap without fear o' waking up halfway down Niagara Falls. The science of navigation—"

THE END

A MOST UNUSUAL SEASON

Continued from Page 25

So Sam Hartman comes into my office after the game and chews a couple aspirin and says, "There ain't a third baseman in the country between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five."

"I got a prospect," I say.

"Huh?" he gasps. "What's his name?"

"The name," I say, "is Mabel Sussman."

"No," he says, shaking his head. "No guy with a girl's front name could play ball in this league." Then he stares at me. "Mabel Sussman," he says, "*is* a girl. Moose Cullen's girl. The trouble with you is you been standing out in that hot sun too long." And he starts backing slowly away from me. "Don't take it to heart," he says, "they can cure most anything these days. Don't act violent. I'm your friend, Sam Hartman, and I'll take care of you."

"There's nobody else," I say. "And there's no law against it. Look it up. Besides, even if she can't play, it'll help the Moose."

Well, he ain't got any other solution and finally we go see Mabel and put it up to her, thinking maybe she will send for a squad car. "Why, listen," she says. "You haven't had a third sacker yet who could go to his left. Why, in high school," she says, "I was the best player they had, but the boys wouldn't let me on the team."

So we sign her up, but although there's no rule against women, we decide to play it safe and let the news out that we come across a promising seventeen-year-old ballplayer named Babe Hurst—this last being her middle name—and we get her a boy's haircut. And after a few days' practice she is ready to make her debut. I got to admit that some of the boys object a little, and there is a little locker-room problem, but we solve this by giving Mabel my office as a dressing room and keep Slag Carter at the door acting as guard.

We got our fingers crossed when we put her in a game, but in a baseball suit she don't look like anything but a sawed-off rookie, and her being built straight up and down helps, and the baseball cap completes the illusion.

The team we are playing naturally start to give her the business like they do any rookie, and Terry Plant leads off and dumps a bunt toward third.

The ball goes bouncing across the grass, and then I see a streak of white and Mabel snags it in one hand, and *pouf!* A bullet hits the Moose's glove three steps ahead of Plant. In his box, Sam Hartman grins and stops chewing his straw hat, and on first the Moose grins a yard wide.

"What a woman," he says—"I mean ballplayer!"

Well, finally we win a game. And while Mabel don't get any hits she handles third base like she seen it before, and what makes me happy is that the Moose finally snaps out of it, and on the seventh with the bags loaded, he pokes one four hundred feet over the right field wall.

So on we go and I think my problems

are solved. Mabel will never become much of a hitter, but she has a good eye and is so small she is hard to pitch to and gets walked now and again, and I don't care about the hitting because the Moose goes on a rampage and lambastes everything that comes within reach of his big bat. In fact we win nine straight games and are on top of the world when the Sox come to town.

The Sox go down in order to start the opener, and in our half of the first we get a man on and the Moose steps in. Eddie Sykes sticks his head out of the dugout and bawls, "Hey, Moose, what happened to Mabel? She ain't in the stands today. The fleet must be in. You know them sailors, Moose."

And the Moose grins lazy like and hits a fast curve in the middle of the break and knocks it clean out past the flagpole.

"Well," says Eddie Sykes, loud enough for me to hear, "the dope must have fallen out of love. That gag won't work any more."

BUT Eddie is not a guy to keep quiet, and between innings when he walks out to third he begins to ride Mabel, just giving it to a rookie like they do. And the first thing he does is put his hand on Mabel's cheek and say, "When you going to start shaving, sonny boy? You got a skin like a peach. You're a cute little thing. Pretty soon you'll be able to blow your own nose."

Now, we have instructed Mabel never to open her yap on the ball field, because the first time she talks it will be a dead giveaway, so she don't say anything, although I can see she has a terrible struggle.

She is up the next inning, batting eighth, and when she steps in the box, Eddie Sykes leans out of the dugout.

"Hey, ladder legs," he says, "ain't your mommy learned you to talk yet?"

"Who's he calling ladder legs?" growls the Moose, reaching for a bat. "I'll teach that blubbermouth some manners. I'll ladder-legs him—"

"Don't let that lug worry you," I say, hauling him back into the dugout.

"He's insulting a lady, the bum," roars the Moose.

"He don't know she's a lady. Siddown," I say.

Mabel strikes out and comes back to the bench with fire in her eye. "I'm liable to forget myself and get my hands in that bird's hair," she says.

"He ain't got any hair left," I say. "Forget him."

"I'll pertect you, Mabel," says the Moose.

And sitting there I get a feeling like this thing is too big for me, like a guy in a tar-paper shack must feel when he sees a twister coming across the plains. There ain't nothing left but the power of prayer.

And in addition to Sykes some fat-faced guy in a box leans out and with a foghorn voice begins hollering at Mabel.

"You ain't good enough to play in the Bloomer Girls' League!" he yells and he don't know how wrong he is.

But this is the first time the wolves in the stands start riding Mabel, and when she goes out to third Eddie Sykes gives it to her. I can't hear what he's saying, but I can see her blush, and pretty soon an easy ground ball goes right through her mitts.

They bunt her on the next play and she throws the ball ten feet over the Moose's head. Then the foghorn fat face in the stands turns on the heat and the Moose bawls at him to shut up.

"Now listen to that," says Eddie Sykes loud enough for Moose to hear. "Ain't that nice? Are you the nursemaid for this innocent child, Moose? I bet you even tuck the Babe in bed each night."

"That's enough out of you," roars the Moose, turning purple and charging across the infield.

I intercept the Moose just past the pitcher's mound and calm him down a little and protest to the umpire that I thought this was a gentleman's game, and ask him what he's getting paid for.

But of course I get no sympathy from the ump. "Nobody has insulted me yet," he says. "Play ball."

THE Sox got the rally going and on next play the Moose manages to get in front of a fast hopper and he makes the peg to third to cut off the runner. Well, the ball gets there in time, but something Eddie Sykes says makes Mabel forget about it. In fact she don't even try to catch it, but opens up her mouth on the field for the first and last time.

"That's no way to address a lady," she says.

And I am wrong when I say Eddie Sykes has no hair left, because he has a fringe, and it is long enough for Mabel to get one hand in it and hang on, while she is slapping him silly with the other. The Moose rushes over and is halfway there when the foghorn guy in the stands yells, "Kill the bum, Eddie!"

The Moose hesitates, then charges into the stands, looking as big as a Flying Fortress and, for all his flat feet, going almost as fast. And the last I see of the Moose is his back going out of the gates with the fat guy beating him to the exit by a short neck.

And the Moose is out of the ball game of course, and Mabel is out, and Eddie Sykes and three or four other guys who

(Continued on page 67)

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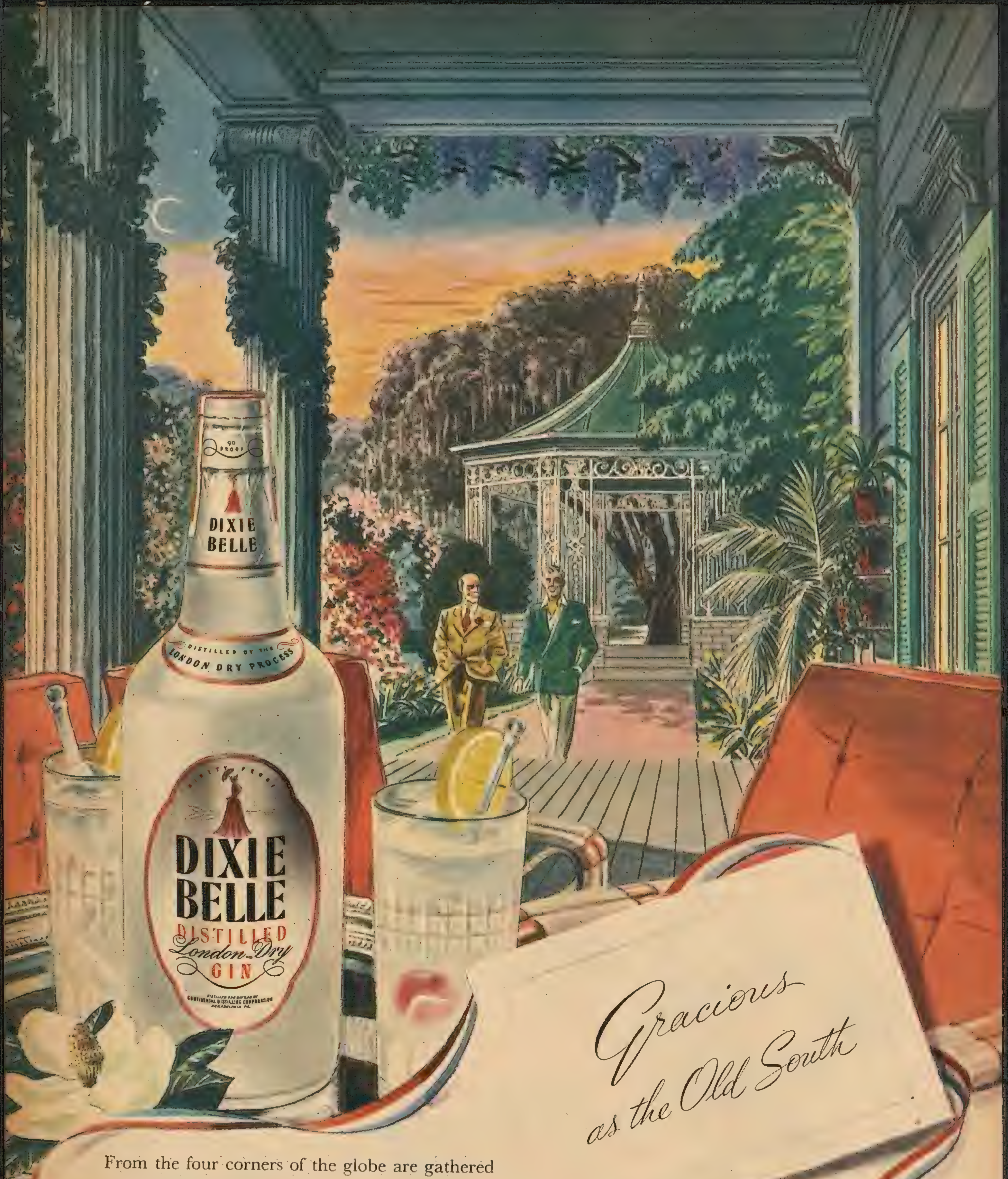
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(Continued from page 65)

start punching each other just to get into the spirit of the thing.

So we go on and manage to win the game anyway, and a couple hours later the Moose comes in our hotel grinning from ear to ear. "I caught him," he says, disappearing into the elevator.

Right away Sam Hartman decides to keep Mabel out for a few days, because nobody has caught on yet, so we give her a couple days' rest, and Eddie Sykes goes around looking very thoughtful and saying nothing, which is most unusual for him.

Then the last day of the series the Moose doesn't show up for the game, and I don't see him until seven that night, when he comes in the hotel with Mabel.

"Congratulate us," he says. "Kiss the bride. We got married."

So I say, "Well, Mabel, I hope you'll be very happy, although I am surprised you married a civilian."

"She didn't," says the Moose. "You remember that guy I chased out of the stands? Well, he's on my draft board, and whether he did it for spite, or whether it come natural, I'll never know, but I got called back for a re-examination. And I passed. I'm in the Army."

"His feet are much better," says Mabel. "The doctor said it might have been all that dancing that strengthened his arches."

"I owe it all to the little woman," says the Moose. "I'm sorry about leaving the ball club, but I got to go help my country; and I'm also sorry, but I can't let Mabel play with you no more. Ladies' softball teams are O. K., but the majors are not refined enough for my wife, especially without me there."

So there goes half my infield. And that night I give a short interview to the press saying that baseball will carry on under all obstacles, and when they ask what happens to Babe, I say the Babe went home to the family and retired, which is not out of line either.

And that night I am musing in a lobby chair when Eddie Sykes comes along, and he looks pretty good now, with most of the scratches healed.

"Too bad you had to let that little third baseman go," he says.

"Wasn't it?" I say.

"Nicknamed Babe," he says very casual. "What did you say the first name was?"

"I didn't say," I tell him, looking him straight in the eye.

"Oh, well," he says, "it's a most unusual season, like they say in California."

So I don't know if he knows or not. But I got suspicious. Because he sends them a very fancy cut-glass candy dish for a wedding present and on the card he writes, "To Moose and Mabel, from Eddie Sykes, your old pal, first, third, and always."

THE END

Junco birds, when flying, flash the letter V continually with their white outside tail feathers. . . . At Fort Myers, Florida, there is a tame pelican which takes its meals at a local fish market, consuming about ten pounds of fish daily. . . . When snow covers the ground, birds find insects in the bark of trees. They also feed on soft parts of seeds. . . . The pigeon is the only bird that drinks by suction. . . . The eagle and the hawk have more powerful eyesight than any other animal. . . . Hummingbirds cannot walk. . . . Dragonflies have six legs but cannot walk. . . . The hummingbird is the only bird that can fly backwards.

G. I. GENERAL STORE

Continued from Page 23

two big rooms full of Italian paintings, jewelry, and cameos and offers a special wrapping and mailing service for the troops. The PX in Karachi, India, has one counter devoted exclusively to precious stones.

So it goes all round the world. A PX opened in Rome eight days after the city fell—and forty-eight hours later was handling souvenirs. In the Pacific, when the natives on one island jacked up the price of grass skirts, the PX began stocking this popular item and quickly shook the price down to one fifty. West Indies PXs sell an orchid made of Venezuelan gold—fifty dollars. At Accra, on Africa's Atlantic Coast, the PX frequently gets a C-47 plane, flies it across Africa, Asia Minor, and Iran to Karachi and back for a load of Indian goods—a 10,000-mile trip—so the troops can buy gifts for their mothers, wives, and girls.

The Cairo PX gets out a catalogue so its branches will know what souvenirs are available. It sends to Palestine for Bibles, rosaries, crosses, and other religious articles. It procures brocades, tablecloths, and filigree jewelry from Syria, bracelets from Iraq, brassware from India, native-carved ebony from Nigeria. It has sold the troops $100,000 worth of ivory and more than 1,000 crusaders' jackets—velvet affairs which John Doughboy sends home to his girl. This PX buys dolls and toy animals from the wounded in hospitals and brings in cigarette holders —nine different styles—from Eritrea.

EUROPEAN refugees in South America make a living manufacturing wallets, handbags, and jewelry for our soldiers. In Rio de Janeiro two sisters who had more than a thousand employees back in Prague, today have ten Brazilians working in their home, making handbags. The PX takes their entire output. Some time ago the PX officers found our troops were buying handbags whose style would not please the women back home. They were old-fashioned. The officers called on the manufacturers, sketched ten different styles, and in a few weeks had the Brazilian shop turning out bags with Fifth Avenue zip. Similarly, in Naples the PX refused to stock the Italian silk stockings that were abundant. Its experts knew the stockings were so heavy that American women wouldn't wear them.

Since the summer of 1942, Army Exchange Service has been running a tremendous mail-order business. Each year 10,000 catalogues, with full-color pictures of flowers, candy, perfume, dolls, jewelry, and such, are sent to overseas PXs. An infantryman in Italy or an engineer in New Guinea can thumb through the catalogue, pick the gift he wants, pay the PX, and give the address to which he wants it sent. AES takes care of everything else. Last Christmas brought in 360,000 orders. The first six months of 1944 produced 840,000, and AES estimates 1,600,000 will come through this Christmas alone. About 65 per cent of the orders are for flowers—everything from a gardenia corsage to fifty dollars' worth of orchids. When this service was being planned, mail-order experts advised AES to be prepared for 2 to 3 per cent of wrong addresses. Actually, the errors have amounted to less than one half of 1 per cent.

The nerve center of the vast PX network is AES headquarters in Washington and New York. Most of the work is done in a prosaic office building half a block from Fifth Avenue. AES sets the policy

(Continued on page 69)

GOOD BYE Smoke Smudge
IODENT
REMOVES IT SAFELY

Choice of two textures—Safety guaranteed—Made by a Dentist. Bears Good Housekeeping Seal. Gently cleans away even tobacco smudges. Restores natural enamel lustre. Delightful, refreshing flavor. Use Iodent and you'll smile with confidence.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

WHICH IODENT DO YOU CHOOSE?
IODENT NO. 1
FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN
PASTE OR POWDER
IODENT NO. 2
FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

Marlin
HIGH SPEED BLADES
ZIP OFF WHISKERS LIKE MAGIC
EIGHTEEN FOR 25¢
TRY MARLIN SHAVE CREAM
Lather or Brushless

AMERICA'S GREAT BRANDY
84 PROOF
Aristocrat BRANDY
Aristocrat
FRUIT INDUSTRIES, LTD., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Which Deodorant wins your vote?

☐ CREAM? ☐ POWDER? ☐ LIQUID?

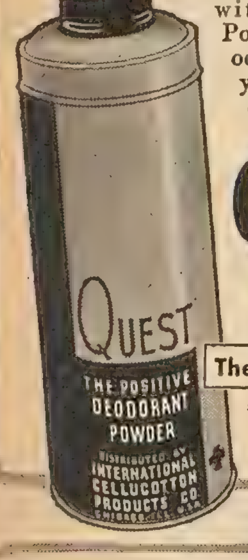
For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for *one* purpose—important to *you* and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, *a powder* is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

There is ONE Powder

. . . created especially for this purpose —QUEST* POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex* Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your *sure* way to avoid offending.


QUEST
THE POSITIVE DEODORANT POWDER
DISTRIBUTED BY INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO.

QUEST POWDER

The Kotex Deodorant

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

CRAMPS?

Curb them each month with . . .

Kurb TABLETS

Kurb
12 tablets
Kurb

A KOTEX PRODUCT

COMPOUNDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE!

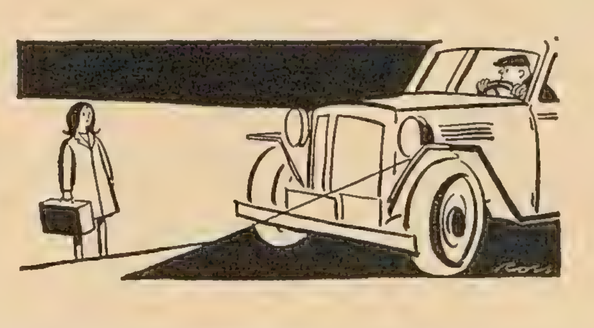
Take KURB tablets only as directed on the package and see how KURB can help you!

Good for headaches, too

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

CASUALTIES ON THE HOME FRONT: The Community Service Society of New York reports the case of fifteen-year-old Joan who left an unhappy home to seek a life of her own. It was three o'clock one morning when a benevolent truck driver saw her standing beside the highway, complete with suitcase. He took her home to his wife and daughter in New York, and later called the society. With Joan's consent, a social worker got in touch with her parents, who were relieved to know she was safe, and agreed to let her stay in a New York girls' residence where she would receive help in making plans for the future. She often visits her "first friends," the truck driver's family.



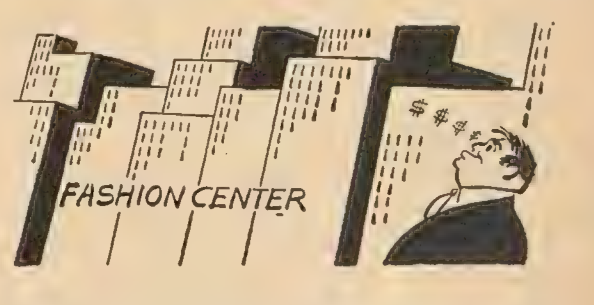
Unfortunately, there are thousands of children whose homes have been wholly or partially broken up because of the war, or who are spiritually, if not physically, neglected by parents immersed in war work. In a large New York department store, two sixteen-year-old girls were recently caught after four weeks of methodical stealing of merchandise. Their parents paid the $177 they owed the store, but it won't be easy to erase the shame for either the parents or the children. The head of the department who caught up with the girls and exposed their shrewd system of stealing says he is shocked and baffled at today's crop of youngsters, and his experience indicates the girls are more lax than the boys. He isn't sure whether it is because of neglect by parents, or because the war has fostered a here-today-and-gone-tomorrow philosophy and a let's-gather-rosebuds-while-no-one-is-looking slant on life.

Dr. Leslie E. Luehrs, a New York psychiatrist, says, "Robinson Crusoe, solitary on his desert island, could do as he pleased. But as soon as his man Friday appeared, Crusoe was a member of society and had to curb his own desires. Any neglect or violation of duty and responsibility is, in essence, delinquency, and all of us are guilty in some degree. Each time we put selfish desires ahead of the rights of others we are delinquent. . . . Too many parents indulge in careless habits which the children imitate. They lie, use bad language, lose their tempers, avoid responsibility, and then punish their children for doing the same things. During the early years of a child's life his parents serve as models of behavior, and if we see a fault in our children, it is well to look at ourselves to discover whether we may not have the same fault. A child's serious misconduct may be only an enlargement upon the minor delinquencies of his parents."

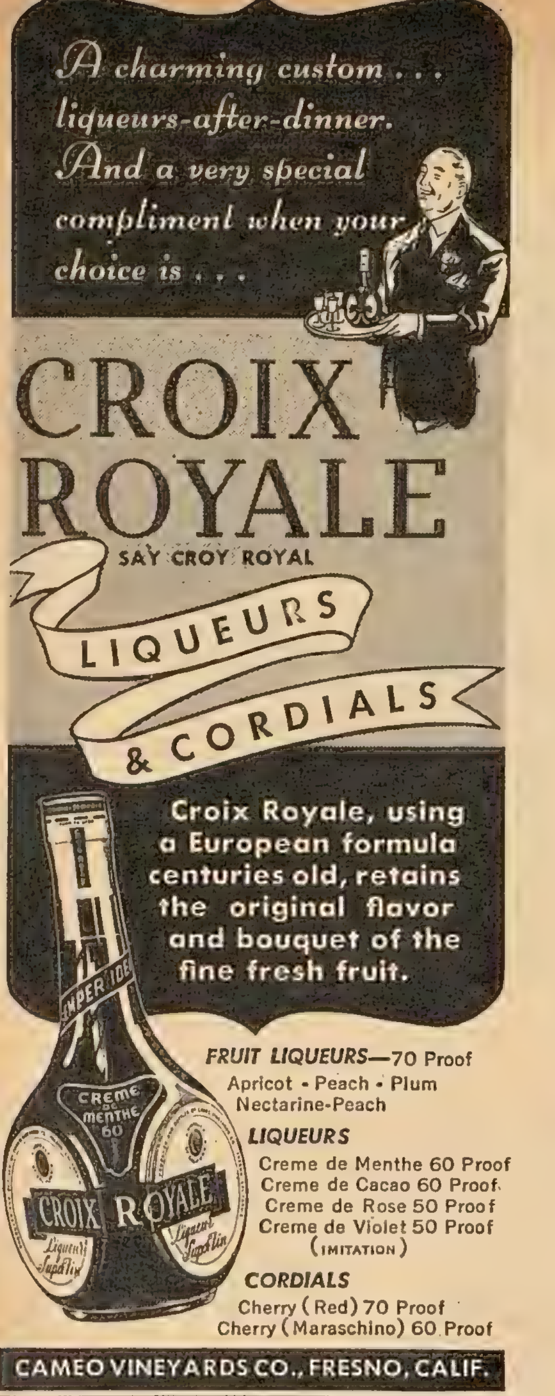
HE'S POPULAR, TOO: Corporal Harry Lamotte of Springfield, Massachusetts, is an Army cook who did so well by his sixty airmen when they were in England, that when they arrived in France they sent a special request for Lamotte to follow. The C. O. had him transported by plane. Said Lamotte, "I hope the boys have something for me to cook. I didn't bring anything with me."

MORE, PLEASE: The Citizens' Committee for the Army and Navy, at 36 East Thirty-sixth Street, New York City, thanks Liberty readers for their generous gifts of books and magazines which followed mention on this page of the committee's work on behalf of soldiers and sailors. Now they need all sorts of games, from tiddlywinks to badminton. Anyone with equipment gathering moss will find a welcome home for it through the Citizens' Committee.

SMART SHOWMANSHIP: A large New York department store is featuring in its Midsummer Furniture Show, "Problem Rooms" and a "Package House." The package house is one that starts from a model designed for bride and groom and grows from their one bedroom to a five-bedroom home by adding rooms as needed, with the help of an architect who has foresight enough to suspect optimistically that some couples do rear big, old-fashioned families. The problem rooms exhibit the "before and after" aspects of homes. One problem room shows Junior dissatisfied with his sleeping arrangements because of his roommate, Baby Brother. The solution room shows Junior happy in the upper berth of a double-decker bed, Baby Bro safely vegetating in the lower.



FASHION IS A BUSINESS: At a recent luncheon at the Waldorf, Mayor LaGuardia confessed he had never been hampered by an inferiority complex; also that he was Mayor of New York, not of Paris, and was therefore interested in seeing New York the world's fashion center. His job, said he, consisted of cleaning the streets, collecting garbage, putting out fires, and collecting taxes. Adding that cemeteries do not pay taxes, he remarked that he had no intention of being the mayor of a dead city, but was going to see to it that New York continued to be the business center of the world, and that since fashions paid taxes, he would be very glad to help make it the world's fashion center. Twenty years from now he wanted the city to be in such shape that his little son, at maturity, would never hear friends say, "Your old man must have been a dope."



A charming custom . . . liqueurs-after-dinner. And a very special compliment when your choice is . . .

CROIX ROYALE

SAY CROY ROYAL

LIQUEURS & CORDIALS

Croix Royale, using a European formula centuries old, retains the original flavor and bouquet of the fine fresh fruit.

FRUIT LIQUEURS—70 Proof
Apricot • Peach • Plum
Nectarine-Peach

LIQUEURS
Creme de Menthe 60 Proof
Creme de Cacao 60 Proof
Creme de Rose 50 Proof
Creme de Violet 50 Proof (IMITATION)

CORDIALS
Cherry (Red) 70 Proof
Cherry (Maraschino) 60 Proof

CAMEO VINEYARDS CO., FRESNO, CALIF.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

EYES OVERWORKED? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away you feel it start to cleanse and soothe your eyes. You get—

QUICK RELIEF! Murine's 7 scientifically blended ingredients quickly relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Safe, gentle Murine helps thousands—let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • REFRESHES

★ *Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps* ★

(*Continued from page 67*)

for all PXs, acts as buyer, banker, and shipper for those overseas. The three top men are General Byron, Colonel Francis R. Kerr, and Colonel R. Parker Kuhn—all West Pointers who were successful in business.

One policy is to keep prices and profits down. The Attu PX serves a half-pound hamburger with coffee for ten cents. At the Bermuda PX ice cream costs ten cents a pint; cigarettes, forty cents a carton; and a milk shake with two scoops of ice cream, a nickel. Hot dogs are two for five cents in Greenland. Still, the PXs get along without government appropriations to operate exchanges. They pay their own way, including not only the clerks in the PXs but also the civilian employees at AES headquarters.

Even then there are profits. They are all turned over to G. I. Joe in one way or another. In one war theater the funds bought uniforms and equipment for 350 baseball teams; in another, $70,000 worth of books. Some PXs give the profits from souvenir sales back to Joe by selling him cigarettes and candy below cost.

General Byron is no armchair brass hat. He must see things for himself. He has visited every war theater. He stopped adding up his war mileage when it reached 117,000. On one inspection trip he noticed soldiers couldn't buy fruit juices. He wired home, borrowed $6,000,000 from the Defense Supplies Corporation, and threw it all into juices in individual-size cans.

WHEN the first proofs of the gift catalogue were shown to General Byron, his reaction was characteristics. "What—no flowers?" he asked, remembering how, when he went to France in 1918, he had left orders with a Hagerstown, Maryland, florist to send flowers to his mother, wife, and daughter. Flowers were listed in the catalogue, and they outsold all the other gifts combined.

In the Pacific, when General Byron asked whether PX supplies had reached Tarawa, he was told, "Everything is taken care of." Suspecting it had been taken care of on paper, he persisted, and was told "Don't worry—it's being handled." He kept on—and eventually found Tarawa's PX supplies on an island 700 miles away. "The general made some changes," say subordinates dryly. Things go better now, but the general still has to be shown. In England, a few weeks before D Day, he asked about PX supplies for the invasion. He was told they were waiting in warehouses. "What warehouses?" he demanded. "Come on—let's go look them over."

PX officers sit in with invasion planning staffs, but usually the PX doesn't open until there are docks to land the supplies on and a place with a lock and key to keep them in. During the interval the quartermaster issues cigarettes, candy, chewing gum, and such. The PX officer with the Fifth Army improved on that by setting up a PX base to which companies could send jeeps and trucks to load up with supplies for front-line infantrymen.

With all its ingenuity, however, the AES can't always meet the soldiers' demands. On Bougainville one company, of some 200 men, requested 10,000 candy bars—a whole regiment's quota. In China, where PX supplies have to be flown over the Himalayas, a PX received one pen for every 1,500 men, one lighter for every twenty-seven men, one tube of tooth paste for every fourteen men. The PX met the situation with a lottery, the winners being permitted to buy. In overseas queues or lotteries the PX rule is that officers and men share alike.

But headquarters has really been stumped only once—when a PX in the

(*Continued on page 72*)

To be "IN RHYME WITH TIME"

Ask Your Favorite Shop To Show You

Kingston Watches

Beautiful examples of perfect precision, Kingston Watches for men and women, *$19.50 to $1000.*, always "In Rhyme with Time."

Kingston Watch Company
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Manufacturers & Importers

CARELESS TALK CAN BE PIECED TOGETHER BY THE ENEMY

CAT'S PAW *non-slip* Rubber Heel & Sole

LAST WORD IN QUALITY

SKIN SUFFERERS!
Greaseless, medicated ZEMACOL relieves itching and burning of . . .
ECZEMA
ATHLETE'S FOOT
POISON IVY or OAK
CHIGGERS
MOSQUITO BITES
HEAT RASH
SUNBURN, WINDBURN
PRICKLY HEAT

ZEMACOL Doesn't Show

Why add unsightliness to discomfort? Soothing ZEMACOL doesn't show on the skin, mess your clothing or interfere with your daily work.

- ✓ Like an invisible bandage—it protects but doesn't show.
- ✓ **ANTISEPTIC** — fights the development of infection.
- ✓ **GERMICIDAL** — kills germs and bacteria on contact.
- ✓ **FUNGICIDAL**— kills fungi on contact, including those found in so many cases of Athlete's Foot.
- ✓ Your druggist will refund your full purchase price if you are not satisfied.

Zemacol*

Relieves Itching and Burning

* T.M. Reg. U.S.Pat.Off.

Norwich*

Makers of Unguentine* and Pepto-Bismol*

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

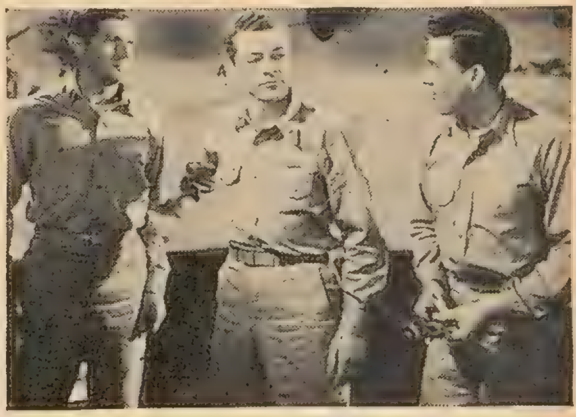
Pilot William Eythe gets his come-uppance from Don Ameche for ignoring orders.

A WING AND A PRAYER

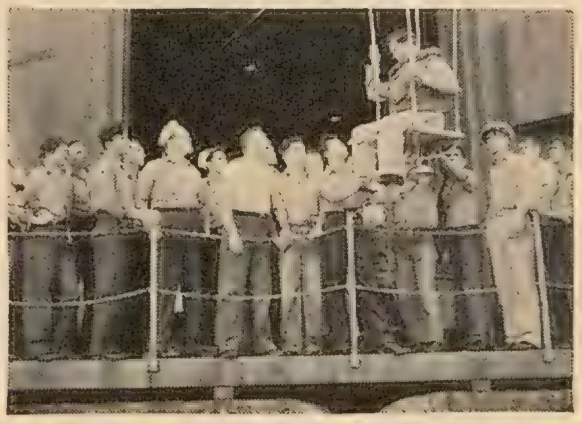
(Twentieth Century-Fox)
Don Ameche, Dana Andrews, William Eythe

THIS all-male picture of life aboard an aircraft carrier is not so much a dramatic presentation as a cinematic chunk of wartime activity. An abundance of technical detail, action, and a fine-looking lot of young he-men moving purposefully about create a remarkably realistic atmosphere. Amid all this there are some wandering threads of human interest—and several familiar faces show up under the official headgear. The most surprising of these is the grim countenance of Don Ameche, who plays a hard-eyed flight officer with never a sideward glance. Dana Andrews, William Eythe and Kevin O'Shea make handsome, credible fliers. Starting shortly after Pearl Harbor, the flat-top cruises anxiously about the Pacific, acting as a decoy. Despite continuity lacks, the whole thing is chockful of action, authenticity, and interest—if you're not tired of war pictures by now.

1 The carrier crew knows what to expect when fliers don't obey signals. Looks like a crash landing this time.



2 Not allowed to fight Japs, the fliers quarrel among themselves. Dana Andrews restrains Kevin O'Shea and William Eythe.



3 Ace O'Shea, who seems to have lost his grip, is fished up out of the sea and brought aboard the carrier after a fiasco.

4 One of the pilots (William Eythe) is a former movie star. The boys below decks have a field day reading his fan mail.

MR. WINKLE GOES TO WAR

(Columbia)
Edward G. Robinson, Ted Donaldson, Ruth Warrick

SOMEHOW this saga (better titled Edward G. Robinson Goes to War) takes on the validity which that competent actor usually manages to impart to even the tritest role. There's nothing very original about the story—the induction of a forty-four-year-old bank clerk into the Army back in 1942—but the very honesty of the portrayal makes up for a lot of other things. Wilbert Winkle is a henpecked hypochondriac who throws off the conventional shackles of fourteen years by suddenly making up his mind to live as he likes. The only person who understands this aberration is one loyal little boy (Ted Donaldson). Exactly why all this is made a forerunner of Winkle's painful experiences when he runs up against the Draft Board is not clear—but anyhow, you soon see him trotting along rough roads, sweating over mountains, and groaning up ropes in an earnest effort to adapt his over-thirty-eight bones to twenty-year-old activity. It's a pretty harrowing sight, too. Then come some inevitable action sequences in the South Pacific, return home—and personal victory. Without someone to believe in Mr. Winkle, even Edward G. Robinson would be stymied here—but Ted Donaldson's remarkable sincerity turns the slow-paced biography into a heart-warming story of two friends.

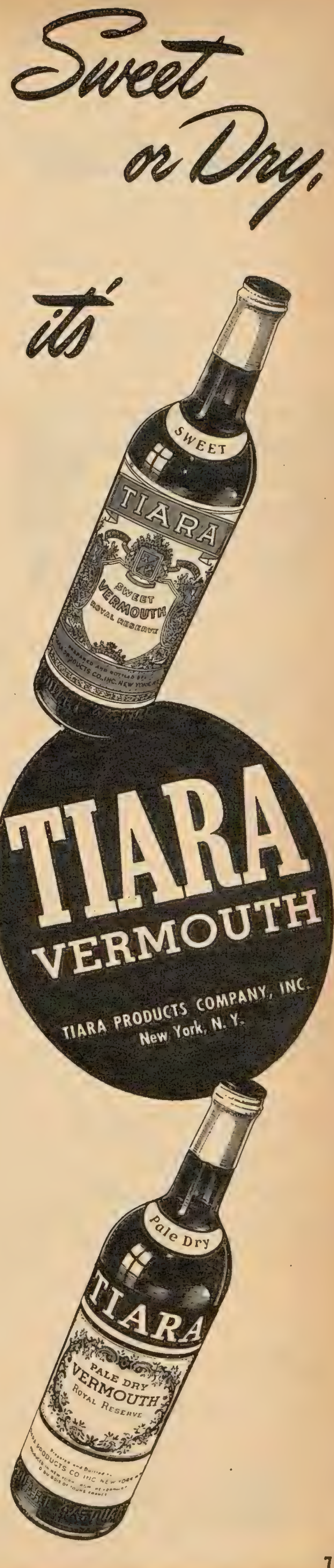
TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

(Twentieth Century-Fox)
Phil Baker, Edward Ryan, Marjorie Massow

THE whole idea behind this show is so simple, it's hard to explain what pleasant entertainment it makes. There's nothing much to it except a broadcast (movie style) and a pair of lovable kids (sailor-boy Eddie Ryan and Marjorie Massow, his wife—a frightened little mama-to-be). They want a good doctor, and good doctors cost money. The two of them (with friendly sailor Stan Prager) wander into a radio broadcast to take their minds off things, and Eddie gets involved in the complex rites of Take It or Leave It (based on the real Phil Baker air show). Eddie wins a dollar by answering a question right—and is straightway tempted to double his money by taking a whack at another. This goes on and on—clear past the sixty-four-dollar mark, and you just can't help racking your own brains to answer the questions. You see, there's a screen up there on the stage, and during the proceedings everybody's treated to a well-chosen series of— Shh! But if you're a movie fan from 'way back—or if you just like contests—or even if it's only that you're still naïve enough to laugh yourself sick over old classics like the Ritz Brothers' famous hiccup opera—you'll enjoy this.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

DOUBLE INDEMNITY (Paramount). Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck. Drama.
GASLIGHT (M-G-M). Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten. Drama.
GOING MY WAY (Paramount). Bing Crosby, Risë Stevens, Barry Fitzgerald. Drama with music.
HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO (Paramount). Eddie Bracken, Ella Raines. Comedy.
MR. SKEFFINGTON (Warner Bros.). Bette Davis, Claude Rains. Drama.
THE EVE OF ST. MARK (20th Century-Fox). William Eythe, Anne Baxter, Vincent Price. Drama.
THE HAIRY APE (United Artists). William Bendix, Susan Hayward, John Loder. Drama.
THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL (Paramount). Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, Signe Hasso. Drama.
TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR (M-G-M). Van Johnson, June Allyson, Gloria De Haven. Musical.



Sweet or Dry, it's

TIARA VERMOUTH

TIARA PRODUCTS COMPANY, INC.
New York, N. Y.

SIMPLE PILES? Try This!

There's a simple way to relieve the itching, soreness and distress of simple piles or hemorrhoids. Try soothing, antiseptic *Unguentine Rectal Cones,* made by the makers of famous UNGUENTINE.

If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician. *They're easy to use ... inexpensive ... sanitary.*

Guarantee: Your druggist will refund full purchase price if you are not satisfied.

UNGUENTINE RECTAL CONES*

Norwich

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A NORWICH PRODUCT

PSORIASIS

PSORIASIS Sufferers: **PIXACOL** has brought relief when everything else failed. Use only as directed. Apply externally, dries quickly, convenient. Try regular $1 bottle without investing a cent! Write: **PIXACOL CO., Dept. L-9, Box 3583, Cleveland, Ohio**

CORNS REMOVED BY MOSCO

also Callouses. Ingrown Nails relieved. Quick and easy. Just rub on. Jars, 30c and 50c. At your druggist. *Economical!*

Your money refunded if not satisfied. The Moss Company, Rochester, N.Y.

SAVE

Every Scrap of

PAPER—

Old Newspapers
Magazines
Wrapping Paper
Cardboard

•

Everything that's

PAPER

Every bit of it is needed to help win

THE WAR

(Continued from page 69)

Pacific sent in an order containing line after line of items wanted, the last one reading "1,000 doz. white women, assorted."

AES headquarters has seven officer buyers who do nothing but fill special orders from overseas. Requests are varied: outboard motors, Santa Claus suits, make-up kits for soldiers' shows. A PX on Bougainville ordered some vegetable seeds, and three miles from the Jap lines our soldiers had their own Victory gardens. Water-polo balls were rushed to Tarawa. The troops were playing the game with coconuts and getting hurt.

Scarcely a week passes without an order for an engagement ring—clipped to a little slip of paper showing the size of the girl's finger. One order called for three small chapels, Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish, complete with reed organs, vestments, and other religious goods. Two officers filled the order after several days' shopping in New York's church stores.

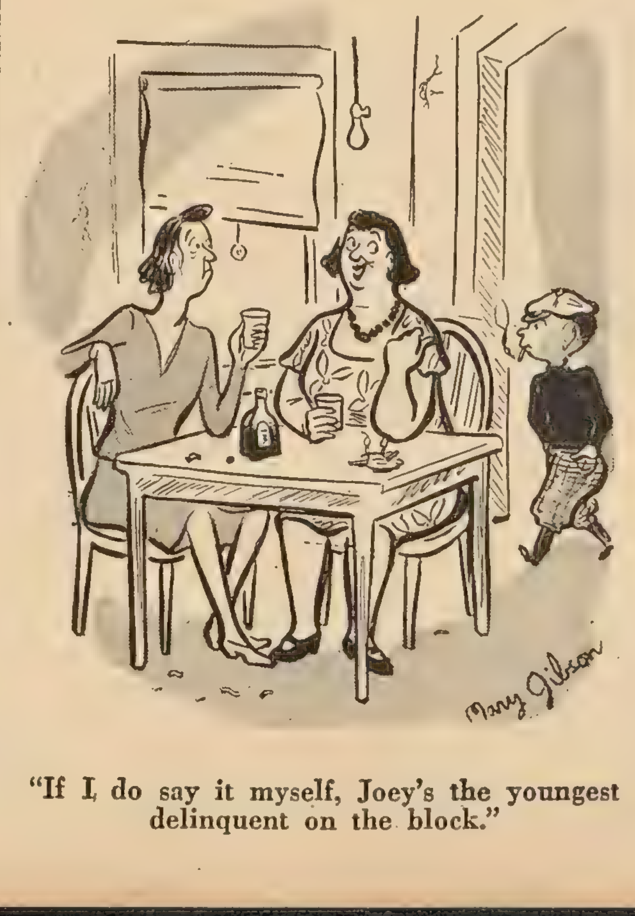
Last year a G. I. on a Pacific atoll wanted a chromatic harmonica in the key of C. His PX sent the order to headquarters, which checked the manufacturers without success. Headquarters then checked New York's music stores. Ditto. Then it really went to work and located that type of harmonica by sending out 500 mimeographed letters to the leading music stores in all the country's large cities.

One PX officer in an isolated South American area wired for a carbonic-gas generator so he could put an idle soft-drink bottling plant into operation. His PX had no railroads to bring in soft drinks. That particular generator hadn't been manufactured for twenty-five years, but headquarters called on the former makers, dug through their old records, and found one in an abandoned New Jersey plant.

Recently there was a conference in New York of several dozen PX officers from all theaters. Their favorite story concerned the G. I. who walked into the Suez PX—a modern establishment with fluorescent lighting, a doughnut machine, beer, ice cream, and an ample stock of goods. Joe bought a carton of cigarettes, a coke, ice cream, a couple of doughnuts, and a pad of writing paper. Then he asked for a bottle of green ink and was told they didn't have green but could sell him red or blue-black.

"That's the trouble with these PXs," he stormed. "Don't have anything you want."

THE END



"If I do say it myself, Joey's the youngest delinquent on the block."

(Continued from page 57)

a dyer had ruined 500 out of 4,500 Persian-lamb skins. The skins had been returned to him dotted with bald spots. The dyer protested that all the skins had undergone the same process and that these particular 500 skins were defective. Bachrach analyzed them. They were not defective; the bald spots appeared to be heat blisters.

He discovered that the night watchman was supposed to soak the skins in water of 85 degrees Fahrenheit in order to have them ready for the dye bath early in the morning. So Bachrach cross-examined the watchman, who confessed that, "befuddled by drink," he had thrown the skins into cold water. Discovering his error a few hours later, he had thrust the live-steam hose directly into the water without removing the skins. Naturally, wherever the hose had brushed against the skins, or the live steam had directly touched the hairs, blisters had appeared.

Another time, a distressed dyer complained that all his beige-dyed caracul was turning pink. One step in the process involved oxidizing the dye with a 3-per-cent solution of peroxide. For this purpose, dyers always buy from wholesalers a concentrated 30-per-cent solution in steel containers, and then dilute it themselves. Bachrach tested the peroxide solution, and found it far below standard strength. That accounted for the pinkish hue.

A complaint was then lodged with the wholesaler, who in turn tested his supply and found it weak. Yet the chemical factory reported its product perfect. Eventually the mystery was solved. A discharged employee had sabotaged a huge quantity of peroxide by unscrewing the caps on the tank cars and pouring in a chemical which absorbed three quarters of the strength of the solution.

FROM his years of experience, Bachrach offers six rules for prospective purchasers:

1. Your choice of a coat should be based on what you expect from it. Are you looking for glamour or durability? Do you want an all-purpose or a dress garment? Many women regret their selection because they find themselves in a sports roadster when they really needed a family sedan.
2. Never buy a really expensive coat—unless from a house of top reputation—without having it appraised. If you don't know a competent fur appraiser, the Better Business Bureau in your city will suggest one.
3. If the leather in any kind of coat has a peculiar papery rustle, it means that the leather has been injured in the raw state or in the processing. Feel through the lining and refuse this type of garment.
4. If your coat is more than three years old, and necessary alterations will cost more than 25 per cent of the purchase price, it will probably be cheaper in the long run to buy a new coat.
5. If a shop objects to an appraisal or a careful examination of its merchandise, run—do not walk—to the nearest exit.
6. Your best protection is to deal with the finest furriers and department stores in your city. Don't be afraid of high prices. By shopping carefully, you can often secure a "bargain" from a reputable dealer. Besides, the stamp of quality remains long after the price is forgotten.

"The fur business," philosophizes Bachrach, "is the world's greatest gamble, founded on the whims of nature and the whims of women. Do you know that in many expensive coats the labels are sewn in upside down? Why? So the proud owners can toss them casually over the back of a chair and allow people sitting ten feet away to read the labels easily."

THE END

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) *Use* DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

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Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS

(*Continued from page* 10)

twenty-five when they entered service are eligible to claim benefits on grounds that their education or training was delayed or interrupted. Refresher or retraining courses also are available, with a one-year limit.

During schooling, the government will pay up to $500 a year for the veteran's tuition, plus subsistence allowances of $50 monthly for single veterans and $75 monthly for those with a dependent or dependents. All benefits received are deductible from any bonus Congress may vote after the war. The Veterans' Administration has charge of the program.

* * *

My wife is expecting a child in about seven months. Can she get financial aid from the government to help meet the special expenses ahead?

B. S., ARM2c, c/o FPO, New York.

Since you are not in one of the four lower-pay grades, your wife is not entitled to the regular assistance provided by the Emergency Maternity Infant Care program. However, if you are in need you may apply to the Navy Relief Society. Your chaplain can advise how to proceed.

* * *

This is my answer to the sergeant who wrote in your column that the United States should draft women. Out here we're mighty proud of our girl friends and wives and want them to stay the way they are. We think they're doing a swell job on the home front. Let that brave (?) and patriotic sergeant know this is still America—not Germany or Japan. If he comes to the Aleutians and stays a couple of years where there aren't any women, he'll learn to appreciate them.

Pfc. W. H. J., Aleutian Area.

It's natural for you, after a long hitch up in those wild fogbound islands, to feel the American girl's place is on a pedestal. I'd like to hear from some of the G. I.s who have lived in England and thus have seen a large portion of the feminine population in uniform. Some of them, I've heard, feel that many American women have let the war effort down—but they aren't planning to boycott U. S. girls when they get back.

* * *

I subscribed to Liberty awhile back and, being a corporal, I signed "Cpl." in front of my name. The magazine has been reaching me as "Col." It's a nice promotion, but the fellows rib me too much. Drop a hint in the right place, please, Sarge.

Cpl. J. V. S., Camp Beale, Calif.

Right. I'll ask the circulation folks to correct this, colonel—I mean, corporal!

* * *

A piece in This Man's War about the infiltration training course, in which troops crawl forward with bullets whistling about them, has led to an argument. If a man should be killed by a wild bullet during such training, would he be reported by the War Department as "killed in action" or "killed accidentally"?

T/5 A. N., Denver, Colo.

"Killed in action" refers to death in battle—not in simulated battle. In a case such as you cite, death would be "in line of duty."

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

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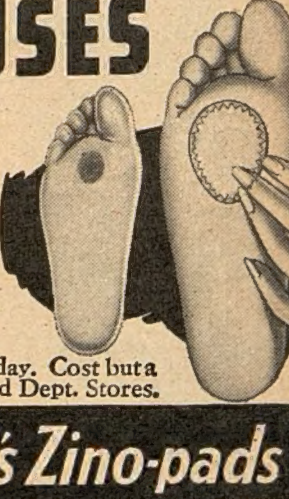

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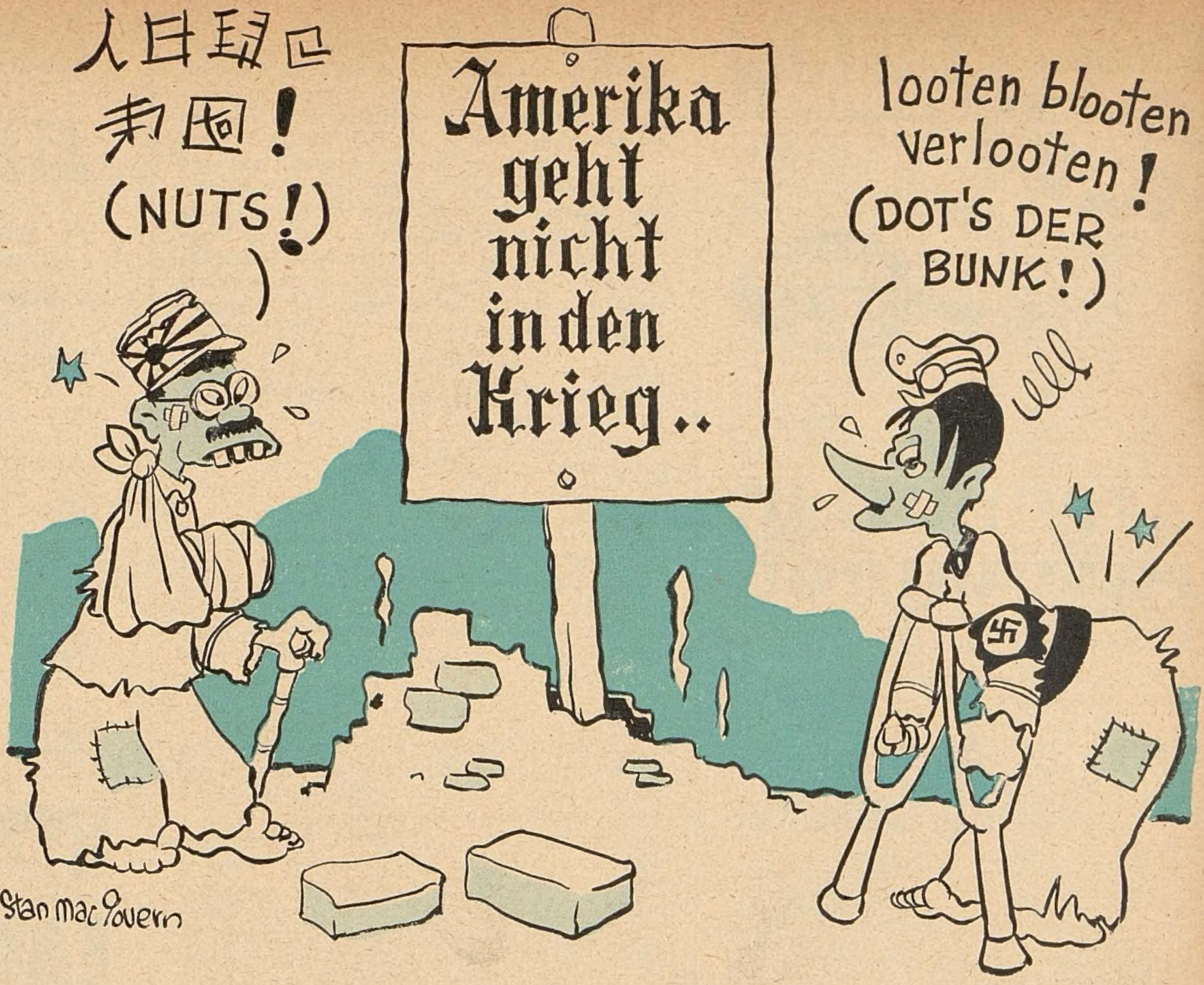

(NUTS!)
Amerika geht nicht in den Krieg..
looten blooten verlooten!
(DOT'S DER BUNK!)
Stan MacGovern

HOPE FOR A LONG PEACE IS JUSTIFIED

According to public opinion pollsters, large numbers of Americans believe, fatalistically, that we will have to go to war again within twenty-five years or so. However, despite this widespread pessimism, there are reasons to hope this is the last great war America or the rest of the world will fight within the ponderable future.

While we still debate among ourselves the pros and cons of isolation versus internationalism, the rest of the world knows now that America never was isolated or isolationist. When the chips are down and our interests are at stake, we get right in there and pitch to defend them. Hitler and his pals proceeded for many years on the naïve assumption the American people were too dumb to know what was going on abroad and too "soft" to do anything about it anyway. They thought they could accomplish their victories and acquire strength enough to sandbag us before we woke up to the danger of allowing them to do so. However, our aid to the Allies, our Lend-Lease law, and our military preparations indicate that we never would have permitted an Axis victory even if Pearl Harbor had not happened.

America's capacity to make war has surprised not only our enemies but ourselves as well.

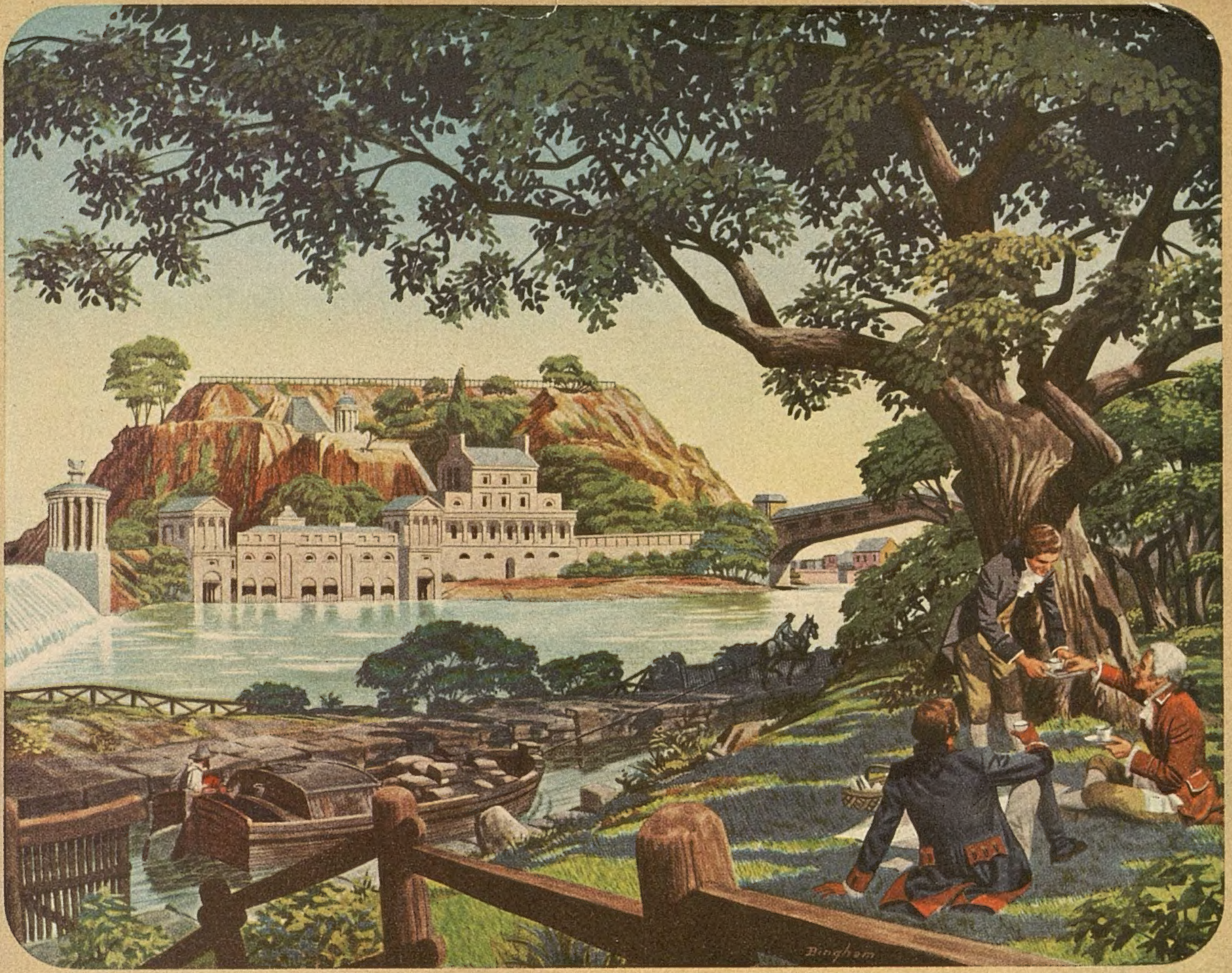
The aggressor nations know that the jig is up. Their gamble that we would do more fighting among ourselves than with them has failed.

The rest of the world knows now that we always will fight when our interests are at stake and that we will do so with overwhelming power. No nation in the future will be stupid enough to think that America is too self-centered or too divided to step in and put a stop to aggressions which threaten her existence. Consequently bellicose nations will think twice in the future before starting wars in which we might be involved.

This does not mean that America needs no international organization to preserve peace. We need it, and the rest of the world needs it. Tranquillity can come only under a code of international law. An organization is needed to create this law and enforce it. It is to our interest to have a part in the creation of the law because, willy-nilly, we are going to play a big part in enforcing it when enforcement becomes necessary.

Paul Hunter

Liberty . . . FOR ALL



Fairmount Dam and Waterworks . . . from an early print.*

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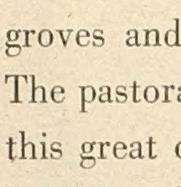

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